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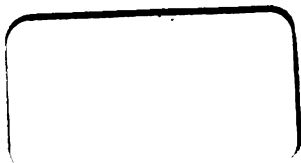


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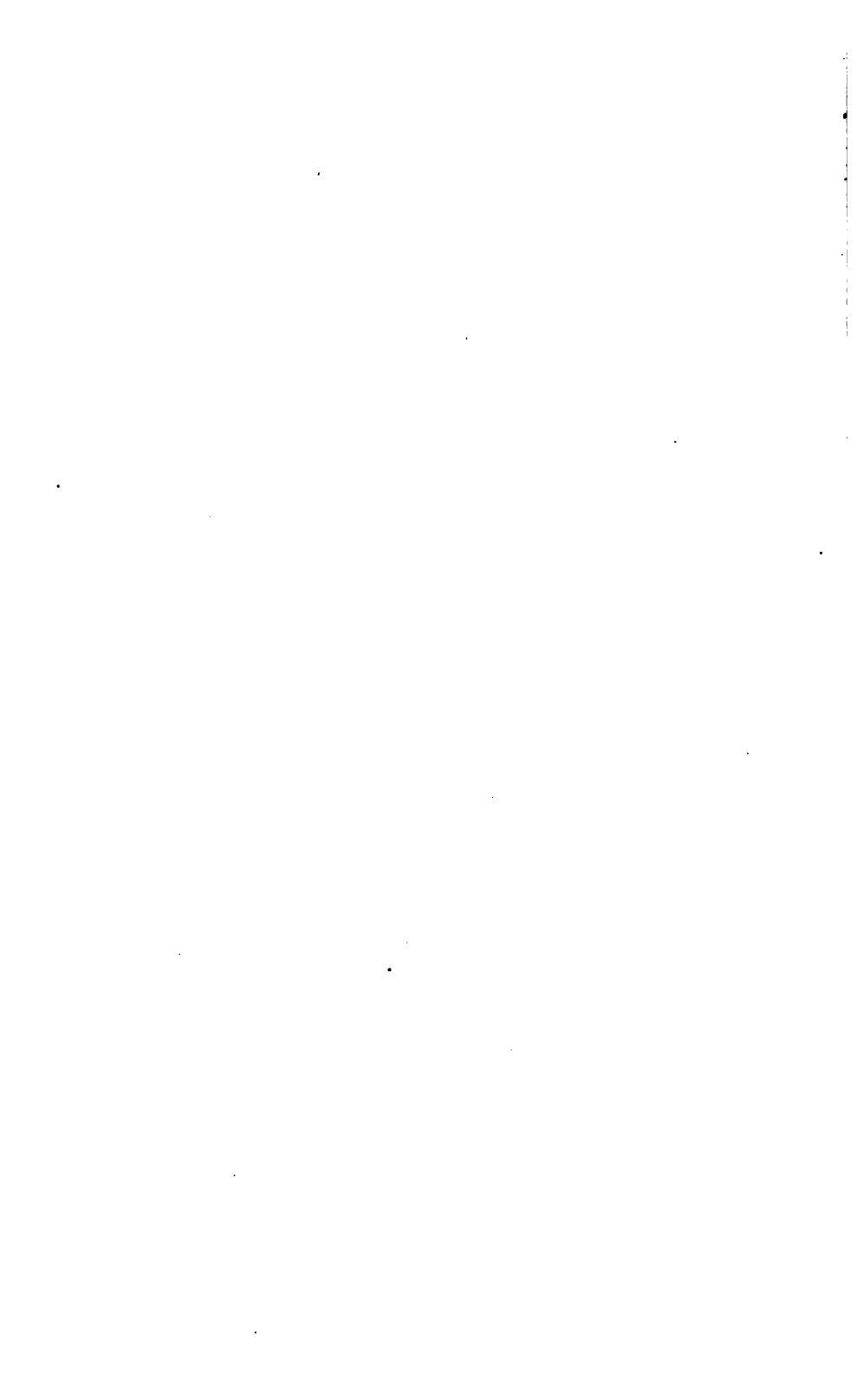


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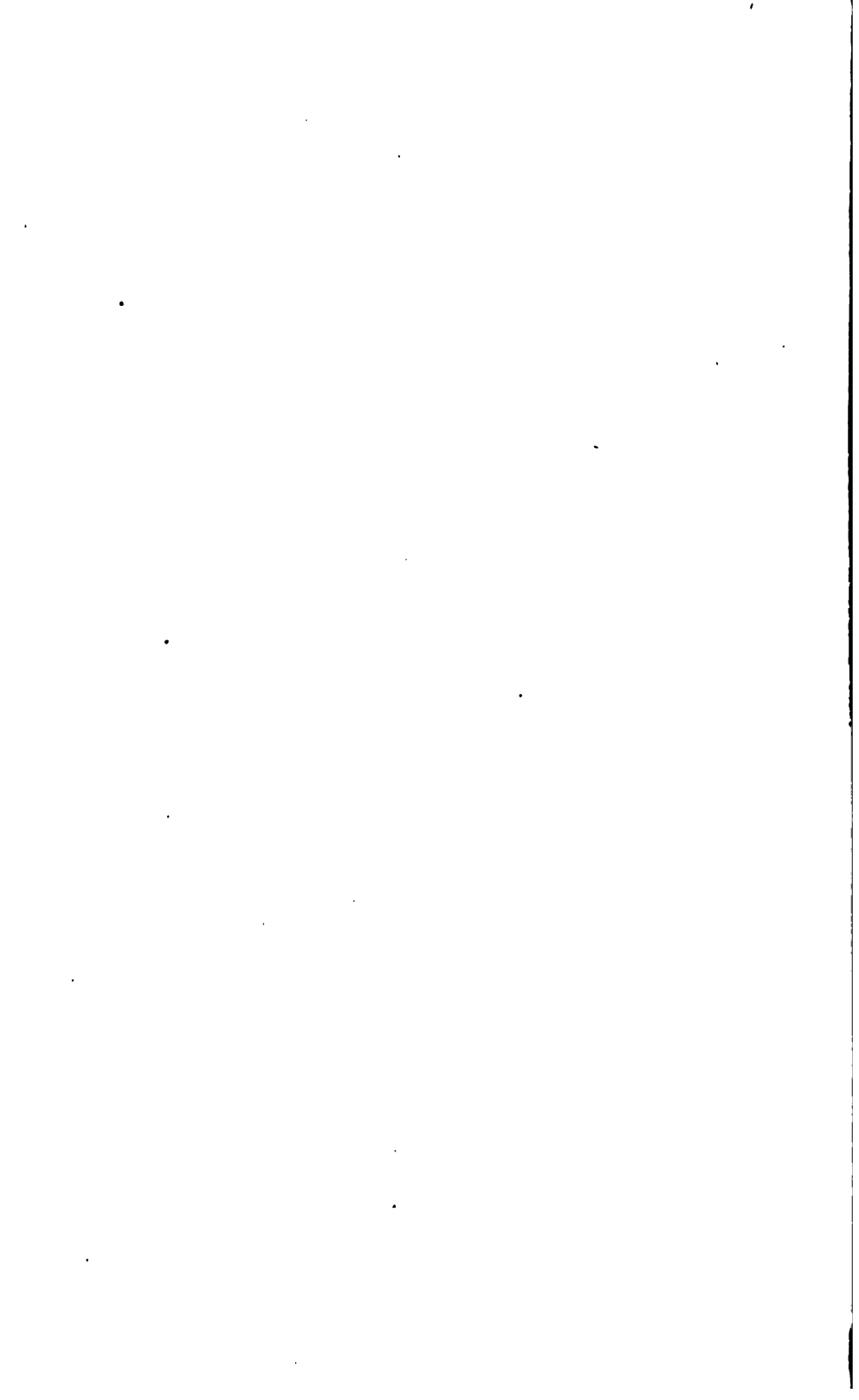


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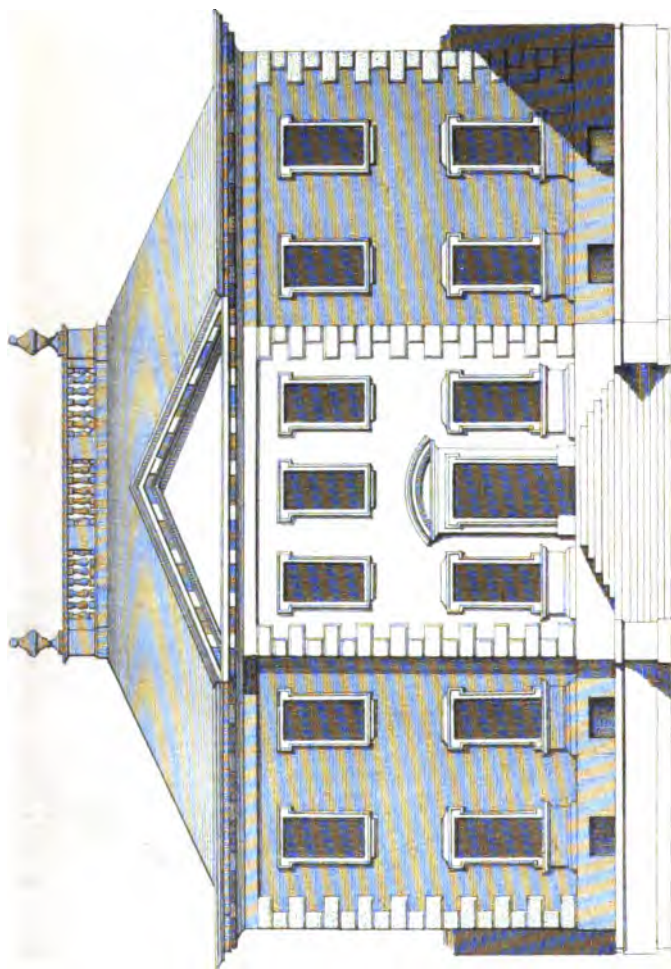








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## THE SHAWFIELD MANSION

North Side of Tronégate, facing Stockwell Street, Glasgów.

BUILT in 1712 by Daniel Campbell Esq: M.P. for the City.

SACKED by the Glasgów Anti-Malt-Tax Mob on 24th June, 1725.

REMOVED in 1792 to make room for Glassford Street, named after the last Owner of the Mansion.

Here, PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD took up his Head Quarters from Christmas Day 1746 till 3d January 1746.

# GLASGOW: PAST AND PRESENT.

EMBRACING :

I.—LOOSE MEMORANDA ON GLASGOW SUBJECTS.

BY SENEX.

II.—DESULTORY SKETCHES.

BY J. B.,

Member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow, and of the Society of Antiquaries of  
Scotland, Edinburgh.

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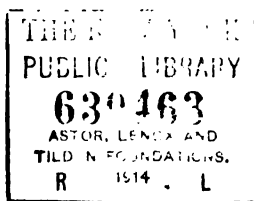
GLASGOW:

DAVID ROBERTSON, 188 TRONGATE.

MDCCCLVI.

1856

1856



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

WHEN the first part of this work (the editorial supervision of which was committed to my charge) was placed in the hands of the printer, in the spring of 1854, it was intended that it should consist of a few not lengthy papers by my friends, SENEX and J. B., and myself. The respected Publisher, accordingly, deemed that it would be more fitting that it should appear as a continuation of, or supplement to, vol. ii. of *Glasgow: Past and Present*, than that it should take rank as a separate volume. Meanwhile, the matter in the hands of my friends extended so much in bulk and interest, that it has eventually swelled into a book more voluminous than the two preceding volumes put together; and it has, at the same time, entirely pressed out the papers which had been prepared as my share of the contribution—an omission, however, which the public has no cause to regard with any serious feeling of regret. This accidental discrepancy between early plans and actual results must be taken as the only apology which can now be offered for the awkward arrangement by which the pages of this work consecutively follow the numbers of those of volume ii.

The greater part of the contributions of SENEX appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper, at intervals between the close of 1851 and the close of 1855; and the largely-expressed desire that they should be gathered together in an enduring form, like the other interesting reminiscences of the same able writer, published in vol. ii., gave the first idea of the present work.



The writings of J. B., elaborated from documents and oral data of unquestionable authenticity, and which throw a perfect flood of light upon Glasgow of the olden time, are entirely original; and his truly valuable paper on Wolfe almost deserves the same character, for it is vastly improved and extended, as compared with the shape it originally assumed in the pages of a magazine.

I have been requested by J. B. to express his best acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the Faculty of Procurators, who courteously allowed him liberal access to many rare and valuable papers under their charge, relating to the Old City, from which he derived much useful information, while preparing these sketches.

JAMES PAGAN.

GLASGOW, 1st January, 1856.

WOLFE  
GLASGOW  
1856

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# GLASGOW: PAST AND PRESENT.

## PART II.

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### LOOSE MEMORANDA ON GLASGOW SUBJECTS.

BY SENEX.

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THE late Earl of Buchan, at some public meeting having made a long-winded speech, wrote it out very carefully, and sent it to the editor of a newspaper for insertion in the said paper; the editor, however, returned the manuscript to his Lordship, with a card, saying that the editor was extremely sorry at not being able to print it, owing, unfortunately, to his fount of types not having a sufficient number of the capital letter "I" in it. Now I am afraid that you will be inclined to return me this manuscript for a like reason; but if you should happen to run short of capital I's, you must just make use of the old-fashioned way of writing the first person with a little "i." Well, then, when I sent you the articles regarding Glasgow in the olden time, I considered them merely as trifles of passing interest, not worth preserving, and I did not expect that any one, after having read them, would have thought more about them; but as Mr. Pagan, in his work of *Glasgow: Past and Present*, has thought them worth his notice, and as I have received several letters from respectable citizens of Glasgow addressed to me as "Mr. Senex," urging me to continue these communications, I must conclude that your readers have felt some amusement by their publication.

Although I cannot promise that the articles which I now intend to send you will be of much value, or contribute much to the amusement of your readers, nevertheless, as you yourselves have

expressed a wish for me to continue these communications, you must just take the blame upon your own shoulders, if any of your readers should yawn at their insipidity, or skip over them for their worthlessness.

I may mention that I possess a family manuscript book, containing the holograph signatures of a great number of my forefathers for eight or ten generations by-past, cut out from various old documents, and pasted upon the leaves of the said book. These parties were all natives of Glasgow; and to many of their signatures thus pasted there is added little anecdotes regarding the said parties and their times. Many of these anecdotes relate to family matters; but some of them may be called historical, and to these only, or at least principally, I intend to allude. A friend has placed in my hands a great number of manuscript memoranda relating to Glasgow, culled here and there at various times from old newspapers, magazines, and other publications. These are written on little scraps of paper, some of them perhaps on a loose half sheet, while others are noted down on bits no larger than a shilling. Some of these memoranda may not be entertaining to the general reader, as they merely point out the sources where information on the subject mentioned can be obtained; but as I consider that several of these memoranda might likely prove useful to a future historian of Glasgow, I propose taking notice of them. I cannot classify these memoranda as to matter, or arrange them in regular order as to dates; I therefore intend giving them quite as a mass of hodge-podge.

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#### REMINISCENCES OF THE PERSECUTION.

MOST of your readers who have perused the history of Glasgow must remember that during the reign of King Charles II. the inhabitants of this city (being mostly Covenanters) were persecuted with unremitting fury. On the 26th of January, 1678, a body of Highlanders were sent to Glasgow, where for five days they lived at free quarters, exercising the most wanton acts of cruelty and oppression upon such persons as would not renounce the Covenant. These acts of crushing violence naturally caused the Covenanters to combine in their own defence: accordingly, a body of them, having assembled at Hamilton, marched to Glasgow. When near the city, they divided their force into two battalions,

the one marching into the town by the Gallowgate, and the other by the College Vennel. Immediately thereafter an engagement took place, which was supported for a considerable time with great bravery on both sides. At last the Covenanters give way, and were obliged to retreat, owing to the superior skill of the soldiery, and to a well-directed fire kept up against them from the windows and closes adjacent to the street. They were, accordingly, obliged to abandon the city, after having eight men killed in the engagement, and a great number wounded. Lord Dundee (Claverhouse) abused his victory in a most inhuman manner, for he gave orders that the dead bodies of these unfortunate Covenanters should not be buried, but left on the streets to be devoured by the dogs. Some women, having attempted to carry them to the grave, were attacked and maltreated by the soldiers, who compelled them to lay down the coffins. The Covenanters, notwithstanding of this severe defeat, again rallied, and having encamped on Hamilton Muir, great numbers joined them, insomuch that in a few days after the unfortunate battle at Glasgow their numbers amounted to about eight thousand men. On the 21st of June, 1679, was fought the battle of Bothwell Bridge, which, as is well known, totally destroyed the hopes of the Covenanters. Amongst the leaders of these Covenanters was my maternal great-great-grandfather, Mr. William Nevin. I shall now give an extract from our family manuscript-book, containing the holograph signature of this sturdy assertor of Presbyterian rights:—

“Mr. William Nevin, whose signature is on the top of this page, is mentioned by Wodrow, in his *Church History*, and by Clarke, in his *Martyrology*, as having suffered so much during the persecutions in the reign of Charles II. and James II.

“Mr. Nevin appears to have been the intimate friend of Wodrow, who mentions him frequently in his history with great respect, and acknowledges that he received from him much valuable information respecting the events which happened in his time, and under his own observation. This worthy gentleman was of a bold and energetic character, a firm and decided assertor of his religious rights and liberty, and (of what in those days excited much interest and anxiety in Scotland) the ‘Covenanted work of Reformation against Popery, Prelacy, and Tyranny.’”

In the year 1679, he was taken up on suspicion of having been concerned in the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. This could not be proven against him; but he was found guilty of having attended a conventicle at Williamwood, near Glasgow, and for this he was, along with some others, condemned to be transported to the plantations. They were, accordingly, shipped off from Leith to Gravesend, and there delivered over to a person who was to have

had the benefit of their services in America; but this person refusing to take charge of the prisoners, as no ship was then ready to receive them, they were in the meantime allowed to go at large, when most of them set off for Scotland, and amongst these was Mr. Nevin, who, after a confinement and absence of about nine months, reached his family and home, after enduring great misery and fatigue. He continued for several years from this time unmolested; but on the 29th of July, 1684, he was again apprehended, on suspicion of having gone to hear Mr. Renwick preach. A party of soldiers entered his house at midnight, took him out of his bed, and lodged him directly in Glasgow jail: there he lay for three weeks, and because he would not take the test, or oath of allegiance, he was sent along with some others, chained two and two, to Edinburgh jail, where he lay nearly twelve months.\* He was brought before the Council on the 11th of November, 1684, and interrogated whether or not he had been personally concerned, along with Sir James Maxwell, of Pollok, the Laird of Craigends, and the Laird of Duchar, in affixing to various church doors certain notices, entitled, "The Apologetic Declaration." Suspicions being strong against him, the charge was alleged to have been proved, and accordingly he was condemned, and was told that he would be executed that same evening at ten o'clock; but for reasons which are not now known, the execution did not take place. Clarke says, "Something came in the way to prevent the execution of this unaccountable sentence." For several weeks, however, he was kept in continual anxiety and suspense, being told every morning that he was to be executed that day, at two o'clock.

When the news reached Edinburgh of the Earl of Argyll's invasion in the west, Mr. Nevin, and many others, was immediately hurried away to Burntisland, and there 240 persons were thrust into two rooms, where they were so crowded together that they could not lie down. Numbers of them died in consequence of close confinement, bad air, and wretched food. The survivors were taken to Dunnoter Castle, where they suffered intolerable hardships. Driven to desperation, 25 of them, who were confined in the great vault or dungeon, attempted to escape from a window

---

\* At this time three men were shot at Polmadie, near Glasgow, for refusing to pray for the King by name.

towards the sea, along a dangerous rock; but the alarm being given by some women who were washing below, 15 of them were retaken, among whom was Mr. Nevin. These persons were most inhumanly used; for they were stretched out and tied to a form on their backs, while a fiery match was applied between each of their fingers. In the historical record of this transaction, Mr. Nevin is the first mentioned among these sufferers. One named Alexander Dalgleish died; Mr. Nevin lost part of his left hand; others lost their hands entirely, the very bones having been burned. Some time after this Mr. Nevin, along with many others, was banished to America. The historian Wodrow has preserved a curious document, signed by 28 of these sufferers, dated Leith Roads, 28th August, 1685. It is addressed to their friends, wherein they declare that they leave their native land by an unjust sentence, for holding by their duty, and by studying to keep their covenant engagements and baptismal vows, whereby they stand obliged to resist and testify against all that is contrary to God's Word and the Covenants; and they declare that their sentence of banishment was chiefly because they would not take the oath of allegiance, which, in conscience, they could not take; as by doing so they thought that they utterly declined the Lord Jesus Christ having any power in His own house, and saying that He was not King and Head of His Church, and over their consciences, and putting up in His room a man whose breath was in his nostrils—a sworn enemy to religion—an avowed Papist whom by their covenants they were bound to withstand, agreeably to Scripture—(Deut. xvii. 14, 15.)—"When thou art come unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt possess it, and shalt dwell therein, and shalt say, I will set a king over me, like as all the nations that are about me: thou shalt in any wise set *him* king over thee whom the Lord thy God shall choose; *one* from among thy brethren shalt thou set king over thee: thou mayest not set a stranger over thee, which *is* not thy brother."

These unfortunate and persecuted covenanters lay in Leith Roads till the 5th of September, when they sailed. They had scarcely turned the Land's End when a malignant fever broke out among them, more especially among those who had been confined in the great vault or dungeon of Dunnoter. Many died, both of the prisoners and of the crew—sometimes three or four of them were thrown overboard in a day. In addition to



this, the provisions were extremely bad, and the captain was a cruel and tyrannical man, who used the prisoners very harshly. After being fifteen weeks at sea, they landed in New Jersey, December, 1685, and they received kind treatment from the people there, when the cause of their banishment became known. Many of them settled in New England among the religious characters of that province, obtaining employment according to their different stations and capacities. Few of these sufferers lived to revisit their native country—Wodrow and Clarke have preserved the names of three only who survived and returned to Scotland after the Revolution of 1688, viz.:—Mr Nevin, the Reverend Mr. Riddell and Mr. M'Lelland, the Laird of Barmaguan. On their voyage home, in 1689, they were taken by a French man of war, carried into Nantz, and afterwards placed in Rochefort jail. From thence, they were marched across the kingdom of France to Toulon. Mr. M'Lelland being an aged man, was chained to his son who was about eleven years of age. The other prisoners were chained two and two, and driven forward by the lash of the whip. The Laird of Barmaguan, on one occasion, being quite sunk and spent with fatigue and sorrow, petitioned the captain of their guard to be allowed to get into a cart for a short time: he was answered by a savage growl, and a severe stroke of the whip which cut out his left eye. Numbers of these prisoners died on the road; and after six weeks' march, the survivors reached Toulon, where they were confined for nineteen months on board of an old ship of war. My great-great-grandsire being endued with a most undaunted spirit, and possessing a firm reliance on the God of his Salvation, kept up his spirits, and surmounted all his sorrows, his difficulties, and dangers. On an exchange of prisoners taking place, he and a few others set off, under every disadvantage, for their native home; and in a few months thereafter, this sturdy Covenanter arrived in Scotland, to the great joy of his family and friends, among whom he ended his days under the happy reign of William III.—in whose time all the cruel acts and laws made against the Covenanters were reversed, and the Church of Scotland restored to the freedom of her Government, and to the full liberty of conscience, which was granted to all Protestants.

Mr. Nevin's only son of the same name was married to a daughter of Andrew Sheels, of Sheils.

## NOTABILIA DISJECTA.

1646.—Ordered that forty men go to Glasgow with spades, mattocks, and shovels, to-morrow morning, and work four days at the Forts; and each man get two merks for his trouble, from those who do not go.—*Paisley Council Records, Hist. Renf.*, 505.

1714.—In April this year the City of Glasgow, to show their particular zeal for the Hanover succession, at a time when many were very cool towards it, made the Electoral Prince free of their city, and sent him his Burgess ticket in a golden box, which the Prince took kindly: and he thought fit to send them a letter of thanks for it.—*Calamy*, II., 279.—(See his account of Glasgow, vol. 2, p. 209.)

Letters from Glasgow (March, 1749) give an account that on the 6th instant, a mob arose in that city on suspicion that some surgeon lads had raised a dead body from the grave, and carried it to the College, which they attacked in a most outrageous manner, and, it is said, demolished most of the windows. Several were hurt by throwing of stones, but none killed. By the good conduct and diligence of the Magistrates of Glasgow,\* and of the commanding officer of the troops there, the tumult was suppressed, and further damage prevented.—*Newcastle Magazine*, p. 166. March, 1749.

1764.—The new Concert Hall, near Glasgow, was set on fire by a riotous company of enthusiasts, who assembled for that purpose, and demolished and destroyed the furniture to a considerable extent.—*Gent. Mag.*, 1764, p. 245.—[This concert hall is said to have been "near" Glasgow. Query—Where was it situated?]

The Play-house at Glasgow has been disapproved of there, and the ministers in general have been instructed to dissuade their hearers from frequenting it, as prejudicial to the interests of piety and virtue.—*Gent. Mag.*, 1764, p. 248.

1764.—Some disorderly persons broke into the Play-house at Glasgow, April 24th, and did considerable damage. £100 reward is offered by the Magistrates,† and £50 by the managers of the theatre, for discovering the rioters.—*Scot's Mag.*, p. 230.

Glasgow, December 28th, 1715.—On the 20th instant, our Magistrates‡ made choice of Mr. Robert Hunter to be one of the masters of our public school. The next day the Magistrates, Town Council, and Ministers of this City, with several others, installed Mr. Hamilton as rector, and the fœrsaid Mr. Hunter in the room of Mr. Brisband, who demitted; and on the 22d, being Thursday, at nine in the morning, he entered to his charge, and brought along with him above thirty of his scholars from the Gorbals, where he had taught grammar these seven years.

## EDINBURGH ADVERTISER—(Began 1764).

15th Jan., 1765.—A select list of the sporting ladies frequenting both cities.

The printer seized, fined, and imprisoned.—Feb. 1., p. 76.

5th Feb.—Kellar & Co.'s trial—85

June.—Bizland's trial for murder—342, 349.

June.—Great fire in the Gallowgate—406.

„ —Fire in the new brewery, Anderston, with particulars.

1st Feb.—Sporting ladies—p. 76., vol. iii.

## GOUGH'S LETTERS TO TYSON—(29th September, 1771).

Anecdotes, 8, 569.—The collection of pictures at Hamilton seems to be a good one, even if one regards only the portraits; but the Foulis's of Glasgow have so misnamed

\* Provost Andrew Cochran, Bailies John Brown, Robert Christie, and Thomas Napier.

† Provost Archibald Ingram, Bailies Walter Brock, Alexander Mackie, and Duncan Niven.

‡ Provost John Bowman, Bailies William Dickie, Charles Miller, and Thomas Hamilton.

and miscopied the best paintings, that one is quite disgusted with the *Scotch certis*. They have engraved a wretched view of Loch Lomond, which I have got for you, together with a set of Scotch poems from their press. [This must be a prejudiced statement. The Foulis's were men of undoubted taste and ability].

## COUNCIL RECORDS.

12th June, 1641.—The said day ordains the treasurer to have ane warrant to pay to James Colquhoun fyve dollars for drawing of the portrait of the Town to be sent to Holland.

## BLEACHING.

In 1728 and 1729, the Glasgow manufacturers appear to have sent their linens to be bleached on the banks of Loch Lomond. One bleachfield was established at Dalquhurn, on the Leven, and the other at Canveron, on Loch Lomond. Dutch bleachers were employed, and linen cloth, cambrics, diapers, and satinets were taken in there, as appears from the *Edinburgh Courier*. (Muslin are not mentioned).—*Caledonia*, III., 896.

List of paintings, from a catalogue of pictures, drawings, prints, statuettes, and busts in plaster of Paris, done at the Academy in the Glasgow University :—

1. A View of Glasgow, and of Lord George Sackville's dragoons, reviewed on the Green of Glasgow—3 feet 1 inch by 4 feet 9 inches, . . . Price £8 8s.
2. A View of Glasgow from below the Bridge—1 foot 6 inches by 2 feet 1 inch, . . . . . 31s. 6d.
3. A View of Govan and the Point House—2 feet by 3 feet 1 inch, . . . 25s. 0d.
4. A View of Cathcart Castle—2 feet by 3 feet 1 inch, . . . . . 10s. 6d.
5. A View of Loch Lomond—2 feet by 2 feet 8 inches, . . . . . 21s. 0d.
6. A different View of Loch Lomond—same size, . . . . . 21s. 0d.
7. A Waterfall in Stockie-muir—3 feet by 2 feet, . . . . . 15s. 0d.

## VIEWS OF GLASGOW, SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS (1775).

1. A large Perspective View of the Trongate, . . . . . 3s. 0d.
2. A large View of Glasgow from the East, . . . . . 1s. 0d.
3. A large View of Glasgow from the South-West, . . . . . 1s. 0d.
4. A View of Glasgow from the West, . . . . . 0s. 6d.
5. A View of Glasgow from the South, . . . . . 0s. 6d.
6. A large View of the High Church from the North, . . . . . 1s. 0d.
7. A large View of the same from the West, with the Ruins of the Bishop's Castle, . . . . . 1s. 0d.
8. A View of the same, and Craigs (now Necropolis) from the South-East, . . . 1s. 0d.
9. A View of the Middle Walk of the College Garden, . . . . . 0s. 6d.
10. A View of St. Andrew's Church, . . . . . 0s. 6d.
11. A View from Hamilton Hill, North-West from Glasgow, . . . . . 0s. 6d.
12. A View of the Entry of the College Church, . . . . . 0s. 6d.
13. A View of Glasgow from the Windmill, before Jamaica Street Bridge was built, . . . . . 0s. 6d.

1784, September 9th.—This day is published, by James Lumsden, engraver, price 1s., a Perspective View of the City of Glasgow from the South-West, inscribed to Patrick Colquhoun.—*Glasgow Mercury*, 295.

## VIEWS TAKEN BY ROBERT PAUL. ACADEMY CATALOGUE, CIRCA 1760.

1. Prospect of the Entry to the Blackfriar's Church at Glasgow, . . . . . 0s. 3d.
2. View of the Middle Walk of the College Garden, . . . . . 0s. 3d.
3. Views from the South of the Cathedral Church at Glasgow, . . . . . 0s. 4d.
4. View of St. Andrew's Church of Glasgow (lately built) from the battlements of the Town House, . . . . . 0s. 4d.

5. View of the Cathedral Church at Glasgow from the West (large),	0s. 9d.
6. View of the same from the North (large),	0s. 9d.
7. View of the same from the South-East,	0s. 4d.
8. Views of the Banks of the Clyde from Yorkhill,	0s. 6d.
9. View of the Bridge (Old Bridge) from the Windmill,	0s. 3d.
10. View of Glasgow from Anderston,	0s. 6d.

In reference to the pictures Nos. 13 and 9, in the above list, I may state that I possess a pencil sketch of the view of Glasgow from the Windmill Croft, showing the state of our city towards the south-west, and of our river before the Broomielaw Bridge was built in 1768. The windmill appears on the foreground, standing on a hillock. (See my notes, page 115, in Mr. Pagan's *Glasgow: Past and Present*.) Two gabberts appear sailing up the river towards the Old Bridge, which close the view. There are large sand banks in the bed of the river, and the water-way for the navigation is quite contracted. The present south quay of the harbour occupies the whole of the foreground—then consisting of mounds of sand and of sand pits. The site of the windmill itself now forms part of the channel of the river. The south extremity of Jamaica Street was then a shut space, there being on it a two-story house and garrets, and, on each side of it, a one-story house, apparently covered with thatch. The old clumsy bottle house, which afterwards fell down, is sending forth large volumes of smoke, and adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape. There is no appearance of St. Enoch's steeple, or the tops of the chimneys of that square. I remember visiting this part of Glasgow in 1780, when it was vacant ground. The present steeple was then in progress of erection. My sketch shows the whole space, from the old Poor's House\* to the east bottle-work house, to have been then enclosed with stobs; and behind the same there appears a thick and rich wood, so that in those days the site of the present Custom-house, Dixon Street, Howard Street, Roman Catholic Chapel, and behind West Clyde Street, was a forest. For a considerable space in the river immediately below the north extremity of the old bridge, there appears an extensive bank, occupying nearly one-half of the channel. This bank seems to have been covered with grass, for the view shows three hay stacks upon it. This spot was the old

\* Since the above was written, the venerable Poores' House of Glasgow, which stood on the north bank of the Clyde, a little to the west of Stockwell (now Victoria) Bridge, has been removed.

Dowcot Green, where women in former days used to come with their largest kail pots, to kindle a fire, and then to boil, wash, and bleach their clothes. My mother said that she often saw women so employed; and that the custom of the Glasgow wives to go there with their washings was quite a common affair. When their washings were large, and could not be finished in one day, the kail pots were left out all night on the green. On the south side of the Old Bridge the view is interrupted by the sand hill of the windmill; but there are seen the chimney tops of several houses close to, and adjoining the bridge. These houses, I remember very well; they shut up immediate access from the bridge along the south banks of the river,—so that any person, after crossing the Old Bridge and proceeding westward, had to turn round these houses into a narrow lane, which almost directly communicated with the footpath on the banks of the river, now the site of Carlton Place. At this spot there also appears to have been a sand bank extending pretty far into the river, but leaving a clear channel for gabberts sailing up and down. The river was then navigable up to Rutherglen, and perhaps many of your readers will be surprised to hear that sometimes there were more vessels lying at the harbour of Rutherglen than at the harbour of the Broomielaw. In truth, the inhabitants of Rutherglen were really entitled to crow a little over the neighbouring burgh of Glasgow on that account, for I myself have seen the day when there was but *one vessel* lying at the Broomielaw harbour. Last week (November, 1851), I was crossing the ferry at the west end of Tradeston, and in the course of our passage over we turned round the bow of a large ship. The ferryman, looking up to her leviathan bulwarks, exclaimed, “She came up here yesterday, drawing eighteen feet water!” Now, upon this very spot seventy years ago, when a very little boy, I waded across the river, my feet never being off the ground, and the water not reaching above my arm-pits. The depth at that time could not have been much more than three feet. I am, however, carried away from my subject of the sketch of the view of Glasgow, for octogenarians are apt to become a little garrulous when they get upon old stories.

In my notes of *Glasgow: Past and Present* (p. 6, vol. ii.), it is stated that there was an island in the channel of the river immediately below the Old Bridge, which formed the battle-field of the Glasgowsians and Gorbalonians in their stone encounters.

This island was merely a sand bank, which at low water became connected with the shore, but at high water it formed an island. The tide, however, in these days made but a small impression upon the depth of the river at the Old Bridge, for from bank to bank it appeared like a shallow flat on which a rise of a few inches was perceptible. On the sketch we are speaking about, there appears the gable of the old building still standing at the south-west corner of Stockwell Street, which at present belongs to Mr. M'Hardy.\* This house was said to have been the Custom-house of Glasgow, before the Broomielaw Bridge was built, and before Glasgow became a port of independence. Anterior to the year 1780, Glasgow was merely a pendicle of the custom-house of Port-Glasgow. After the first Broomielaw Bridge was built † in 1760, the Custom-house appears to have been removed to Smithfield, facing the harbour, and there I have no doubt that many of your elderly readers will remember the triangles standing on the quay, with a few hundred-weights of rusty iron weights lying beneath them, to ensure justice being done betwixt his Most Gracious Majesty George III., and his loyal subjects the Glasgow importers and shipowners.

Note.—The late John Smith, Esquire of Crutherland, had the original drawings of the views of Glasgow, which were engraved in the academy of Foulis and Co., as mentioned in this article. He bound them up in a copy of *M'Ure's History of Glasgow*, which he sold to Lady Douglas in the year 1830. If some member of the Maitland Club would apply to Lord Douglas and obtain his permission to get them again engraved, I am sure that it would be considered a great boon by our citizens to have them rescued from oblivion.

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\* This old house has since been removed. The large structure called "Victoria Buildings" occupies the site.

† The Broomielaw Bridge was built by Mr. John Adam, whom I remember very well. He was the father of Mrs. Doctor Monteith, and built that range of buildings called Adam's Court, having what we call a "throughgand" close betwixt Jamaica Street and Argyll Street. From a paper which I have seen, I am inclined to think that a great part of the stones of which the bridge was built was taken from the quarry (now filled up) at the east end of West George Street. Dr. Wardlaw's church is founded upon the solid rock of the old quarry, after passing down to it through a mass of rubbish which had been thrown into it to fill up the old workings.

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THE UPPER NAVIGATION AND ITS BANKS—FORMER VILLAGE OF GOVAN—THE RAES AND DIXONS.

Having, in the conclusion of the last article which I sent to you, made some observations regarding the state of the river Clyde and its banks, as these appeared in former days, immediately below the Old Bridge, I shall now say a few words respecting our river and its banks above the said bridge, as they stood at the same date.

The change upon the upper portion of our river has not been so great as upon the lower parts; for notwithstanding of all our manufacturing establishments on its upper banks, these banks still, in a great measure, retain their ancient rural appearance, with the exception however of that portion of it which lies directly to the east of the Old Bridge, at present rebuilding.\*

On the north side of the river, betwixt the said bridge and the Green of Glasgow, might then have been seen the greatest nuisance that ever disgraced a city: for so nauseous were the banks of our river at this spot, that even boy as I then was (and boys are not over nice), I never could venture without loathing and disgust, to enter the Green of Glasgow along the direct road (now east Clyde Street), but always on coming from the west, turned into the Bridgegate, in order to avoid the intolerable effluvia and miasma arising from the slaughter-house,† glue manufactories, skinners' works, tanneries, tripe establishments, and the contaminated waters of the open Molendinar and Camlachie Burns. The Magistrates of Glasgow at that time, in place of endeavouring to improve this locality, very curiously formed upon the large space of open ground (now the west end of east Clyde Street) next the bridge, a depôt for the refuse and sweepings of the public streets; and to these were added the cattle market held at this bridge, and continued up Stockwell Street. So dangerous was it for ladies to cross the Old Bridge on market days, in going from Glasgow to Gorbals, that they generally preferred taking the

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\* This was written when the present Victoria Bridge was in course of construction.

† It then stood close to the river, and never appeared to be cleaned except when the accumulated dung and putrid offals of the slaughtered cattle were carted away, upon there being a sufficient quantity collected. This manure lay in little heaps within the walls of these shambles, and was probably the respective properties of different members of the Incorporation of Fleshers.

circuitous route of the Broomielaw Bridge. I have seen the Stockwell Street at times so crowded with cattle, that even Argyll Street opposite the Black Bull Inn had to be resorted to, there not being sufficient room in Stockwell Street for exposing the said cattle for sale. I myself saw a large bullock enter a shop in Stockwell Street, which he actually traversed, and then turned round and walked out again: fortunately without doing any damage, except giving the inmates a sad fright. I take some credit to myself for putting a stop to this last nuisance. I made a strong remonstrance to our magistrates against the continuance of this great evil, and requested its removal. Having waited on Provost Black on the subject, that gentleman received me very politely, and said that the magistrates would take the matter into their consideration. After waiting months upon months, and after repeated interviews with Provost Black, I found that I was making no progress, for I always received the same answer—certainly couched in the most polite language, viz.:—That the magistrates would take the matter into their consideration. Being now tired of the long delay, and of the unsatisfactory answer, I resolved to try another way of gaining my point, and accordingly I wrote out a strong petition to the Sheriff, complaining of the nuisance, which I got signed by a number of the principal proprietors in Stockwell Street. Armed with this document, and putting the Police Act in my pocket, I again waited on Provost Black, who received me in his usual polite manner; but gave me just the old answer. I then put it to his Lordship, whether, in his opinion, the continuance of the cattle market in Stockwell Street was, or was not, a public evil. He readily acknowledged that it was an *evil*. I then drew from my pocket the petition to the Sheriff complaining of the nuisance, which I handed to him, saying that I hoped his Lordship would not be offended at our applying to the Sheriff to get *this evil* removed; and then exhibiting the clause in the Glasgow Police Act, whereby penalties are imposed upon any person selling cattle on the 'public streets of the city—I said, "My Lord Provost, this is your own Act of Parliament, and we intend to see it put in force against every person who in future brings cattle for sale in Stockwell Street." The Provost was silent for a moment, and then requested me to delay sending the petition to the Sheriff for a little time, and he promised to do his best for getting the cattle market removed. To this delay I



readily agreed; and the Provost was as good as his word, for he soon afterwards got the Magistrates and Town Council to purchase the site of the present Cattle Market, and so this nuisance was removed. This is the history of the removal of our ancient cattle market from Stockwell Street; and it is curious to see the effects of old habits on country people, for to this day, upon the Wednesdays, they still congregate in considerable numbers at the head of Stockwell Street, as they did in former times; and I daresay that many of your young readers cannot understand how country people come to assemble on market days in that inconvenient spot to transact their business.

The access to the Green of Glasgow from the west, along the banks of the river, being tabooed by the interposition of the shambles and other nuisances, the principal entry to our public Green was from the Saltmarket Street. At the south-east corner of the Bridgegate there stood, in my younger days, an ancient house, having a garden behind, which was bounded on the south by the united streams of the Molendinar and Camlachie. No doubt, in these days, when these were limpid brooks, this garden must have been a pleasant summer retreat, and as such it appears to have been occupied, for in the upper part of that garden there stood a pretty little summer-house, with its canopy roof, which, certes, in the days of our forefathers, had been the scene of many merry meetings.

Close to the English Chapel, the Camlachie Burn joined the Molendinar Burn, at which place there was a bridge. There was also a bridge over these united rivulets at the foot of the Saltmarket Street, and directly opposite to the entry into the public Green. These burns were not covered as at present; and the water that flowed in them, even in my day, was muddy and polluted. The Green itself was surrounded by a stone wall, on the south side of which there was a row of fine old trees. The main entry into the Green was by a large gate of timber, which was under the charge of the herd of the Green. It was generally kept shut; but always thrown open on public occasions, such as reviews and military spectacles, &c. The entry into the Green for pedestrians, on ordinary occasions, was by a small turnstile, in the form of the letter X, which moved upon a pivot, thus preventing access to equestrians.

At nine o'clock in the morning, and at six o'clock in the evening,

the cows which pastured on the Green were brought to this place of the common to be milked; and I have seen our gentlemen golfers, after finishing their morning's sport, stop short here, and with great gusto swig off a tinful of milk, reeking warm from the cow, to give them an appetite for their breakfasts. In the evening, the scene was very lively, for in all directions there were seen well-dressed nursery-maids, with their little charges, striving who should first get their japanned tinnies filled with the warm reaming milk, and ever and anon looking sharply around them, lest the great bull (which the Magistrates kept in the Green) should be edging towards them.

The Glasgow Green eastwards does not seem to have undergone any very marked change, with the exception of the erection of Monteith Row, of the Camlachie Burn at the Calton Green being arched over, and of our old serpentine walks being nearly all grubbed up. At the eastern extremity of the Green, the late Mr. Alexander Allan attempted to throw an arch over the public footpath which leads to Rutherglen Bridge, so as to connect his grounds with the river, thereby making a dark tunnel of this public footpath. This innovation, however, was successfully opposed by the people of Rutherglen.

Having thus thrown together a few loose reminiscences regarding the former state of the north banks of the Clyde, betwixt the Old Bridge and Rutherglen Bridge, I shall now say a word or two regarding the southern banks of the same locality. At the south-east end of the Old Bridge there was a retaining wall which stretched up the Main Street of Gorbals by a gradual slope, but the surface of this wall was upon the level with the street. Immediately to the east of this wall there was a narrow lane descending from the south extremity of the retaining wall to the river, which was used for watering horses.\* The wall above mentioned formed the west front of this lane. On the east side of this said lane were situated the dwelling-house and workshop of Mann, the gunsmith. Mr. Mann was very famous as a first-rate

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\* The present roads left on the banks of the river for watering horses, opposite the old Town's Hospital, and on the south side opposite the Gorbals Church, will give some idea of this lane. At this time the site of the Gorbals Church was the property of a dyer, who, after his yarns and cloth had been dyed, rinsed them in the Clyde, making use of the present sloping road opposite the Gorbals Church for an access to the river. The site of Carlton Place was then an open rope walk. [Since this note was written, these watering places have been closed up].

tradesman; and the guns of his making always brought extra prices. He was the Manton of Glasgow. I daresay that your old sporting readers of the octogenarian class will remember him very well, for his workshop was often visited by gentlemen who had a taste for the pastime of the moors.

From Mr. Mann's house to the Blind Burn, the banks of our river were then lying in a state of nature. The Blind Burn of old formed the eastern boundary of the Gorbals lands. I never could learn the etymology of the name given to this burn. It appears from M'Ure, p. 62, that the lands in question, in ancient times, belonged to Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter of Robert Duke of Albany, and granddaughter of Robert II. She was married to Duncan Campbell, Lord Lochow. This Lady named these lands St. Ninian's Croft, and built thereon an hospital for lepers.\* She further endowed the said hospital not only by setting aside the rents and feu-duties of the lands of St. Ninian's Croft; but also added the rents and feu-duties of her lands on the north side of the river (now the Bridgegate), the whole to be applied for behoof of poor persons infected with leprosy. This is a curious historical fact, for I doubt if any of your unmedical readers ever saw a leper in the whole course of their lives, or even heard of one being seen in Glasgow in modern times. Amongst the published reports of our Infirmary, I cannot say that ever I recollect a case of leprosy being mentioned at all similar to the accounts which we have in Scripture regarding this loathsome disease. Any case taken notice of seems to have been quite mild, and little more than a cutaneous eruption, which by no means could be called an inveterate and infectious leprosy. On the other hand, I do not remember of meeting with any certain evidence of the small-pox having appeared in Scotland in Lady Lochow's days. Could the one disease drive away the other? But to return to our subject from this digression. The bed of the river, between Mr. Mann's house on the south, and the slaughter-houses on the north, was, in my younger days, very broad, but quite shallow; for I have waded across it without undressing. At the Blind Burn, however, it became deeper, and it formed a favourite bathing place for boys, being about four feet and a half deep at the mouth of the burn, and gradually shallowing across

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\* See the first part of the present "Notabilia"

to the Green of Glasgow, so that there was no danger to boys who were novices at swimming. The banks of the river, from the Blind Burn to Rutherglen Bridge, also lay in a state of nature. The mound of earth raised to prevent the river overflowing the lands of Stonefield was not then formed, and there was a footpath along the edge of the river, the whole distance from the Old Bridge to Rutherglen Bridge. The lands now of Hutchesontown were then in tillage.

The lands which I have just alluded to, at a more recent date than Lady Lochow's time, formed parts and portions of the estate of Little Govan, acquired by the Raes of Little Govan, an old and wealthy Glasgow family. A very melancholy accident happened, in my younger days, to the only son of Colin Rae, Esquire, the then proprietor of these lands, which caused at the time as great a sensation in Glasgow, as in aftertimes did the death of the Princess Charlotte. This fine boy was accustomed to ride daily to school in Glasgow upon a little favourite ass, and this being somewhat singular, he became well known to every person in the city. This boy one day was playing with and teasing his little donkey in the stable, when, being irritated, it struck him with its heel on the head and fractured his skull, which caused his immediate death. It is inconceivable the interest which every person in Glasgow felt at the fate of this little boy. Nothing was spoken of in the city but the sad accident which had happened poor Bob Rae. Here a fine open-hearted child, an only son, and the heir to large estates, was suddenly taken away, and the fond hopes of his father and mother blasted. The sympathy for the Little Govan family was universal, and more particularly so as Mrs. Rae almost never recovered from the shock of this distressing bereavement. A number of years after the death of the poor boy, the affairs of the successor of Mr. Rae got involved, and the estate of Little Govan was sold. Before concluding my little gossipings regarding the Raes of Little Govan, I may take notice of a circumstance which I believe is not very generally known.

Of late years, we have received many gay and florid accounts of the extension and rising up of thriving villages in all quarters around our city; but I daresay that few of your readers are aware that an ancient and flourishing village, once in our immediate neighbourhood, has disappeared from amongst us, and has left nothing but its name behind it. Now-a-days, when we hear any

person speaking of "Little Govan," we fancy an ancient chateau surrounded with offices and fine old trees, but nothing else; whereas, scarcely more than a century ago, "Little Govan" was a lively thriving village, consisting mostly of weavers' dwellings and loom-shops, having comfortable kail-yards as appendages. This village, from various occurrences, ultimately became the sole property of the Raes of Little Govan. A number of years before my day, but the exact time I cannot specify, there happened a great stagnation of trade in Glasgow, in consequence of which the greatest part of the weavers of Little Govan were thrown out of work, and could not pay their rents. Mr. Rae, in order to find work for his tenants, made an agreement with a Glasgow manufacturer of lawns and blue and white checks, to lend the said manufacturer a thousand merks upon condition of his giving work to the Little Govan weavers.\* This brought a temporary relief both to the weavers and to Mr. Rae himself; but by and by, Mr. Rae, requiring his money in his extensive mercantile transactions, and trade at that time becoming brisk, he demanded repayment of the loan from the manufacturer, which he received: of course, all obligation on the part of the manufacturer to give a preference of work to the Little Govan weavers ceased. Unfortunately, after a while, another stagnation of trade took place, when the Little Govan weavers were again thrown out of employment, and, as before, they fell into arrears of their rents. This state of matters gave Mr. Rae so much trouble and vexation, that he resolved to get quit of them altogether, and to turn the village into pleasure grounds. In consequence of which resolution, he allowed the houses of the village to fall into disrepair, and finally pulled them down altogether, and cleared the ground; so that the site of the village of Little Govan, like the sites of Babylon and Nineveh, is now a tale of other days.

In speaking of Little Govan, I must not forget to take notice of the Dixons, one of the most enterprising families that ever appeared amongst us. The name of Dixon is not associated with any very ancient occurrences in Glasgow, for this family are not what we call old Glasgow folks, like our Bogles, Blythwood Campbells, Buchanans, and Dunlops. The elder Mr. William

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\* The weavers of those days did not work so hard as they do now, for so idly inclined were they supposed to be, that an operative of the shuttle was then always called "a lazy weaver—*gude for naething but sipping brose.*"

Dixon\* was born and bred up in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he attained his great knowledge in coal mining operations; and so high did he then stand in the estimation of scientific men, that in the year 1771, and when he was only in the eighteenth year of his age, he became the manager of a coal work near Ayr. Subsequently he was appointed to the management of the Little Govan colliery, in our own vicinity, where he remained for many years. When in that situation he became a proprietor, with other persons, of different collieries, and ultimately was the sole owner of Calder Ironworks.† Besides these works, he purchased lime works, and mines near Calder Ironworks. It is believed that at the time of his death, in the year 1822, he was the most extensive trader in Scotland in coal and iron. When managing the Govan Works he found that the depth of water at the Broomielaw Harbour was too little to admit of his shipping his coals there, and therefore he constructed a railroad of timber, then called a tram road, which extended from the Govan Colliery across what is now the Paisley Canal, and through the lands of Kingston to the coal quay, situated then at the west end of Windmillcroft. I remember this tram road very well, and have walked along it. Mr. Dixon wrought out the greatest part of the coal upon the Little Govan estate; but he erred in not leaving a sufficient number, or a sufficient strength of props to support the roof of the workings; for any person perambulating the locality of Little Govan lands, will observe that the surface of the ground has sunk in many places, and large rents and cracks may be seen in various houses, garden walls, and dykes upon the said lands. The present Mr. William Dixon has continued and extended the coal, iron, and railway operations planned out by his father, whose energy and ability he seems to inherit. We are certainly the better of an Englishman taking up his domicile with us now and then, for he generally teaches us something that we did not know before, or he improves our former knowledge; but as for an Irishman, when he settles amongst us, we must not only *teach him*, but in most cases we must *feed him* likewise; and, what is most provoking, we receive no thanks for what we do.

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\* The Glasgow historians have given us numerous lists of the names of our ancient citizens; but in none of these lists do we find the English name of "Dixon," and seldom the Scotch name of "Dickson."

† It was said at the time that Mr. Dixon purchased these iron works for an old song.

## NOTABILIA DISJECTA.

FROM THE SESSION RECORDS IN WODROW'S MANUSCRIPT: LIFE OF WREMS, 23.

1586.—Some are appointed to visit the Lepers, folks' house, or Spittal, beyond the bridge, to see how the same may be reformed, and appoints the Water Bailie to give in the rental of the Lepers' House this day eight days.—Oct. 26, 1587. Appoints some again to try the rental of the Lepers' House, and what will repair the house, and buy straw, stobb, and riggen turf,\* provided that the present reparations astrict not the kirk to the repairing of the said house in time coming, nor abstract the burden of those persons, if any be, who have born, or may be found astricted, to repair the said Hospitall, and who they are that ought to have place therein.—March 24. One is appointed by the Session to oversee the building of the yards of the Leper House.—July 28, 1593. The rental of the Leper House is recorded. Ground annual of the house in the Bridge-gate, &c., 7 pound, 17 shillings money, and 8 bolls of meal: from the Mearna, 4 bolls; my L. Eglinton, 2 bolls. All these are appointed to be dealt with to pay.—December 9, 1593. The Leper House charged none but toun's folks, and all lepers banished the town for fear of infection likely to rise by this.—July, 1501. The Session ordains the almshouse men to be present in the Kirk forenoon, and every day at prayers, morning and evening, to be said to them by their master, Sr. Bartholomew Simpson, otherwise that they want their weekly wages following their being convict.

## DICTIONNAIRE GEOGRAPHIQUE—à Paris, 1705.

Glasco, Glasguou, Glascua, Glascovia, Glasum—Ville de l'Ecosse meridionale, dans sa partie occidentale, et dans la province de Clydesdail sur la rivière de Clyd, aux frontieres des provinces de Cunningham et de Lenox, avec un Archevêché qui fut érigé par le Pape Sixte IV., et un petite Université érigée en 1454. La Ville est assez grande mais peu peuplée et sans murailles.

Whitlock, 1682. 463—April, 1651.—Letters of the armie's march to Glasgow, where the Scotch ministers railed in their sermons against the English Sectaries' army, of unjustly invading their country, and throwing down all power in Church and State.

## APPENDIX TO NISBET'S HERALDRY, 259—60.

In 1471, Bishop Muirhead founded an hospital, which he dedicated to St. Nicholas. The place where the Divine service was, is of fine aialor work, of a Gothic form, and the windows supported by a buttress betwixt each of them; upon the front, over the door, is the Bishop's arms, surmounted by the salmon fish, and a crosier, or pastoral staff behind the shield. Opposite the hospital he built a house or manse for the priest or preceptor, on which there is still to be seen the Bishop's arms—the crosier behind the shield, with the three acorns on the band.

## BOYD'S OBITUARY, 145.

1618.—In the beginning of May this year, died, at Edinburgh, Mr. William Hay, of Barro, Commissary of this town of Glasgow, who was Rector of this University for many years together. He was a ready and sincere man.

## CARTULARIUM GLASGUENSE. 2 Vols. in Manuscript, sold for £33 ls. 6d.

This book contains copies of all the deeds and other writs in the two Chartularies which belonged to the Scotch College in Paris; also, all those in the copy belonging to the University of Glasgow. There are annexed to it a table of the Deeds, and an alphabetical index of the names of persons and places.

\* The Leper Hospital thus appears to have been merely a thatched house.

In 1766, Principal Gordon of the Scotch College, at Paris, caused an authentic copy of the Chartulary to be transcribed and presented to the University of Glasgow. It was presented to the College meeting, by Professor Cummin, on the 31st of March, 1767, in 2 vols, 4to., handsomely bound and gilt.—*College Records*.

## ARCHBISHOP BOYD.

*M<sup>c</sup>Ure*, 31.—“After the Reformation, anno 1572, Mr. James Boyd of Trocherg, a very worthy pious man was preferred to the Archbishoprick, and was the first Protestant *saint* in the See.”

*Calderswood*, p. 70.—In 1576, Boyd was accused, by the General Assembly, for not teaching in Glasgow since his entry to the bishoprick, and rarely any where. He pleaded want of gifts, and that he sometimes preached at Govan and other kirks.

*Calderswood*, p. 64.—Lord Boyd having claimed some of the temporalities of the Archbishoprick of Glasgow, caused his son, the Master of Boyd, to seize the Castle of Glasgow, and lift the rents of the Archbishoprick.

*M<sup>c</sup>Ure*, 52.—“The Prebend or Parsonage House of the rector or parson of Carstairs was in the Rottenrow; after the Reformation, Mr. David Weems, the first Protestant minister of the town, got it, and from his heir female it came to John Hall, chirurgion, by marriage, and now belongs to his heirs.”

*Case of Andrew Stirling*, 1818.—Weems was minister here in 1578. His daughter Helen was married to Dr. Peter Low, who died in 1612. She afterwards married Walter Stirling, bailie and dean of guild of Glasgow, by whom she had several sons. The Stirlings of Glasgow, William, George, &c., are descended in a direct line from this lady.

## PRESBYTERY RECORDS, STIRLING'S CASE, p. 9.

1st December, 1601.—King James presented to Mr. David Weems, present minister of the Kirk of Glasgow, to “all and haile ye Parsonage and Vicarage of ye said paroch kirk, and haile parochyn of Glasgow,” with the pertinents, &c.

*M<sup>c</sup>Ure*, p. 53.—The Rector of Eaglesholm had his lodging at the head of the Drygate; Mr. Archibald Crawford, Rector of Eaglesholm, at the Reformation, conveyed it to the Laird of Crawfordland, and came through several hands to James Corbet, merchant, who sold it to the Duke of Montrose, who has built upon the ground thereof one of his pavilions for his palace here.

*Glasgow Courier*, 27th February, 1794.—Crawford died in 1593. He was buried in the south aisle of the Tron Church, with this inscription:—

“Here lyes the remains of Mr. Archibald Crawford, Parson of Eaglesom, provost of this new kirk, who departed this life (day and month illegible) anno 1593.” Discovered in 1794.

1729. *A Journey through Scotland*, 292.—Near the Cathedral stands the Palace of the Duke of Montrose, which, when finished according to the disposition of the offices already built, will be very noble, having a commanding prospect of the whole city and adjacent country, and, on the declension of the hill to the river side, room enough for what gardens he pleases.

N.B.—This Palace has been demolished, and the site occupied by additions made to our Bridewell or Prison.

## BLACKFRIARS' CHURCH.

*M<sup>c</sup>Ure*, 60.—In the Popish time, this church was called Black Friar Church, and went under that designation till it was ruined by a thunderbolt in the year 1668, and now is called the *new kirk*. (Council Records, No. 64).—1670, March 12th.—“The same day ordains the bell in the Blackfriar steiple to be taken doune and sent to Holland to be castin over againe with the same name, armes, and year of God as is presently thereupone.”

N.B.—As the present church was built in 1699, the above record shows that the steiple was not destroyed by the thunderbolt.



*Council Records*.—1643. August 25th.—George Duncan of Borrowfield gave 6000 marks to be “warit and bestowit upon an bell to be hung in the steeple of the Black-friars’ Kirk,” to be rung every morning at five.

*Guthrie*, date 1527.—In the first ye sayd Sr James (Hamilton) sal life sax chaplaines on ye expoces of ye sayd erle his broder and his awyne to syng and do suffarage for ye sawl of ye sayd umquhill Johnne erle of Lenox for ye spees of VII zers nixt to cum efter ye daitis hereof: three of yam to syng cometle in ye College Kyrk of Hamiltown, and under thre of yam to syng in ye black friers of Glasgow, quher ye said umquhill Johnne layis, and sall pes to ilk an of ye sayd chaplanis early ye soun of X lib.

February 9th, 1595.—Seisin of this date proceeding on a crown charter by James VI., in favour of Sir George Elphinstone, of Blythwood, Knight, of the lands of Blythwood, Gorballs, Brigend, and Woodsyde.

September 2d, 1600.—The following persons were admitted burgesses of Glasgow, viz.:—Sir George Elphinstone, of Blythwood, Knight, James Semple, of Bolltrees, Adam Boyd, Thomas Boyd, Mr. Andrew Boyd, Archibald Gibson, commissary clerk, Archibald Heygate, William Cunninghame, and William Stirling, scotlor to the said Sir George.—*Stirling Evidence*, 1818, p. 5.

#### TREASURER’S BOOKS V. FITCAIRN, 11, 238.

August, 1600.—“Item lykewais be command foirsaid for ane cheiwzie, and ane belt of goldsmyth wark, set with pearls, with ane pair of garnissings in the lyk wark, propnyit in his maisteris’ name, to Sir George Elphinstone’s wyffee, the day of her marriage.”

*Council Records*.—July 27th, 1639.—The Council granted licence to Sir Robert Douglas to “gett ane hundredth kairtis of the tounes guarvell to help to build out the dyk of his zaird, nearest Clyde bezound the bridge.”

From the Session records it appears that there was a port at the east end of the Grayfriars’ Wynd in 1600. The close north from the wynd was called the *Grayfriars’ Wicket*. Calder remembers this close called the *Wicket* in his day. It stood where Reid’s Land is now built. The following extract appears to be decisive respecting the names of the Wynds:—

1600.—“From the Wyndhead to the Grayfriar Port on both sides of the gate. From the Grayfriar Wynd to James Mann’s house and *School-house Wynd* both sides of the gate.”

1588.—“The *wicket* of the Grayfriar Port to be patent to the nichtbouris besyd.

#### VIEWS OF GLASGOW.

1. A View of Glasgow, by Logan, supposed to have been published about 170 years ago.
2. A View of Glasgow, in Smollet’s *History of all Nations*, . . . . . 1768
3. A View of Glasgow in the *Glasgow Magazine*, . . . . . 1770
4. Three Views, by Slatzer (see *Stewart’s Views*), . . . . . 1693

I think that M’Ure published one or two of Slatzer’s views, but in most of the old editions of M’Ure those views are torn out.

#### MAPS OF GLASGOW.

1. Map of Glasgow, by Gibson, . . . . . 1777
2. M’Arthur’s large map, four sheets, . . . . . 1778
3. Do. Reduced, by the *Glasgow Journal*, . . . . .
4. Plan of Glasgow, in the *Glasgow Almanac*, . . . . . 1784
5. Do. do. from an actual survey, one sheet, . . . . . 1790
6. Map of the Royalty, by the Town’s Surveyor, before 1792. See statistical account, . . . . . 1792
7. A Map published in . . . . . 1806

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| 8. Fleming's six sheets Map,                     | . . . . . | 1807 and 1821 |
| 9. Cleland's Map, 1820. Improved, 1831 and 1832. |           |               |
| 10. Wardlaw's Map,                               | . . . . . | 1812          |
| 11. Map by Denholm,                              | . . . . . | 1797          |

A republication of one of the oldest maps of Glasgow will be found in *Stewart's Views*, lately published.

#### THE UPPER NAVIGATION AND ITS BANKS—DALMARNOCK—ANCIENT RUTHERGLEN.

IN my last communication to you, I noted down a few of my reminiscences regarding the former state of that portion of our upper navigation which lies between the Old Bridge and Rutherglen Bridge, and I shall now add a few cursory recollections respecting Clyde and its banks, from Rutherglen Bridge to Dalmarnock Bridge; but I am afraid that there will be little novelty in anything that I can say on this subject, as there has not been any very striking change in the locality, except the erection of the large works of Henry Monteith & Co., and a few other works, public and private.

Rutherglen Bridge was built in the year 1775, and extends across the Clyde between the lands of Barrowfield and Shawfield. It was said to have cost only £1,800, of which sum there was about £1,000 contributed by the burgesses of Rutherglen. It is a free bridge.

On the north side of the river, and immediately joining the bridge, there was, in my younger days, a small wood upon a declivity sloping towards the river, but it consisted only of dwarf trees and brushwood. Through this wood there was a footpath which led to the Physic Well, as it was called—a chalybeate spring much resorted to at that time, more particularly by the working classes. From this place to Dalmarnock, the footpath continued along the banks of the river without interruption. It is unnecessary for me to say any thing more regarding this portion of the banks of the Clyde, as the famous case of Harvey's Dyke must still be fresh in the recollection of most of your readers. I may, however, mention that the banks of the river at this period were open and free to the public on both sides, and that they then retained all their pristine rural appearance and natural beauty.

In the year 1775, at the time when Rutherglen Bridge was built, the lands of Dalmarnock (which were bounded by the Clyde on the south) were held by two proprietors, in a very curious

manner. These proprietors were William Woddrop, Esq., of Dalmarnock, and James Gray, Esq., of Dalmarnock. These gentlemen respectively were each designated as "of Dalmarnock," for both of them had a right to assume the title of "Lairds of Dalmarnock." In fact, the lands of Dalmarnock, at that date, lay in run-rig, so that the one proprietor could not tell, with any degree of certainty, what portion of the lands belonged to him, or what portion belonged to his co-proprietor; and what was still more curious, their predecessors had been in the practice of building barns, houses, and offices, some on one side of the road which led to the River Clyde, and some upon the other side of the said road, just as suited their respective fancies, and, as we say in Scotland, "all higglety-pigglety." In consequence of this state of matters, not only were the lands lying run-rig, but their barns, houses, and offices, and even their very mansion-houses, came to be lying run-rig also. The common road from Glasgow to the River Clyde ran through these properties, and was then called "The Town of Dalmarnock Lane."

Mr. Woddrop was the proprietor of the fourth part of the lands of Dalmarnock, which had, for a very long time past, belonged to him and his predecessors. Another fourth part of these lands was the property of Mr. Gray and his predecessors, who had held the same for an equally lengthened space of time. The other two fourth parts were, at a distant period, the property of another gentleman of the name of Wardrop, (most probably a branch of the Woddrop family) who sold them to Mr. Campbell, of Shawfield, who again sold or feued them, in 1733, to John Gray, the father of James Gray. On this part of the property, there stood an ancient family mansion-house, with a yard and offices; and in like manner the Grays had their mansion-house, yard, and offices, upon their original fourth share. Mr. Gray having thus acquired two mansion-houses, allowed one of them to go into a little disrepair; while Mr. Woddrop built a new and commodious mansion-house, with suitable offices to it. Mr. Gray, now wishing to build a new mansion-house on the site of the original family mansion-house, found that Mr. Woddrop's barns and offices would intervene, and obscure his view of the river, and therefore he endeavoured to get a division of the run-rig lands; and in the course of the investigation which followed thereupon, Mr. Gray for the first time raised the question, whether or not the houses, as well as the lands, were

lying run-rig, and subject to division. Mr. Woddrop, having a new mansion-house and new offices, opposed any division of the houses, saying that it would not be fair to place Mr. Gray's old dilapidated mansions and offices on the same scale with his new ones. In the year 1768 the matter in dispute between these gentlemen was referred to James Ritchie, Esq., of Craigton, Archibald Smellie, merchant in Glasgow, Patrick Graham, of Limekills, and James Murray, of Boghall, to lay off and divide the lands of Dalmarnock.

In consequence of this appointment, the above arbiters had several meetings, but they could not agree *upon any scheme of division*. Upon this, the question came to be debated before the Sheriff; and from the Sheriff it went, in 1773, to the Court of Session. A lengthened litigation now took place; the Court, however, found that both land and houses were subject to division, and accordingly a division of them took place; and, as usual in such cases, to the satisfaction of neither party.

Before the first American war broke out, a great deal of smuggling took place upon the Ayrshire coast, from vessels coming up the channel. The smuggled articles consisted generally of rum, brandy, tea, tobacco, and silks. These being landed at night, were quickly carted away to Beith, and there concealed. From Beith they were brought to Glasgow on horseback; and, as it would have been dangerous to pass the Old Bridge, or the ford opposite the slaughter-house, the usual route taken by smugglers on horseback was the circuitous one of Dalmarnock ford. Cathcart also at this time formed a depôt for smuggled articles, run from the shipping arriving in the Frith of Clyde. These were brought into Glasgow as opportunities offered. The late Mr. Corbet, seeing a man on horseback, with two casks slung across his horse, upon the Ayr road, apparently making for the Dalmarnock ford, ordered him to stop; but he, refusing to do so, Mr. Corbet pulled out a pistol from his pocket, and shot the horse dead from under him, and then made a seizure of the smuggler and his spirits.

The Clyde, at Dalmarnock, has always been a celebrated station for the angler. During the early summer months, this part of our river, absolutely swarmed with that beautiful small fish called the par. At the time we are now speaking of, it was not known that this fish was the fry of the salmon; it was then considered a

distinct species, and no care was taken to preserve the breed. The Rutherglen weavers, in particular, scourged the Dalmarnock ford at a sad rate. I have seen them there with their double rods sweeping the stream from bank to bank, and filling their baskets with this pretty little fish. I remember well that in my younger days there was a report very current that small particles of gold were sometimes found among the sands of Dalmarnock, and I am inclined to think that this report was not altogether without foundation, for it is well known that some of our ancient golden coins were struck from gold found in the higher parts of Lanarkshire. I cannot say, however, that I was ever so successful as to find any of this golden treasure; but I have found pearls in the Clyde at Dalmarnock. These were got from large brown mussels embedded in the river. The boys used to call these mussels *chuggie-dhu's*. None of the pearls that I found were of much value, being all discoloured; but it was said that sometimes very fine ones were got, quite pure, and of considerable value. I suspect that these *chuggie-dhu's*, like the rooks in Queen Street, have taken their departure from amongst us, eschewing our close vicinity.

We shall now pass to the south banks of our river above Rutherglen Bridge. At the time we have just been speaking of, the lands of Shawfield belonged to Walter Campbell, of Shawfield. The greatest part of these lands were then exposed to frequent inundations from the river, in consequence of their lying so low. Sometimes, in great floods, the crops upon the ground were either destroyed or carried away altogether. In the year 1788, Campbell, of Shawfield, sold the above-mentioned lands to Robert Houston Rae, Esquire, when the Shawfield estate became part of the Little Govan estate. Mr. Houston Rae no sooner got possession of this estate, than, excited by the ambition of improving his property, he caused a bank to be raised along the side of the river, at the expense of £600, by which the lands were put out of danger of being laid under water. This bank is about 1,600 yards in length, and the height is 20 feet above the level of Clyde at low water, being 18 inches higher in elevation than the great flood of the 12th of March, 1782.\*

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\* I remember this flood very well, and of seeing boats sailing in King Street at the Flesh Markets. Both of the markets were completely flooded. At Greenlaw (now the General Terminus), the water entered all the offices and servants' rooms. It reached within a few feet of the site of the present family dwelling-house.

With regard to that part of the banks of the Clyde which belongs to the burgh of Rutherglen, I shall give an extract from *Ure's History of Rutherglen*, published in 1793—(page 111):—

"The only part of the town's lands now belonging to the community, is the Green, a plain of about 36 acres, lying between the town and the Clyde. In the old records it is sometimes called the Inch; because, at first, it was only a small island. The soil is rich and deep, owing to the accumulation of mud and decayed vegetables carried down by the river. The Magistrates and Council, anno 1652, to defray the expenses incurred by Cromwell's troops, roused the Green to be ploughed, for the sum of £20 Scots (£1 13s. 4d. sterling) per acre. The inhabitants, believing that the ploughing of the Green was contrary to their interest, as individuals, made such a formidable opposition that the Magistrates were forced to retract what they had done. It was not broken up till about thirty years ago (1763), when it was let for at nearly £4 sterling per acre. The crops which it then produced were very great. Like most other commons, however, it is now suffered to lie a disgraceful waste, producing fertile crops of thistles and other hurtful weeds. But as every burgess has a right to have his cow pastured upon it for the annual grassmail of a guinea; and as there is a considerable number of cattle kept by the inhabitants for the purpose chiefly of making sour cream, there is no probability that its condition will soon be rendered much better. It brings, at present, to the revenues of the town, the sum of £50 sterling yearly."

When Mr. Ure wrote the above, he had no idea of Caledonian Railways and Clydesdale Junctions being put down in that quarter. In the present newspapers there is notice of a new railway, *via* Rutherglen, to cross the Clyde near Dalmarnock.

I cannot let slip this opportunity *en passant* of saying a word or two about "Ruglen 'ream," a dish which I am sure your old readers never think of without a desire to taste it again. How it has come into disuse I cannot say, but of a certainty there was no dish of our infantile days which delighted us more to see placed on the table, than a tureenfull of "Ruglen 'ream," and a bowlfull of sugar lying cheek-by-jowl with it. The trade in sour cream was carried on in Rutherglen at this time to a considerable extent, and seemed to have been monopolized by the inhabitants of this burgh; for almost the whole of the sour cream sold in Glasgow was made in Rutherglen. The dish is certainly very palatable, and nourishing to the constitution; and what is a still farther recommendation to it, it is very cheap. In hopes that some of your readers who keep dairies may be induced to try the manufacture of "Ruglen 'ream," I now annex the veritable process, for their benefit.

The sweet milk is put into a wooden vessel, or vat, which is placed where it can receive a moderate degree of heat, and is covered with a linen cloth. In due time the serous or watery part of the milk begins to separate from the rest, and is called

*whig* ; when the separation is complete, the *whig* is drawn off, by means of a cock and pale (or spigot in faucet, as it is called in England). The substance that remains is then beat with a large spoon or ladle till the oleaginous and caseous particles of which it is composed are properly mixed; a small quantity of rich sweet milk or sweet cream is then added to correct the acidity. In my younger days this beverage was sold for fourpence the Scotch pint.

But from sour cream we must now rise to a more lofty subject. It appears by a charter granted by Alexander II., in the twelfth year of his reign, that the magistrates of Rutherglen had been in the practice of exacting toll or custom for articles brought into Glasgow for sale, and this charter merely abrogates the right of the magistrates of Rutherglen to take custom in the city of Glasgow, but leaves them the right to collect their usual custom on articles going into Glasgow at Schedenston (now Shettleston).

"Ne Propositi, vel Ballivi, vel Servientes Nostri de Rutherglen, tolneum, aut consuetudinem capiant in Villa de Glasgu sed illa capiant ad crucem de Schedenston, sicut illa antiquitus capi solebant. Quare prohibemus firmiter ne Propositi, vel Ballivi, vel Servientes Nostri de Rutherglen, tolneum aut consuetudinem capiant in Villa de Glasgu." (Anno 1226).

It is clear by the above that Rutherglen, at the date of this charter was, and for a long time before had been, a burgh superior to the town of Glasgow. How Rutherglen came to lose the right of levying custom, or dues, on articles sent to Glasgow for sale, is not now known; but were we to judge of this matter as we do of this burgh's conduct with regard to the loss of the free navigation to their ancient quay, we would say that it arose from carelessness.

Glasgow was not erected into a royal burgh till the reign of William the Lion, in 1165, so that, previously, while Rutherglen had its provosts and bailies, Glasgow was a mere village governed by its bishops, for we find that Rutherglen was a royal burgh in the reign of David I., and probably earlier. In a charter granted by Robert the Bruce, in 1324, are the following words:—" *Me concessisse et dedisse et hoc carta mea confirmassie Burgo meo de Rutherglen et Burgersib; meis ejusdem ville, omnes consuetudines et Rectitudiness quas huerunt tempore Reg. David Aui mei et illas Diuisas quas eis concessit; Scilice de Neithan usque ad Polmaede; et de Garin, usque ad KELVIN,*" &c.

By a charter granted by James VI. in 1617, power is granted

to the provost, bailies, and councillors of the burgh of Rutherglen, and their successors:—"To observe and defend all and sundrie the gates and passages to and from the said burgh, and all other pairts of this kingdom that they be not broken, or infringed by any person, but that they may be preserved in all pairts of the samen passages in lenth, and breadth, and measur, used and wont, that our subjects may have easie access and regress to and from our said burgh. Moreover, it being abundantly known to us, that the said lands, tenaments, howsases, biggings, yeards, orchyards, churches, chappels, chappelries, tofts, crofts, outsets, ways, passages, mills, multeries, and sequalls thereof, coals, coal-heughs, rocks, DAMS, quarries, INCARRIES, WATER-GANGS, FISHINGS, moores, marshes, greens, commons, and loans, and others particularie and generalie above-mentioned; with the offices, liberties, priviledges, and other above rehersed, to have been formerlie and now to be incorporat, decreted, and annexed," &c.

It is evident from the common seal of the burgh of Rutherglen, that the river Clyde was navigable in ancient times as far as the public green of the town; for on the reverse of the seal there is a representation of a ship, of very primitive form, having two men on board, the one rowing with an oar, of a different shape from our modern oars, while the other appears to be hauling aloft a square sail, by means of strong cords. Regarding this seal, Ure, who wrote in 1793 (page 78), remarks, that "The ship represents the river Clyde, which is navigable up to the town. It is impossible now to ascertain to what extent the trade of Clyde was antiently carried, and what proportion of it belonged to Rutherglen at the time when it was erected into a royal borough. It is highly probable that Rutherglen, at that time, was the only town of mercantile importance in the strath of Clyde, and that to it any trade that might be on the river chiefly belonged. That the channel of Clyde was then naturally much deeper than at present we have no reason to doubt, when we reflect that many million cart-loads of mud and sand have been since thrown into it from the land. Trading vessels, therefore, which at that period were of a small construction, might be carried with ease up to the town. We are sure, however, that, till of late, gaberts of considerable burden sailed almost every day from the quay of Rutherglen to Greenock, &c."



## NOTABILIA DISJECTA.

*Glasgow Weekly Museum*, 20th March, 1773.—“It is with pleasure we acquaint our readers that Mr. Goldburne is still successfully carrying on his operations in deepening the river Clyde, and that three coasting vessels arrived lately at the Broomielaw *directly* from Ireland with oatmeal, without stopping at Greenock as formerly to unload their cargoes.

*Scots Magazine*, December, 1775, p. 693.—“From a sounding of the river Clyde from the lower end of Dumbuck ford to the Broomielaw of Glasgow, taken on the 8th of December by Colin Dunlop, Esq. of Carmyle, Messrs. Hugh Wylie and John Douglas, merchants in Glasgow, in consequence of a warrant directed to them by the Sheriff-Depute of the County of Lanark, it appears that the said river within the bounds above-mentioned is more than seven feet water at an ordinary neep tide, and that Mr. Goldburne, engineer, has fully implemented his contract with the City of Glasgow.”

1661. “A supplication was given in to the Scotch Parliament be the Provost, Bailies, and Council of the Burgh of Rutherglen, bearing the said to have been erected a frie Burgh by King David in the year 1126, and so has continued vntill this day, bot in a verie meane and low condition thir many years bygone, by reason of its contiguitie with the citie of Glasgow, who has all the comerce, and treading in those pairts.”—*Acts*, vii., 239.

1555. “The haill Burrowis of the west cuntrie, sic as Irwin, Air, Dumbartane, Glasgow, and uther Burrows at the west pairts, has zeirle in all tymes bygane resorted to the fisching of Loch Fyne and vthers Lochis in the north, this for making of hering and vthers fischeris, and efter the complating of thair besyness at thair plesour partit frelie, but payment of the fischeris allanerlie; nothales, certane cuntrie men adiacent and dwelland besyde Loch Fyne has raisit ane greit custome of ewery last or maid hering that are taen in the said Loch of als greit valowr as the Queen's Grace custome suppois the saidis Burrowis bring the said hering for furnessing of their awn housis and the cuntrie: Quilk custome was newer payit of befor quhairthrow the saidis fre Burrowis ar heuylie hurt, and for remedie heirof it is devisit statide and ordanit that all sic customes and exactionis be dischargit and not rasit nor upliftit fra the persounis forsadis of any hering or fischeis taken be thame their housis bringing of the samon within this Realme allanerlie, vnder the panis to be callit as oppressouris and punceit thairfoir conforme to the lawis of the Realme.”—*Scots Acts*, ii., 498.

## APATHY AND DIVISIONS IN RUTHERGLEN.

No person can look back to the history of our river without a feeling of surprise at the supineness of the burgh of Rutherglen regarding the improvements which from time to time were taking place upon the Clyde. This burgh was even more interested to have the river deepened up to their quay than Glasgow to have it deepened up to the Broomielaw. A century ago there were sometimes more vessels lying at the quay of Rutherglen than at the Broomielaw harbour. The late Mr. Alexander Norris, who was born in 1751, told me that before the Clyde Navigation Acts were

obtained, and before the Broomielaw Bridge was built in 1768, he remembered vessels sailing regularly and constantly through the arches of the Old Bridge, to Rutherglen; and particularly the Highland boats, which, on account of the low dues there, gave it a preference to Glasgow. It is, indeed, doubtful if any dues were ever exacted at the quay of Rutherglen; for, in Ure's history of that burgh, although the author states the different sources of the town's revenue, there is no mention made of river dues or quay dues. When we contemplate the neighbourhood of Rutherglen, so rich in coal, iron, lime, and freestone, and see it to have been the first navigable outlet for the produce of a fertile agricultural strath, lying behind it, we are astonished at beholding the burghesses of this town neglecting so grand an opportunity of raising their native place to a state of opulence, by deepening, or at least by assisting in deepening, the channel of the river Clyde.

During the reign of Queen Mary we find that the inhabitants of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, entered into an agreement to work on the river for six weeks at a time, *per vices*, to remove the ford at Dumbuck and the most prominent hirsts. Surely none of these burghs had greater interest in clearing away the obstacles to the free navigation of the Clyde than Rutherglen; nevertheless this burgh seems to have stood aloof with folded arms, and allowed the other burghs to do the work. In 1755 the magistrates of Glasgow consulted Mr. Smeaton, a celebrated civil engineer, regarding the deepening of the river, and of improving its banks; but Rutherglen was no party to this proceeding—it still stood aback. Again, in 1759, the magistrates of Glasgow obtained an act of Parliament for rendering the river Clyde navigable to the Broomielaw for large vessels, by means of locks, and the following extraordinary powers were given to them by the act, as *sole trustees* of the River Clyde Trust:—The said magistrates were empowered “to build, erect, and make, in, over, or on, the said river, or the lands adjoining to or near the same, or any of them, such, and so many locks, wears, pens, dams, and cuts, trenches, and other works, as to the said magistrates and council and their successors in office, shall appear necessary, or convenient for promoting the said navigation, &c.” Here the upper navigation to Rutherglen quay was placed at the entire mercy of the magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow, without the smallest effort being made on the part of the magistrates of Rutherglen

to have a clause inserted in the act for the protection of their ancient rights.

I remember in my younger days, on the occasion of a small flood in the river, that a report arose of the Broomielaw Bridge being unsafe, and that its foundations were undermined. This happened upon a Sunday. The magistrates of Glasgow, notwithstanding the sanctity of the day, instantly ordered a number of carts to be hired, to carry stones to the bridge; and I recollect seeing the carters, on the said Sunday, tossing these stones over the bridge into the river, so as to form a dam across the stream for the protection of the bridge. Here, then, was an extinguisher to the free passage of boats up to Rutherglen quay. No remonstrance was ever made by the Rutherglen authorities against these proceedings.

The plan of deepening the river by means of locks having been abandoned, as being unsuitable to the free navigation of the Clyde, the magistrates of Glasgow, in 1770, obtained another act of Parliament, empowering them, as sole trustees, to improve the said navigation, by erecting "jettees, banks, walls, sluices, works, and fences," along and upon the banks of the river and its bed. In this act there are clauses giving protection as to certain rights enjoyed by the burgh of Renfrew, but there is not a word in it about the burgh of Rutherglen or its rights. We all know how adroitly the burgh of Dumbarton got the better of us in what was called the "Dumbarton job," and also how sharply the Glasgow Water Company looked after their interest with regard to the removal of the wier at the Old Bridge. Greenock and Port-Glasgow, also, have always looked very carefully to their interest on every occasion when a bill for improving the navigation was brought into Parliament, while Rutherglen alone, which had more interest in the navigation than any of these burghs, appears to have looked on with indifference, and allowed the Glasgow magistrates to act in the matter as they pleased.

There can be no doubt that the burgh of Rutherglen had very ancient rights in the navigation of the Clyde, and if that burgh had opposed the magistrates of Glasgow in Parliament while the early Navigation Bill was in progress, our neighbours would certainly have secured to themselves the uninterrupted passage of vessels up to their quay. I remember when a boy of bathing at this quay, which was then lying dilapidated and destroyed, and totally useless.

The only way that I can account for this state of carelessness on the part of the magistrates of Rutherglen is, that it arose from circumstances connected with the peculiar set of the burgh, which was then altogether popular, in consequence of which there were constant disputes amongst the magistrates, crafts, and inhabitants, and, as is too often the case amidst the keenness of private bickering, the public interest was neglected. No doubt, the set of the burgh of Rutherglen at the time in question seemed better calculated than the sets of most other burghs to prevent the management of the town from being engrossed by any one set of men. In most burghs there was then to be found an aristocratic principle, which rendered it easy for those who had once got into the magistracy and Town Council to maintain their power and interest; but when the close burgh of Glasgow was pushing the Navigation Acts through Parliament, the open burgh of Rutherglen was torn to pieces by contending factions at the annual elections. This latter burgh then, with regard to its set, was perhaps the most democratic in principle of any burgh of Scotland.

No two burghs could have been more dissimilar in their sets than the burghs of Rutherglen and Glasgow. The burgh of Glasgow, at this time, exhibited a fine specimen of a mercantile oligarchy ruling a city, nearly, if not altogether, independent of its inhabitants. The magistrates elected themselves, and also elected the town councillors. They elected the bailie of the Gorbals and the bailie of the river Clyde. They farther may be said to have elected the dean of guild and deacon-convener; for the Merchants' House merely gave in a list of three names to the magistrates, who elected one of them as dean of guild; and, in like manner, the Trades' House gave in a list of three names, and from these the magistrates chose the deacon-convener.

If we look back to the list of our old deans of guild, we will find that they almost all became bailies and provosts, and if we examine the list of deacon-convener we, in like manner, will soon afterwards perceive their names as bailies; in fact, they all belonged to the ruling magisterial party. At this time the magistracy of Glasgow was a powerful, compact body, acting almost always in unison; and being mostly wealthy men, they possessed great influence both as individuals and as public functionaries. Our magistrates of the day, following the old adage, that "union is strength," pushed the Clyde Navigation Bill through Parliament

with the utmost unanimity; and what added to their strength was the universal approbation of the crafts, and the entire concurrence of the citizens as to the necessity of deepening and improving the navigation of the river Clyde. James Buchanan, Esq., was at this time provost of Glasgow. This gentleman got the nickname of Provost "Cheeks," and was supposed to have been the original of Squire Gawkie in *Roderick Random*; and Bailie Duncan Niven that of Strap.

Now, let us change the picture, and examine the state of the burgh of Rutherglen at the time when our magistrates were thus triumphantly carrying the Clyde Navigation Bills through Parliament: and, first of all, let us look to the set of this ancient burgh, as it appeared fourscore years ago, which was as follows:—

" At Rutherglen, the twelt day of October, ane thousand sex hundred thriescore ellevin zeir.

" It is now inacted, statut, and ordained by the said Provost, Baillie, and Counsell, with the consort of the Deacones of Trades, and *haill inhabitants* of the said burgh foir-said, that the toun counsell of this burgh, consisting of fyftein persones for this succiding zeir, and in all tyme comeing, shall be elected and chosen in maner following, to wit, that ilke ane of the thrie deaconries, viz., of the smiths, weivers, and masones and wrights, shall give in a list of sex persones, and the fowrt deaconrie, viz., the tailzeors shall give in a list of fowr persones; and the remanent burgesses, inhabitants within the said burgh and territorie therof (beiring *Scott* and *Lott* within the samyn), shall give in a list of eight persones to the Provost and twa Baillies of the said burgh, wha shall choyse thrie out of the severall thrie sexes, and twa out of the fowr, and fowr out of the eight, which makes up the number of fyftein persones wha are to be commone Counsell of the said burgh. The Provost and Baillies shall be elected and choyssen be a frie voyce of the than Magistrates and Counsell of the said burgh, and of threttie persones of additionall Counsell to be choyssen be the said commone Counsell, and that the said Provost and Baillies shall only continow in there office for the space of ane zeir, and shall not be capable to be continowed, bot shall be changed zeirlie."

1710.—It is statut, " That in all tyme coming no persone shall be capable of beiring office as Provost of this burgh untill first he have borne office as Baillie thairin for ane zeir at leist; and that no persone shall be capable to beir office as Baillie of this burgh unless first he hes served as Tounes Thesr., thair of. That in all tyme comeing no persone shall be capable to beir office within this burgh either as Provost, Baillie, or Thesr., except ane ordinarie burges of this burgh, having always his duelling-place and residence within the same, and threttine pund land belonging thairto, duresing the haill tyme of his beirand office in any of the foiresaid stationes."

Such was the set of the burgh of Rutherglen in 1770, when the magistrates of Glasgow were vigorously pushing the first effective Navigation Bill through Parliament. At this time the burgh of Rutherglen was distracted by keen disputes between the magistrates, crafts, and burgesses, regarding certain rights of voting, which were supposed to affect the very safety of the set or constitution of the burgh. It will be observed, by the foregoing set of the

burgh, that the list of eight persons to be given in by the remanent burgesses could only be made by such as were *inhabitants* of the burgh, and territories thereof, and who bore *Scott and Lott within the same*. Now, it so happened that at the time in question, a *non-resident* mason, a tradesman, made a push to be elected deacon of the mason craft. He affirmed that although the *inhabitants* of the burgh must be able to bear *Scott and Lott*, and to perform the duties of *warding* and *watching* before becoming entitled to vote, nevertheless that the set of the burgh did not require the deacons of the crafts to be residents in the burgh or its territories. The party of the mason craft, however, who were opposed to the non-resident candidate for the deaconship, maintained that if persons were to be allowed to vote, whose residence was elsewhere, and who had no real connexion with the trade or with the burgh, that the affairs of the incorporation would be thrown into the greatest disorder and confusion; insomuch that deacons, trades-councillors, and other office-bearers might be chosen out of persons living at a distance, and even in different parts of the country. This opposing party, immediately before the election day, contrived to get up a meeting of the mason craft, consisting of their own friends and partisans—general intimation of the said meeting not having been given to all the members of the incorporation. At this one-sided meeting, an act was passed prohibiting non-residents from voting in all time to come. The election of the deacon for the ensuing year came on a few days after this act was passed, when the votes of all the non-residenters were objected to and disallowed; and, consequently, the resident candidate was elected deacon.

The hour for making up the list of persons eligible as councillors of the burgh was usually left to the discretion of the deacon, who might fix it at any time between the election of the magistrates and the next Thursday at ten o'clock before noon. On this occasion, the deacon of the mason craft fixed the hour at seven o'clock in the morning, in the Tolbooth, when he and six others of his party having appeared (according to the statement of their opponents), they instantly proceeded to make up the list (which was afterwards given in to the magistrates); but before the whole party had gone away, John Wilson, writer (afterwards town-clerk of Glasgow), and Dr. Rae (Wilson's uncle) came into the room of the Tolbooth, attended by ten members of the craft, six of whom were resident, and the other four non-resident members of the

incorporation; when he intimated a *sist*, and then read over its terms to the meeting. The opposition members, being now the majority, took their seats, and under the advice of Mr. Wilson, they made out a new list of their own, which list also was afterwards presented to the magistrates. The magistrates having thus two lists before them, gave a preference to the first one; and this of course brought the question before the courts of law, and ended in a protracted law-suit before the Court of Session.

The prayer of the complainers was, that the three councillors elected by the magistrates of the burgh from the first list should be set aside, the election having been irregular and inept, and that the said magistrates should be ordained still to meet and to elect three persons out of the complainers' list to be members of the Town Council for that year.

It is unnecessary to dwell more on the above subject, as it must be evident that this law suit would not only abstract the attention of the community of Rutherglen from looking after the proceedings of the magistrates of Glasgow with regard to the Navigation Bill, but also would drain their purses of the means of making any opposition to it in Parliament.

I shall conclude this rather prolix statement by giving the names of the complainers and respondents in the action before the Court of Session, which will show very clearly the lamentable state of disunion and heart-burning which prevailed all ranks in Rutherglen at this critical period.

I dare say that many of the present burgesses of Rutherglen will recognize in the list the names of their fathers and grand-fathers, who, no doubt, have handed down to them conflicting accounts of this memorable law-suit.

Complainers:—David Shaw, James Robertson, and Thomas Shaw, masters of craft for the incorporation of masons and wrights in Rutherglen; John Hamilton, Michael Paterson, James Wark, and Alexander Donald, masons and wrights in Rutherglen (Donald was also keeper of the Tolbooth); William Shaw and William Brown, masons in Glasgow; John Johnston, mason in Anderston; and James Aitken, mason in Gorbals.

Respondents:—James Fleming, present provost of Rutherglen; George Muir and Archibald Freebairn, present bailies; John Urie, Robert Bryce, John Smith, Andrew Turnbull, John Harvie, John Muir, William Parkhill, James Kerr, John Paul, John Reid,

John Turnbull, Neil M'Vicar, John Paterson, Gabriel Gray, and William Leitch, present councillors of the burgh of Rutherglen; John Paul, deacon of the masons; John Urie, junior, deacon of the hammermen; Andrew Turnbull, deacon of the weavers; and John Parkhill, deacon of the tailors of the said burgh; and James Scot, James Freebairn and James Robertson, members of the incorporation of masons and wrights in the said burgh of Rutherglen.

## NOTABILIA DISJECTA.

THE following curious document, put into my possession by a friend, appears to be the original order of Lord George Murray to Zacharias Murdoch to deliver up the books of the city of Glasgow to the Pretender, in the year 1745. According to Dr. Cleland, in his *Annals*, vol. i., p. 192, John Murdoch was the treasurer in Glasgow in the year 1745. The Zacharias Murdoch mentioned in this document was probably a son of the treasurer. Lord George Murray's signature is in deep and closely-joined letters. The depth of them,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch, and the whole name, Ge. Murray, extends to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches:—  
COPY.

"Charles, Prince of Wales, and Regent of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, and dominions thereunto belonging—To Zacharias Murdoch: These are hereby ordering you to deliver into our Secretaries' office, within one hour after receyvet hereof, the impost books of the town of Glasgow and suburbs thereof. This order you are to obey under the pain of military execution, to be used against your goods and effects. Given at Glasgow the thirty-first day of December, 1745.—By his Highness's command.—G<sup>e</sup>. MURRAY."

The original of the following is in the possession of the magistrates of Glasgow:—

Copy of the Register of the Titles of a Collegiate Church in St. Tenew's Gate (St. Enoch's), Glasgow, titled thus—"Liber Nove Ecclesie Beatorum Marie Virginis et Anne Matris ejus, fundate per quondam bone memorie Magistrum Jacobum Houston,\* Subdecanum, Glasguen."

MS. Note.—This buik, remanut be me fra Mr. James Wardlaw, contenane fiftie-ane leifis of parchement, to be delivered be me to him again ye morne. Subscryvit with my hand at Edinburgh, the xxi. day of December, fourscore twelf yeris.—JAMES STRAEVELING.

Hic liber pertinet—  
To beir it veil in mynd  
Ad me Magistrum Jacobum Wardlaw—  
Baith courtas and kynd  
Si quisquis invenerit—  
To give it him again  
Habebit pecuniam—  
The quhiik sal mak him fain.

Gulielmus Auchemlek  
Give gloir to God.

N.B.—The Trongate of old was called St. Tenew's Gate (corrupted to St. Enoch),

\* Houston died in 1550.



and the collegiate church above mentioned was the Tron Church :—"Uno tenemento jacen. in via Sancti Tenew, ex parte boreali inter capellam beatæ Mariæ Virginis, ex parte orientali et tenementum quond. Johannis Bynglan."

REGISTER OF ST. MARY'S, IN DILLON'S CATALOGUE.

The following notices of hospitals occur in the Session records:—

1593, June 22.—Little St. Mungo's Kirk is ordered to be repaired, in order to be made a hospitall.

1594, Feb. 28.—An hospitall alongst the Gallowgate Bridge is ordered to be repaired; and, 1595, April 10, the deacons of the crafts are desired to repair *that kirk* for another hospitall; and in 1600, November 13, it is called "St. Mungo's Kirk, on the north side of the Gallowgate."

1595.—An alma house is mentioned in the Stable Green Port.—*Wodrow's MS.*

N.B.—The hospital at the Gallowgate Bridge must have been a different building from the kirk on the north side of the Gallowgate, which, I believe, stood near the Saracen's Head Inn.

HUTCHESON'S HOSPITAL.

Mortification of G. Hutcheson.—"1639, December 16. I, George Hutcheson, have dated, annexit, mortifiet, and dispoinit the tenement of land following conquest, and acquirit by me fra John Russell, merchand, and John Sym, traveller, liand on ye north side of ye hie street, *beveest ye auld West Port* of this burgh."

N.B.—*Stewart's Views*, 51.—The old West Port, which stood in the Trongate, near the termination of the present Brunswick Place, having fallen into decay, was, in 1588, removed to the west of "Stockwell head," where the West Port stood in 1641. It thus appears that the most ancient *West Port* was situated to the east of Hutcheson Street.

1795, March 12.—Hutcheson's Hospital advertised for sale; the upset price, £147 10s.—*Mercury*, p. 160.

1788, March.—A garden at Glasgow, which belonged to, and lies immediately behind Hutcheson's Hospital, was lately sold for building upon, at £2,990 sterling, which is at the rate of 11s. per square yard.—*Scots Magazine*.

1795.—A man was killed taking down the steeple.—May 29—*Mercury*, p. 350.

COUNCIL RECORDS—(October 11, 1623.)

"*Washariss on the Foregate*.—It is statut and ordanit that na mannir of persone stramp or weesche ony claythis, plading, yarne, or ony uther thing, in the foregait, or backsyde, quhare they may be sene, bot onlie in housis and privat plassis, ilk persone under the pane of xis. toties quoties.

N.B.—This alludes to the old Scotch manner of washing in tubs; the women tucking up their petticoats, and tramping the clothes.

1639.—"Ordanit that ane dyk be buildit at the Stockwall heid, and ane pont put therein, and to build ane dyk from the lit hous to the custome hous\* in an cumlie and decent forme, and with convenient diligence."

1574—(During the plague).—"Item, ordanis—The Sculehouse wynd, and all ye wennallis to be simpliciter condampnit and stickit up."

N.B.—The wynds seem to have been as bad in former times as they are at present.

1638, August 11.—"The Council ordains 50 pounds to be paid to John Boyd "for translaing of the stock-wall of the hie street, and setting the sawyre down in ane uther place, and for taking down ane wall at the Croce, covering the samein, and for translaing the heid † that was thereon, and setting it on the said new wall on the Stock-wall gaitt."

\* This is the old house which formed the corner of Stockwell Street and Clyde Street, now Victoria Buildings.

† Could this have been the head of some rebel, or Covenanter, or merely an ornamental head?

1768—*Weekly Magazine*, 11th August, p. 192.—“By a letter from Glasgow, we learn that the manufacturers there have brought over from France upwards of forty women, who are settled at Anderston, near that place, and are to be employed in spinning fine yarn.”—(Viz.—fine linen yarn for cambrics.)

October 7, 1647.—*Paisley Council Records—History of Renfrew*.—The Provost of Glasgow made application to have the College accommodated in Paisley during the plague, which was agreed to.

June, 1790—*Glasgow Mercury*.—“The turret on the north-east corner of the Tolbooth being very much decayed, it has been partly taken down, and is rebuilding. On that part which was found ready to be taken down were affixed the iron spikes on which the heads of those persons who suffered for adhering to Presbytery during the reigns of Charles II. and James VII., were exposed. They have continued to perpetuate the intolerant, bigoted, and persecuting principles of these reigns for more than a century.”—[N.B.—I remember these spikes very well. They were pointed out to children as a sort of hobgoblin, or raw-head-and-bloody-bones]. By the Session Records in 1600, it appears that there had been another Tolbooth at the Cross before the one which was built in 1636. The old one had a clock, for in 1610 we find George Smyth mentioned as *reveller of the Tolbooth Knock*. The lower part of the building had booths, or shops, in it when taken down in 1626. In 1814, Dr. Cleland purchased the Prison and Court House at the Cross for £8,000, and on the site erected the present corner tenement.

COUNCIL RECORDS—(Feb. 11, 1626.)

“The said day it is concludit that the Provost and Baillies daill with Jon Boyd and Patrick Colquhoun anent the down-taking of the Tolbeuth to see quhat can be gottin down of three hundrith marks, as thai have alreddie offerit to tak down the same for the said soume : and also to deill with John Neill, knock maker, to mak ane new knock, and to try these prices, and als to deill with the tenants of the buithies under the tolbeuth that thai may remove.”

April 8, 1626.—“The said day Gaberel Smythie undertuiek to scherp the hail masoun irlnes during the tyme of the building the tolbeuthe and stipell thariof, q'll the wark be endit, for fourtie pundis money, viz., xxi. in hand, xxi. when the wark is endit: and in cais he be a loser he referis himselfe in thair will.”

May 15, 1626.—“The said day the grund stane of the tolbeuthe of Glasgow was laid.”

It appears from George Hutcheson's Deed of Mortification that our present Trongate, in 1639, was generally known as “ye hie street ;” we are, therefore, warranted in concluding that “the stock-wall of the hie street,” which John Boyd, in 1638, was directed to translat elsewhere, was also situated in the Trongate ; and, probably, the “wall at the Croce” likewise stood in the Trongate, and likely was taken down shortly after the erection of the late Tolbooth : but it is difficult to say where this wall stood, or what purpose it served. It, however, must have been the property of the city. I have an outline sketch of our present High Street, from the Cross to the Rottenrow, produced in an action before the Court of Session in 1775, regarding certain old rights. In this sketch, our present High Street is called College Street.

It will be seen that the old Tolbooth, which was taken down in 1626, had booths under it, most likely similar to the former lucken-booths of St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh. None of our Glasgow historians have given us any description of this old Tolbooth, or of the appearance of the Cross of Glasgow in the sixteenth century, during Queen Mary's reign. There is still a tenement in the Trongate, No. 138, with the date 1596 on its front wall ; and if the tenements “at the Croce” were then of the same description, they must have been of a respectable class.

THE YEAR 1783—AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE—EARLY COTTON  
MANUFACTURERS.

As this article contains many egotistical trifles, an apology seems necessary for thus introducing *self* so unmercifully upon your readers; but the truth is, that although most of those who peruse your paper know little or nothing regarding me, and do not care a brass farthing about my adventures as an individual, nevertheless, some how or other, they appear to have scraped a sort of acquaintance with "Senex," and they seem to look upon him in the light of a privileged gossip, whose many transgressions upon their patience they look over for "auld acquaintance sake;" and for this their kindness I beg leave to return them my best thanks.

I left off with my olden trips to the coast in the year 1782; and the next year, 1783, was a memorable year not only to the citizens of Glasgow, but to every man in the British dominions, for on the 12th of July of that year America was declared independent. Well do I remember the melancholy and dejected countenance of every person in our city at the sad news of the loss of America; and the circumstance is still fresh in my memory of my father, almost with tears in his eyes, reading to us all the first number of the *Glasgow Advertiser*, published by Mennons, in which at full length were recorded the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the United States. There were no rejoicings here at this peace—no illuminations—no bonfires—no squibs or crackers—no firing of guns or ringing of bells—all was silence and sorrow—*altum ubique silentium*—even child as I then was, I was like to cry because the Americans had beaten us. I distinctly recollect, after my father had finished reading the sad news, of asking him if it was quite true that the Americans had beaten us. "Yes, my dear," said he, in a melancholy tone of voice, and faltering accent, "it is indeed too true." I then hung down my head, and felt as if I myself had been beaten in battle by a diminutive school-fellow, not the one half of my own size; but after a short and dejected pause, I remember in bitterness of heart exclaiming—"I wish that we had some American boys here just now, for our Glasgow boys would try them yet,"—so true is it that man is naturally a pugnacious animal. This speech was uttered in the olden stone-

battle days, when the city had no police to frighten bellicose-inclined little fellows. I had recollected the rejoicings and bonfires which had taken place shortly before this time, on account of Rodney's victories over Don Juan de Langara and the Comte de Grasse, and at Elliot's noble defence of Gibraltar, and had heard the exciting stories of the blowing-up of the Spanish gunboats, and of the bodies of the poor Spaniards having been found cast ashore with their fingers shrivelled up and distorted by being obliged, through terror of instant destruction, to throw overboard, with their naked hands, the red hot balls showered upon them from the bristling artillery of Gibraltar rock. I therefore could not possibly understand how we had beaten such mighty nations as the French and Spaniards, and nevertheless that we ourselves had been beaten by the puny Americans. I absolutely felt as if our defeat had been a personal disgrace; and such, truly, was at that time the general feeling of every one in the city of Glasgow. America had long been associated in the minds of our citizens as the grand outlet for the manufactures of Glasgow, and the main source of its wealth and prosperity; and it was with grief and dismay they now found that the thundering vaticinations of Burke and the glowing eloquence of Chatham had been poured forth in vain; and, alas! that the brilliant star of Britain had suddenly become obscured, and a mighty dominion planted by our forefathers—a land almost unlimited in extent, abounding in natural resources, and blessed with splendid lakes and navigable rivers—in short, the proudest triumph of our nation—had been violently rent from our country for ever.

My infant days had been spent at Greenlaw, now the general terminus, at which time the lands attached to the dwelling-house were let to Mr. Alexander Baird, a farmer, for £40 per annum;\* and Mr. Golborne had just erected several jetties on the banks of these lands, by which the river was greatly narrowed. But the Clyde, even then, was here merely a fordable streamlet, with a fisherman's hut at the Mileburn; and I little thought in these days of living to see the American stripes proudly streaming at our own doors, and her stars glittering at the Broomielaw harbour of our now noble river; neither did I ever dream of seeing these puny Republicans rising to become a first-rate power, and our almost

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\* Part of the present Plantation lands then belonged to the Greenlaw property.

daily intercourse with their country again forming a renewed source of wealth and prosperity to Glasgow and its dependencies.

The year 1783, on many other accounts, may be considered a memorable year in the annals of Glasgow, and it might almost be said to have been the commencement of a revolution in the mercantile state of society in this city, and in the manners of its citizens. The loss of America was a death-blow to the old tobacco aristocracy; for, although several Virginia houses had realized immense fortunes by accidentally holding large stocks of tobacco at the commencement of the war, nevertheless, our former colonial trade itself was gone, and most of these tobacco lords retired from business, and became landed proprietors; but, on the other hand, numerous heavy and distressing failures took place among the other mercantile and trading classes: in fact, this war was a sort of overturning and stopping of the usual and principal sources of business in Glasgow; for the capital lost and locked up in America was almost overwhelming to the city; but the energy of her citizens soon carved out new channels to wealth for Glasgow, and this year may be called the cradle in which our cotton lords were laid in their swaddling clothes, and the dawning of the glorious days of our late West Indian princes.

I shall now give a short extract from Denholm, page 423:—

"From this event (the American war) which for a time diminished, and it was feared would ruin the trade of Glasgow, the most solid advantages have arisen to the inhabitants, by their industry being more especially directed than before to the prosecution of manufactures. The effects of those, which of late years have made prodigious strides, combined with a foreign commerce again increasing, and conducted in a less hazardous manner than before, are plainly discernible in the rapid increase of inhabitants, of new streets, and elegant buildings which still secure to Glasgow the appellation of being the richest as well as the fairest city of the land.—(p. 429.) With respect to the manners of the people of the city, a great change has taken place. Before the war with America, when Glasgow was in comparison merely a commercial city, wealth was the property only of a few individuals, the greatest part of the people being but in ordinary circumstances; this naturally led to an apparent difference in rank, as well as in the style of living and manner of the two classes. Upon the introduction of manufactures, however, a considerable change was produced: riches by degrees became to be diffused more widely, and consequently general information and respectability. These gradually filled up the chasm betwixt the merchant and the tradesman, so that the difference has now become less conspicuous than at the former period: the consequence is that a great alteration has taken place in dress, houses, furniture, education, and the amusements of the inhabitants in general—everything now seems more showy and elegant than before: the mode of living has changed in a similar way."

Amongst the sufferers by the American war was Andrew Brown, the author of the *History of Glasgow*, whose mercantile house of

Wilson and Brown failed for £40,000. I cannot avoid here taking notice of a story, which was current in Glasgow at the time of Mr. Brown's bankruptcy, which is strongly characteristic of the primitive ideas of most of our citizens at this period. I have heard the story repeatedly told by respectable old people, who appeared sincerely to think that the act I am about to relate was one of great extravagance and waste on Mr. Brown's part, and that the circumstance had hurt him very much in the estimation of the public. It seems that Mr. Brown, in the days of his prosperity, wished to give the deal floors of his dwelling-house a rich brown colour; and in order to effect this he first washed them well with warm water, soap, and sand, and after they had been thoroughly cleaned, he poured three or four bottles of Glasgow porter upon them, which, having been fully saturated with *sugar-allie* in the manufacturing process at the Anderston brewery, gave his floors the desired brown tinge. The expense, perhaps, might have been about 1s. 4d. After Mr. Brown's failure, however, the cry went round the city that there was no wonder of Mr. Brown having become bankrupt, seeing that he was a man of such extravagant and expensive habits that he absolutely washed the floors of his house with porter!

I remember Mr. Brown very well; he was a decent, unassuming man, and far from having the appearance of a person inclined to extravagance. Mr. Brown's daughter is still alive, and resident in Glasgow. She is now far advanced in life, and, unfortunately, not in comfortable circumstances. (1852).

Amongst the changes which took place during the year 1783, and which tended to amalgamate the different ranks of society in the city, was the erection, by royal charter, of the Chamber of Commerce, under the auspices of Provost Patrick Colquhoun. This institution still exists, and although much good has arisen to our commerce and manufactures from its reports and suggestions, nevertheless of late years it has allowed the Chamber of Commerce in Edinburgh to take the lead in many matters which ought to have originated in Glasgow, as being the principal commercial and manufacturing city in Scotland. By many of our citizens it is thought too exclusive.

I now annex a list of the original members of our Chamber of Commerce, all of whom are dead, the late Dugald Bannatyne, Esq., being the last survivor of them. From this list it will be

seen that there was a considerable blending of the mercantile and manufacturing interests. We observe at the head of it the names of a few of our old tobacco lords, and by and by a sprinkling of our manufacturing *novi homines*, the introduction of whom as members of the institution must be attributed to Provost Colquhoun, who was an enthusiast for encouraging the rising manufactures of Glasgow.

LIST OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE GLASGOW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Patrick Colquhoun, provost.	James Somerville.	James Finlay.
James M'Gregor.	Robert Denniston.	Alexander M'Alpine.
John Glasford.	Henry Riddel.	Dugald Bannatyne.
William Cunningham.	Robert Cowan.	William Lang.
James Denniston, elder.	George Bogle.	David Dale.
William French.	Archibald Grahame.	Robert Fulton.
John Campbell, of Clathie.	James Gemmil.	John Wilson.
John Robertson.	Hugh Moodie.	Walter Stirling.
William Coats.	John Stirling.	William Carlisle.
John Lowrie.	John Brown, younger.	Gilbert Hamilton.

Provost Colquhoun also at this time, in order to encourage our rising manufactures, procured the establishment in London of a hall for the sale by auction of cotton and linen fabrics, in imitation of the sales of the East India Company, and he further got an act of Parliament passed by which lots of the said fabrics, at or above £20 in value, and of British manufacture, were allowed to be sold by auction free of duty. This establishment, however, after having been continued for a short time, was found not to answer the purpose intended, and ultimately was abandoned as a public institution; but it was advantageously carried on for many years afterwards by Messrs. Wheelhouse and Whitfield upon their own account as a private concern.

It has been said again and again that any man will rise in the world who is prudent, active, industrious, and sober; I suspect, however, that a little sprinkling of chance is also necessary in fortune-making; but what shall we say regarding a man who was driven into a sudden (but lucrative) business entirely against his own will, and who commenced it almost with a broken heart, and with a sort of feeling that he was on the high-road to destruction. This gentleman was the late James Monteith, Esquire, of Blantyre. In 1792 the spinning of cotton yarn was extremely profitable. In that year Mr. Monteith purchased the Blantyre Cotton Mill from Mr. David Dale, at what he thought a fair price; but he had

scarcely concluded the bargain when the French revolutionary war broke out, which was immediately followed by the overwhelming commercial crisis of 1793. In this eventful year three of our Glasgow banks failed, viz.—the Glasgow Arms Bank, the Merchant Bank, and the Thompson's Bank—even the Royal Bank itself quaked and trembled, for almost the one-half of Glasgow was at its mercy; but cautious Carrick drew in his horns and remained firmly fixed in his shell. The fall upon yarns at this time may be known from the circumstance that I made a purchase of cotton yarns for cash in 1793, and received 45 per cent. discount from the list of 1792. Mr. Monteith was quite in despair, and saw nothing but destruction before him. Yarns were selling at ruinous rates, and heavy payments as the price of the Blantyre mill stared him in the face—in short, he thought himself a ruined man. In this dilemma he waited on Mr. Dale, and begged and intreated him in the most earnest manner to annul the sale of the Blantyre mill, as he (Mr. M.) said that he could not possibly stand the times, and that it would be useless to insist upon the fulfilment of the bargain. Mr. Dale, however, was firm, and refused to let Mr. Monteith go free from his engagement. Mr. Monteith upon this, seeing that there was no help for it, and seeing that he must go on with his works at all risks, and further, seeing that his yarns could not be sold except at a great loss, began, from downright necessity, to manufacture his own yarns, and to send up the cloth so manufactured to Wheelhouse and Whitfield, to be knocked off by the hammer at the best prices that could be obtained. Mr. Monteith did not expect to make any profit upon the sale of the cloth; he merely looked to this plan as a ready opening for the sale of his yarns. Wheelhouse and Whitfield sold the muslins thus manufactured by Mr. Monteith by public auction, at three months prompt, and allowed Mr. Monteith, immediately after sales were effected, to draw, not directly upon themselves, but upon their London bankers, so that the extent of his sales through this channel might not be known.\* To Mr. Monteith's surprise and gratification, he found that he not only was selling his yarns (so manufactured) to advantage, but that he was making a large profit upon the sale of his cloths, most of which were book muslins dressed as lawns. In the course of about five years Mr. Monteith

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\* Bills on London bankers at this time bore a premium of 60 days.



realized a fortune of £80,000 by this trade, but like all other lucrative concerns, it soon afterwards became poached; and I never heard of any other person having followed that mode of disposing of Glasgow manufactures so as to give him a fair profit. Mr. Dale himself latterly, seeing Mr. Monteith's success, made a like attempt, and had a room in the premises of Wheelhouse and Whitfield expressly appropriated for the reception of the goods of his own manufacture; but he commenced these kind of sales too late, and was not supposed to have been successful in this department of his business. The truth was, that Mr. Monteith commenced his system of manufacture and sales by auction at the very lowest state of the market, when the raw material and price of weaving had greatly fallen, and he therefore could undersell all the Glasgow manufacturers, who then held extensive stocks of old and dear goods, and who were unwilling at first to make large sacrifices, but kept up their stocks in expectation of better prices. I suppose your elderly readers will remember Mr. James Monteith very well as he appeared at the Cross on his arrival from Blantyre mill. Figure to yourself a portly gentleman of forty; five feet nine inches high, walking with a slow and rather heavy step, dressed in a neat round hat, powdered hair and long cue, white neckcloth, Duke of Hamilton striped vest, blue coat and gilt buttons, yellow buckskins and top boots—such was Mr. James Monteith, who may be considered the first of our cotton lords, and who made a fortune nearly as rapidly as our former tobacco lords; but not like many of them, by holding large stocks at an important war crisis, but by fortunately holding no stock at all at a similar crisis.

Mr. Monteith married Miss Buchanan, of Ardenconnel, but left no children. The family of the Monteiths are rather remarkable in the manufacturing annals of Glasgow. Mr. James Monteith, of Anderston, the father, was the first manufacturer here who commenced making muslins in imitation of East India fabrics. He left six sons, all of whom were extensive muslin manufacturers in Glasgow, viz.—John, James, Henry, Robert, Adam, and William—none of whom are now alive.

But I must return to the year 1783. In this year the celebrated Richard Arkwright came to Glasgow, and was entertained at dinner by the principal manufacturers of our city, amongst whom were old James Monteith, of Anderston, Robert Thomson, the two M'Ilquhams, William Gillespie, and a long list of *see Anderston*

*corks*, as the small manufacturers of that village were then called. Also were present, James Finlay, Alexander M'Alpine, John Brown, David Dale, and a number of dealers in yarns. The meeting was very numerous attended by various classes. In a few days after this grand dinner, Mr. Arkwright and Mr. Dale proceeded to the Falls of Clyde, to examine a fit situation for the erection of a cotton mill; and having examined with great care the different parts of the river at these places, they fixed upon the present spot for the erection of the Lanark Cotton Mills; and, accordingly, in the course of the ensuing year (1784), the first cotton mill at New Lanark was built. Mr. Arkwright was a partner with Mr. Dale in erecting this mill, and in the sale of the yarns then spun at New Lanark; but, ultimately, Mr. Dale became the sole proprietor of the concern, and built three other mills on the same lands upon his own account. It was also in the course of the year 1783 that Mr. Dale and Mr. George M'Intosh engaged M. Papillon, a Frenchman, to settle in Glasgow. This gentleman was the first person who introduced into Scotland the process of dyeing cotton yarns the shade which is now known as Turkey red. This process has been successfully applied to the dyeing and printing of cotton goods, and at present forms a most important branch of our manufacture, for the Glasgow Turkey reds are now well known in every quarter of the globe; and many of our citizens are indebted to M. Papillon for the large fortunes which they have made, by a happy application of the above process to their various manufactures.

## NOTABILIA DISJECTA.

1783.—In this year the firm of the Ship Bank was changed from Colin Dunlop, Alexander Houston, & Co., to Carrick, Brown, & Co., and Mr. Carrick became the sole manager of the Ship Bank.

*Scots Magazine*, 1771. 327.—June 17th.—The Bank of Scotland, for the first time, began to receive in payment the notes of the following Glasgow banks, viz.:—the Ship Bank (Colin Dunlop, Alexander Houston, & Co.); the Glasgow Arms Bank (Cochrane, Murdoch, & Co.); the Thistle Bank (Sir James Maxwell, James Ritchie, & Co.)

Before this date the Bank of Scotland received in payments only their own notes, and those of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

*Scots Magazine*, 1771. 501.—The Royal Bank of Scotland now receive the notes of the Glasgow banking companies, whose notes the Bank of Scotland receive, and also the notes of the Glasgow Merchant Company.

*Scots Magazine*—February 14th, 1771.—On Monday, a fire broke out in a house in

the Trongate of Glasgow, at the head of the New Wynd, possessed by Wright and Mair, upholsterers, which burned with great fury. This house being in the centre of the town, the wind high, and a number of thatch houses immediately contiguous, made the accident more alarming. It destroyed *that great tenement of land* closely adjoining, well known by the name of *Noah's Ark*, from the number of poor families residing in it.

N.B.—We here see that in olden time we had a "rookery" in the Trongate apparently as closely inhabited as those of the Drygate, or of the Carpet Factory in the Havannah. It also may be remarked, that so late as 1771 there appears to have been a number of thatch houses in the Trongate.

1783.—This year the first Glasgow Directory was published by Tait, at the printing-office of the *Glasgow Journal*.

*Stair*, l. 527, anno 1688.—It appears that the manufacture of pipes from clay was carried on in Glasgow, at the above date, by James Colquhoun, and that the clay was procured from Lumlock.

N.B.—The Pipe-house Close, in the High Street, has lately been through the ever-sionary handlings of our Dean of Guild Court.

*Minutes of Scots Parliament*, Nov. 12, 1700.—A petition is presented to Parliament by James Montgomery, younger, merchant in Glasgow, in which he prays for encouragement to manufacture glass and soap, which latter, he says, "would be of great use to the kingdom, and which *is no where made in Scotland*, nor imported but with a vast charge." He adds that he had erected "a very pretty edifice for serving both the soap and glass work."

N.B.—At this time it was customary in Scotland, and even down to my own time, for families who killed their marts in November, to make their own soap and candle. The duty which was laid on these articles after the union with England encouraged a vast deal of domestic frauds upon the revenue. Dr. Johnson defines a smuggler to be a *wretch*; but our ancestors thought that there was no great guilt in manufacturing the tallow of their own marts for private use.—*Life of Weems*, p. 10.

13th February, 1651.—"Some are to speak to Mr. Zach. Boyd about the soon skailing of the Barony Kirk on Sunday afternoon."

EXTRACT FROM THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE BY ZACH. BOYD.

That said: they Jonah took at last,  
Both by the feet and head,  
And overboard they did cast,  
Into the sea with speed.

But God in mercy did perceive  
That he, who by the lot  
Appointed was to die, should have  
A whale to be his boat.

Therefore he made the whale quicklie,  
His mouth to open wide,  
Him to receive, as soon as hee  
Came down from the ship's side.

That was the fish to Jonah made  
A house and als a prison,  
Where three days and three nights he had  
Of trembling feares great reason.

Then were his prayers his repast,  
Wherein he did excell,

While in that prison he lay fast,  
The belly ev'n of Hell.

Here was his chamber and his hall,  
His pantry and his palace,  
'Mongst rolling fishes great and small,  
As herrings, mullets, crefish.

A miracle how in that hall,  
Hee still remained raw,  
And was not even digested all,  
Within that monster's mawe.

The whale him carried still about,  
Among the weedes and sand,  
And did at last him vomit out,  
All safe upon the land.

Some write that little musculus,  
A fish goes him before,  
And him directs that he may passe,  
Safe both from shelves and shoare.

*Glasgow Chronicle*, 20th January, 1832.—"An order was sent to the University of Glasgow, on the 11th of October, 1827, to return the titles of all books borrowed by professors previous to that date, with the number of volumes and the time of borrowing.

In one professor's name, 132 of the volumes borrowed from the year 1790 to 1827 inclusive, had not been returned; but 79 were returned between October 11, 1827, and October 25, 1828. In another name, 101 of the volumes, borrowed from 1796 to 1827, continued out; but 66 were returned between October 11, 1827, and October 5, 1828. In one case, 178 of the volumes borrowed by a professor from 1803 to 1827 had not been returned on the 11th October, 1827; and of these 159 were returned between this date and October 25, 1828. In the name of another professor, 558 books, containing 844 volumes, were out of the library on the 11th October, 1827, having been borrowed from the year 1801 to that date."

1638.—Overture to the General Assembly at Glasgow:—

"The evil of beggars is regretted by all, and the remeid oft assayed, but hitherto without all fruit. What pity it is that there should be of our nation, of our flesh and bones, above 40 or 50,000 souls daily vagabonds, neglected both in soul and body, members of no congregation; not catechized, not married, not admitted to the holy communion; living among us in adultery, incest, drunkenness, open blasphemy, theft, fightings; baptizing, marrying, communicating one another."

N.B.—Dr. Buchanan must surely confess that the population of our wynds and vennels is not so degraded as the specimen above exhibits.

#### THE GRAYS OF DALMARNOCK—GLASGOW COAL TRADE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

IN my communication to you of 29th December last (1851), I took notice of the old family of the Grays of Dalmarnock, but since that time the following additional information regarding them has come into my possession, which I have no doubt will be interesting to many of your readers.

Besides Dalmarnock, the family of Gray had several other considerable properties near Glasgow, viz.—Carntyne, which still belongs to this family, and Newlands and Kennyhill, which were sold at the same time with Dalmarnock, in 1784. This branch of the family of Gray are now probably the oldest landed proprietors in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, having possessed estates there for about three hundred years. Their successive generations intermarried with families well known in the annals of Glasgow, viz.—Hutchison, the founders of the Hospital which bears that name; Anderson of Dowhill, several generations of which held the office of chief magistrate in the seventeenth century, and to the zeal of a member of which family, the Cathedral is said mainly to owe its preservation; Gibson of Hillhead, a family which produced the most eminent merchants of their time, and provosts of Glasgow during the seventeenth century; Hamilton of Newton, a cadet of the ancient House of Silvertownhill; Corbett of Tolcross, &c., &c.

John Gray succeeded his brother as Laird of Carntyne, in 1628, and in 1678 he acquired the principal portion of the lands of Dalmarnock. He was a zealous Covenanter, and his name is held in honour, as having often afforded the shelter of his roof at Carntyne to the persecuted ministers. He it was who first began to work coal at Carntyne, which is now known under the name of the Westmuir Colliery, and is among the oldest collieries in the west of Scotland, having for upwards of two hundred and twenty years contributed to supply the city of Glasgow with fuel. It is still carried on upon a large scale. An ancient thorn tree lately grew on one of the farms of Carntyne, under which, according to tradition, a large copper pot stood, when the plague last raged in Glasgow, in which the money that was brought from the city for the purchase of coal was boiled, in order to be disinfected.

Another John Gray, of Dalmarnock and Carntyne, was of different principles from his covenanting grandfather, having prepared to join the army of the Pretender in 1715. He was, however, prevented from executing his purpose by the prudent foresight of his wife, Elizabeth Hamilton, of Newton, who informed against him, in consequence of which he was imprisoned, and thus never actually appeared in arms. Some fine Andrea Ferrara swords, which he had purchased on that occasion, are still preserved in the family.

It may not be uninteresting to the public to know something of the early statistics of the coal trade, in which the family concerning whom we have given the above brief notices has, for many generations, been so extensively concerned. Besides being amongst the oldest landowners in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, the Grays are the oldest coalmasters in the west of Scotland, having worked coal on the same estate since 1630.

Immediately after succeeding his brother in 1628, John Gray began to work coal at Carntyne. His colliery was in active operation in 1651. At that time Glasgow, it is said, was visited with the plague; and the hillsmen at the pit received the price of the coal in long-shafted iron ladles, by which it was thrown into a boiling pot to avoid infection. About this time the coal delivered in Glasgow was carried in canvass bags on the back of Shetland ponies, and this practice was not altogether exploded for a hundred years after. Neither the price paid to the colliers for working, nor the price paid in Glasgow by the consumer, nor the weight or measure in use, at that early time, are now known.

The *coal heughers*, as they were then called, were all in a state of strict bondage, and were transferrable from one proprietor of a colliery to another, like cattle on a farm. They continued bound to such collieries as they happened to be first employed at, being generally taken down the pit at a very early age by their fathers, and on no account could a boy change his profession, if he had once been taken down the pit and had commenced working. This most disgraceful state of things continued until it was remedied, too tardily, by act of Parliament towards the latter end of last century: I forget the exact year. As may easily be supposed, the colliers seem, often, to have been riotous and disposed to rebel against their masters. In 1680, letters of Lawborough were taken out by John Gray, complaining of the unruly conduct and threatening language of certain men, twelve in number, and all *coal heughers* at Carntyne.\*

This old Laird of Carntyne was a zealous Covenanter, and lived to a great age. In 1678, he acquired three-fourths of the lands of Dalmarnock, and died in 1687. Towards the end of last century, Mr. Gray's three-fourths of Dalmarnock was sold to Mr. Buchanan; Newlands, to Mr. Hozier; and Kennyhill, to Mr. Gordon.

Coalworking at Carntyne was carried on vigorously by John Gray, grandson of the above. Besides the Carntyne, or, as it is more properly now called, the Westmuir Colliery, two of the most ancient collieries in the neighbourhood of Glasgow were the Govan and the Camlachie, the former carried on by Mr. Rae, of Little Govan, and the latter by Mr. Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield. The Camlachie colliery must have been in full operation at, or probably before, the beginning of last century. Mr. Walkinshaw and Mr. Gray were very intimate friends, and their regard was cemented by the high Tory principles which they held in common. As has been said, Mr. Gray was saved from joining the rebels by the prudence of his wife, Elizabeth Hamilton, of Newton. Mr. Walkinshaw, however, was permitted to signalize his attachment to the Stuarts by taking the field in their favour in 1715, in consequence of which he was compelled to go into exile. During his absence, his affairs were managed for him by his friend, Mr. Gray, in

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\* About this time a proverb was prevalent in Glasgow, which is, no doubt, now forgotten, but which records the importance of this colliery. It used to be said "*As deep as Carntyne heugh.*" This depth, however, was very near the surface, as compared with the present workings.

conjunction with his wife, "the Lady Barrowfield," who was a daughter of Paterson, Baronet of Bannockburn. It may be interesting to know that they were father and mother of the too-celebrated Miss Walkingshaw, who exercised so evil an influence on the fortunes of Charles Edward, and who was mother, by him, of a daughter, whom he created Duchess of Albany.\*

Besides working coal on Carntyne and at Westmuir, Mr. Gray worked coal at Shettleston. Here he was much incommoded with water, and employed many horses with horse-gins (supposed to have been then but recently introduced to supersede the old windlass). About the year 1730, the use of steam-engines for drawing water began to be thought of for collieries; and Mr. Gray went to Edinburgh, in order to contract for one. This journey to Edinburgh seems singular to us. Now-a-days, a coalowner near Edinburgh would be more likely to go to Glasgow to apply for aid in erecting machinery. There, it appears, he met an engineer, who dissuaded him from erecting a steam-engine, and advised a windmill instead. This was, accordingly, erected in 1737; and it continued to draw water successfully until the windy Saturday, 13th January, 1740, when it was blown to pieces, and it was never again refitted.

Mr. Gray, also, about the same time, began to sink two deep pits at Westmuir (which, from this time, became the designation

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\* A good deal of doubt hangs over the origin of the connection formed between Prince Charles Edward and Miss Walkinshaw; but from inquiries I have made, this seems susceptible of easy explanation. In fact, nothing was more natural than the commencement of the Chevalier's acquaintance with Miss Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield. The family of Walkinshaw of Barrowfield is of considerable antiquity. John Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, had, besides his eldest son, two younger sons, of whom the one acquired the estate of Scotstoun by marriage with the heiress of Hutchison of Scotstoun, and the other acquired the ancient family estate of Walkinshaw, by purchase from the head of his house. Mr. Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, the contemporary and friend of Mr. Gray, of Dalmarnock, allied himself by marriage with a family of staunch Jacobites—Paterson, Baronet of Bannockburn—and through them he became connected with the illustrious house of Mar. Sir Hugh Paterson, of Bannockburn, married, in 1712, the Lady Jean Erskine, daughter of Charles, tenth Earl of Mar, and sister of the Earl of Mar who commanded the rebel forces in 1715. Miss Walkinshaw was not actually descended from the house of Mar, but was closely connected with it—her uncle's wife being the Earl's sister. These distinguished connections will easily account for the introduction of Miss Walkinshaw to the Prince, when he arrived in Scotland in 1745; and it is understood that their first meeting took place at Bannockburn House, near Stirling, the seat of her maternal ancestors. Miss Walkinshaw was a Scottish gentlewoman by birth and education, and not a low brazen-faced beauty, as represented by certain writers.—J.P.

of the Carntyne Colliery), and as he expected much water, he had two gins, with numerous sets of horses, mutually assisting each other. But all would not do. It was necessary to abandon both pits before they reached the coal; and thus they remained until 1781, when they were opened and worked for many years with great advantage. The horse-gin, although a great improvement upon the windlass, was very expensive. At Westmuir Colliery, the establishment of horses in constant use amounted to forty-eight, besides one or two spare horses kept to supply exigencies.

Mr. Gray died in 1742. The price of coal in Glasgow at that period is ascertained from the fact that, at the time of this gentleman's death, there happened to be a large quantity of unsold coal lying on the hills, and, in the statement of his executory, they are set down as being worth a shilling per cart. The cart is then believed to have been only ten hundredweight.

In 1761, James Gray, of Dalmarnock and Carntyne, pushed on the coal-working at Carntyne and Shettleston with still greater vigour; and, in 1768, an engine pit was sunk; and a very large and powerful engine was erected at Westmuir (the same which now stands there) on the Edinburgh road—only, of late years, an additional engine has been erected to assist the old one.

The price of a cart of coals about this time was 2*s.* 6*d.*, and in 1776 it was raised for some time to 3*s.*, in consequence of an understanding between the following coalowners, who then may be said to have contributed the *whole* of the supplies of coal to the Glasgow market:—Camlachie—Mr. Orr, of Barrowfield, to whom that estate had gone by purchase from the Walkinshaws; Carntyne and Westmuir—Mr. Gray, of Dalmarnock and Carntyne; Govan—Mr. Dunlop, ancestor to Mr. Dunlop, of Tolcross; Stone-law—Mr. Gray, a younger brother of Mr. Gray, of Dalmarnock, and father of the late Mr. Gray, of Eastfield; Lightburn—Mr. MacNair, of Greenfield, grandfather of the late Colonel MacNair. So limited was the now mighty Glasgow coal trade in the year 1776. There were a few other collieries, recently commenced, then actually going, but not to any considerable extent.

In 1778, an attempt was made by these monopolists to ascertain the extent of the consumption of coal in the city of Glasgow, with a view to regulate their respective outputs accordingly. The owners of the following collieries stated their average outputs, during several preceding years, to have been as follows:—



Camlachie, . . . . .	33,500 carts.
Lighburn, . . . . .	29,000
Govan, . . . . .	28,000
Westmuir, . . . . .	27,000
Stonelaw, . . . . .	23,000
Knightswood (this colliery, belonging, we believe, to the Earl of Crawford, was situated on a different side of Glasgow from most of the others, and did not much compete with them), . . . . .	
Easterhill, . . . . .	36,000
Monkland, . . . . .	15,000
Haghill, . . . . .	6,000
Cambuslang, . . . . .	6,000
	293,500 carts.
There remained unsold at the various hills, . . . . .	27,700
	181,800 carts.

being the average annual consumpt of coal in the city of Glasgow about the year 1778. And this included the coal exported at the Broomielaw, and sold at Port-Glasgow and Greenock, &c., &c.

Such was the trifling extent of the consumption of coal in Glasgow, at this time, and few persons then dreamt of the vast movement which half a century should bring forth, and which should disclose the mineral treasures of the west of Scotland, and open up new sources of private wealth and national prosperity. James Gray, of Dalmarnock, was succeeded in 1778 by his brother, John. This gentleman seems to have been far-sighted as to *national* concerns; though, in his time, the best part of the family estates were sold. For he was in the frequent habit of cheering his friends, who spoke despondingly of the prospects of Glasgow, which they considered as ruined irretrievably by the defection of the American colonies. Being an out-and-out Tory of the old school, he certainly did not spare our American brethren, but used language concerning them of which the force would be but imperfectly understood in our day. However, as to the idea of their *rebellion* (as he considered it to be) ruining the prospects of his native city, he held that in utter scorn; and triumphantly pointing to his own newly-erected great steam-engine at Westmuir, "The minerals," said he "will prove the wealth of Glasgow, and she will be much more beholden to her coal fields than she has ever been to her sugar plantations."

However, this prophecy, probably uttered soon after 1780, was destined to have only a gradual fulfilment, for we have notices of a meeting of Glasgow coalowners in 1790, when it was agreed

by them to adjust their respective future outputs, in some measure, according to their previous average sales, and to the extent of their establishments. According to this, we see a considerable increase in the general coal trade since 1778, when there was a similar adjustment; but nothing like what has taken place during the present century.

It may be interesting to the public to know the extent of this increase, and the contingents of mineral which were adjudged to the respective collieries. Considerable changes appear, by that time, to have taken place in the coal trade since 1778; but, if we were to institute a comparison between 1778 and the present day, how much more important would not such changes appear? Some of the collieries that then produced the most, having ceased to exist, and others are carrying on a great trade, where the very existence of coal was not suspected. In 1790, it seems that the consumpt of coal, which was calculated on in Glasgow, was 265,000 carts (which were then, as well as in 1778, carts of twelve hundred-weight, and not of ten hundredweight, as in the earlier part of the century), and this was to be supplied as follows, from the respective collieries:—

Govan, . . . . .	50,000 carts.
Carntyne or Westmuir, . . . . .	50,000
Camlachie, . . . . .	40,000
Lightburn, . . . . .	25,000
Cambuslang, . . . . .	25,000
Fullarton, . . . . .	25,000
Stonelaw, . . . . .	25,000
Others, . . . . .	25,000
	265,000 carts.

Here no mention is made of Knightswood, which was included in the former list, but we are uncertain whether this colliery was not carried on in 1790, or whether, from its distance, it was not counted among the others. Coal, to a very considerable extent, is also supposed to have been brought, by this time, into Glasgow, by the Monkland Canal, from collieries that had been commenced in that quarter. Thus we may safely calculate that within twelve years, from 1778 to 1790, the consumpt of coal in Glasgow must have increased to the amount of upwards of 100,000 carts annually. But we cannot calculate accurately, from our want of knowledge as to the Monkland coal trade at this period. There was also a considerable rise in the price of coal, the average price

In 1790-2 having been . . . . .	3s. 6d. per cart.
In 1793-5       " . . . . .	4s. 0d.       "
In 1796         " . . . . .	4s. 6d.       "
In 1797-8       " . . . . .	5s. 0d.       "
And in 1799     " . . . . .	6s. 6d.       "

It might be tedious to pursue this subject further; but what has been said may serve to show the very limited nature of trade in the city of Glasgow about seventy-five years ago. Since then, many collieries have been erected in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow; among others, an important one at Dalmarnock—the existence of coal there not having been suspected, when that property was sold to Mr. Buchanan, of Ardoch, from whom it has also long ago passed away. Among the great and very extensive collieries of Farme, Eastfield, Mountvernon, Clyde, and Dalmarnock, Govan and Westmuir still continue to occupy an important place.

If an inquiry as to the respective outputs of the collieries in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow were now made, it would be found that they are now carried on upon a considerably enlarged scale, compared with the outputs of the same works, or others similarly situated, half a century ago; and add to this, the large quantities of coal which annually come pouring in by railway from places where the existence of coal was never suspected until very recently. It is remarkable that the demand has hitherto kept pace with the supply; and the rapid extension of Glasgow leaves no reason to fear a contrary result for the future. Such increase both of demand and supply is the interest as well of the suppliers as of the consumers; and both are bound heartily to repeat the pious motto which adorns the city arms—"Lord, let Glasgow flourish!"

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#### THE MONTEITHS OF ANDERSTON—MARSHAL MORTIER.

HAVING, in my communication to you, of date 9th February last (1852), taken some notice of the extensive manufacturing family of the Monteiths of Glasgow, and of the rise of James Monteith, Esq., of Blantyre, our first cotton lord, perhaps some further anecdotes regarding this enterprising family may not be unacceptable to your readers.

I may mention that my uncle, who was a manufacturer of lawns

and cambries in Glasgow, about eighty years ago, was the proprietor of the lands in Anderston now forming Washington Street: in consequence, therefore, of being in the same line of business as old Mr. James Monteith, and likewise of being a neighbouring proprietor in Anderston, a considerable intimacy took place between the families, and various anecdotes regarding the Monteiths have, by this means, come down to me. The late Mr. William Tait, of the *Glasgow Journal* newspaper, used to relate many curious stories connected with the history of Mr. James Monteith and his ancestors, of which I have some loose notes in my possession. It may also be added, that I have perused a few letters regarding the family of the Monteiths, which mention various interesting circumstances elucidating their early history. I now give these as they were currently mentioned in my younger days, without vouching for their being strictly correct in every trifling particular; but believing them to be substantially, and in all their leading points, founded on fact.

The first of the Monteiths that we have any accounts of was James Monteith, the elder, whom I shall call James the first. He was a small landed proprietor near Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, and is supposed to have been born about the middle of, or perhaps rather towards the close of, the seventeenth century. Like most of the small Highland lairds of the day, he endeavoured to better his means by the rearing and selling of black cattle. This practice of the Highland proprietors came down even to my own time, for I remember the late Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Jura, although a rich man, coming to the trysts of Falkirk with the black cattle which he had reared on his estate of Jura, and personally superintending the sale of them at these trysts. James Monteith the first, or the elder, however, unfortunately lived in more troubled times, and closer to a turbulent outlaw, than the present Highland lairds, who now speculate on bettering their fortunes by cattle-dealing. The outlaw above alluded to was no other than the famous, or rather the infamous Rob Roy M'Gregor, regarding whose plundering deeds Sir Walter Scott has given us so lively a description that we almost forget the thief in the demi-hero.

James the first of Aberfoyle was an active industrious man, who, by his frugality and good management, had been enabled to keep his farm well stocked with black cattle, which he disposed of advantageously at the different cattle markets in Scotland; but he

was a man of a stubborn and unbending character, and resolutely refused to pay any black-mail to Rob Roy. This, of course, brought down the vengeance of the unscrupulous outlaw and his gang, who made a plundering raid into Aberfoyle, and carried off the whole of poor James's cattle. James was too small a laird to raise the country in his defence, and to pursue "*the tred*," of these banditti through the Highland glens into their strongholds, so that he had no resource but to work hard, and to get the lost cattle replaced by purchasing and rearing others. This he manfully did; but enraged at his loss, he still refused to pay black-mail to the M'Gregors. Again Rob Roy and his gang came like a sweeping tempest upon this industrious man; and again completely harried him. This blow, following so soon after the first, almost overwhelmed poor James, who now found it difficult to get his farm again stocked with cattle; nevertheless, he did not despair, but, on the contrary, redoubled his exertions, and once more he saw his fields covered with good marketable Highland "*knowt*." Still, however, taking no warning by his repeated losses, and made blind by his own obstinacy, he continued to refuse paying any black-mail to his rapacious neighbour, and, as might easily have been foreseen, this brought down upon him another raid of the M'Gregors, who, as usual, carried off his whole stock of cattle, and thus left him to begin the world for the third time; but, alas! poor James, now far advanced in life, sunk under the weight of this last heavy affliction, and died of a broken heart, leaving his affairs in a very disordered state, and his family with an extremely slender provision.

James the first, of Aberfoyle, left three daughters and one son, the latter born in 1710. That this family were in a respectable situation in life was evident, from the curious distinctive appellations bestowed upon the above-mentioned young ladies, which circumstance is strongly characteristic of our ancient Scottish propensity of giving people nick-names. The eldest Miss Monteith was called "*Jenny wi' the ruffles*;" the next, "*Maggie wi' the buckles*;" and the youngest, "*Nannie wi' the cork-heel'd shune*." As for the son, whose name was Henry, and whom I shall call Henry the first, he found his father's affairs in such a sad state that there would be little or nothing left over of the family property after all debts and funeral expenses were discharged. He, therefore (like many a young man since his day), wended his way to Glasgow "*to pouss his fortune there*," and to take up his resi-

dence in Anderston, where he commenced the business of a market gardener. At this time the principal gardeners in Glasgow were the Tennents of the north quarter, the M'Aulays of the Back Cowloan, and the M'Aslans of the Westergate. Henry Monteith the first, however, does not seem ever to have been in an extensive way of business, and I rather think that he came under the designation of a country gardener, who brought the produce of his garden into the city for sale, only upon the market days of Wednesdays and Saturdays. I doubt if ever Henry the first was a member of the incorporation of gardeners here. It is reported of this doughty ancestor of the Monteiths, that he was a firm believer in witchcraft, and of the existence of evil spirits wandering upon the face of the earth. This allegation, however, rests upon doubtful authority; but, whatever may have been the fact of the matter, Henry most assuredly was a staunch Presbyterian of the old school, and could give chapter and verse from the Bible in confirmation of every opinion which he maintained.

In the year 1745, the city of Glasgow, in order to show its loyalty to the house of Hanover, and its hatred of the bigotry and tyrannical principles of the Stuarts, raised two battalions of six hundred men each, for the service of the Government. Henry the first, taking into his consideration that this was a noble opportunity of showing his dislike of Papistry, and of his determination to support at all hazards the true Scotch Presbyterian doctrine, joined the Glasgow regiment as a volunteer, and fought most manfully at the battle of Falkirk, where, however, the rebels were so successful as to route both the King's troops and the Glasgow regiment.

After the rebellion was quelled by the victory of Culloden, Henry returned to his former employment of a market gardener in Anderston. He used to be twitted sometimes by his acquaintances for running away from the Highlanders at the battle of Falkirk; but Henry always got off triumphantly, by boasting that he fired the last shot of the Glasgow regiment at the Highlanders, and was always a rearsman in the retreat, ready to repel the enemy, if pursued. Henry stoutly denied being a run-away soldier, and I believe that he spoke the truth, for the Glasgow regiment behaved most gallantly at the battle of Falkirk, as appears by the minutes of our Town Council, which I quoted in a former paper.

Henry the first left only one child, born in 1734. This was

our most respectable fellow-citizen, the late James Monteith, Esq., of Anderston, or James the second. Henry, fortunately for Glasgow, did not bring up his son James to his own calling of a gardener, but bound him an apprentice to the weaving business. We must not, however, regard the craft of a weaver, as it was a century ago, as being similar to an operative weaver of the present day; for the status of a master weaver in Scotland, in the memory of those still living, was one of great comfort and independence. The master weaver had generally a comfortable house, with a small kail-yard attached to it. His six-loom shop was reared close to, and formed part of, his dwelling-house, and there, while he plied the shuttle himself, his journeymen, who occupied the other loomsteads of the shop, paid him a shilling a week of rent for them; and, if he took an apprentice for instruction, the earnings of such apprentice were equally divided between the master and the said apprentice. The general wages of weaving at this time (comparatively speaking) were double of what they are at present. Besides the emoluments arising from journeymen and apprentices, almost all our ancient master weavers in Scotland carried on the business of small manufacturers, and became what was called *wee corks*, that is to say, they purchased in retail the linen yarns, which were then spun by the hand in almost every private family in this country; and, having assorted the different qualities of these yarns, according to their fineness and fitness for the intended webs, they either wove the cloth themselves or gave out the said webs to be woven by their journeymen or apprentices. These linen cloths, when bleached and finished, were frequently taken in exchange, by private families, by way of barter, for home-spun yarns, the produce of the spinning-wheel, or spindle and distaff of household industry.

I believe that there are few of our elderly people who do not remember weavers perambulating the country amongst the farmers, carrying with them loads of linen webs, both bleached and unbleached, for sale and barter. The farmers generally preferred taking unbleached linens, as they thought that their own domestic process of grass-bleaching was better than the regular bleacher's mode of whitening the cloths by chemical means—

“ Come, Meg, let's fa to wark upon this green,  
This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;  
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,  
Will mak them like a lily wat wi' dew.”—*Gentle Shepherd.*

But, over and above all, the business of selling his own linens, or of bartering them for home-spun yarns, the master weaver, or *wee cork* generally took in "customary" work, that is to say, he received, for the purpose of being woven into cloth, the home-spun linen yarns of private families which had been accumulated by them from time to time, and, having assorted these yarns according to their quality and fitness for the intended fabrics (which generally consisted of shirtings, sheetings, towellings, damasks, blue and white checks, &c.), he gave out the yarns to be warped and woven, and, if necessary, to be dyed. In cases of this kind, he not only obtained a higher price for weaving the cloth, but also derived a considerable profit from exchanging yarns in the course of these transactions, for in almost all private families the home-spun yarns consisted of various qualities, according to the dexterity and skill of the spinner. It necessarily happened that the yarns spun by young hands were coarse and unequal; these he took to account at a valuation fixed by himself, and substituted his own suitable yarns in lieu of them, also at a price specified by himself, and of course he had his extra profit on all these transactions.

It is well known that Mr. James Monteith, of Anderston, was the first manufacturer in Glasgow who gave out a web of cotton-yarn to be woven into cloth, in imitation of the East India muslins.\* I believe, however, that the yarn of this web was imported from the East Indies, and, like our Scotch linen yarns, was spun by the hand. Few of the present generation remember the East India muslins, sold at the public sales of the East India Company, before the introduction of cotton spinning by machinery in Scotland. These goods possessed a softness, and a certain silky appearance which our Scotch muslins have never yet attained. This advantage has been attributed to the yarns of India being spun by the hand. The East India muslins, however, wanted regularity and uniformity in all parts of the cloth. In this respect they were greatly surpassed by our Glasgow manufacture, owing to the regularity of the yarns spun by machinery, whereas the East India yarns manufactured into muslins being of various *grists*,

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\* *Pagan's Glasgow*, page 87 :—"The first muslin web warped in Scotland was the work of Mr. James Monteith, father of Mr. Henry Monteith, of Carstairs; and the operation was then considered such a triumphant one, that he caused a dress of it to be embroidered with gold, and presented to her Majesty Queen Charlotte."



part of the cloth appeared of a fine fabric, while another part of the same cloth seemed quite coarse.

From this digression I must now return to the original subject of my paper. The late Mr. James Monteith, of Anderston, or James the second, commenced life as one of the "*wee Anderston corks*," but very soon, by his industry and activity, rose to the rank of a respectable wholesale manufacturer; and ultimately came to be called the father of the cotton trade in Glasgow. I remember Mr. Monteith very well; he was a fine hale and hearty old gentleman, possessing a good figure and a pleasing, open countenance.

Before the manufacturing of muslin cloths from cotton yarns had commenced in Glasgow, the great staple of our city, in the fancy weaving line, lay in manufacturing figured and plain lawns and cambrics, from fine linen yarns brought from France and Holland—our Scotch yarns being all of a coarse and uneven quality, and quite unfit for these delicate and showy fabrics. David Dale commenced his mercantile career by importing these foreign yarns, and selling them to the Glasgow manufacturers. In 1768 an attempt was made to introduce the spinning of these fine linen yarns into Glasgow, as may be seen from the following extract:—

*Weekly Magazine*, 11th August, 1768.—"By a letter from Glasgow, we learn that the manufacturers there have brought over from France upwards of forty women, who are settled in Anderston, and are to be employed in spinning fine yarns."\*

At this period, Mr. Monteith, of Anderston, had risen to be one of our most extensive manufacturers of lawns, both figured and plain, and likewise of cambrics and other kinds of linen cloths. In place of purchasing his foreign yarns at second-hand, from the yarn merchants in Glasgow, Mr. Monteith imported the principal part of his fine yarns, required for his business, direct from France and Holland. In particular, he was in the practice of giving large orders for these kinds of yarns, to a M. Mortier, a yarn dealer in Cambray,† seated on the Scheldt. About the year 1780, M. Mortier paid a visit to Glasgow, bringing with him his son, then a fine boy of twelve or thirteen years of age. M. Mortier was most kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Monteith; and so

\* It would be curious to know if there remain in Anderston any descendants of this French importation.

† Hence is derived our word "cambric."

pleased was the Frenchman with the attentions heaped upon him in Glasgow, that he left his darling son to the care of Mr. Monteith, in order to complete his education, by a temporary residence in this country. Mr. Monteith was most attentive to his charge, and took great pleasure in seeing that young Mortier should derive every advantage possible from his sojourn in Glasgow; at the same time he made him welcome, on all occasions, at the family board in Anderston. Young Mortier attended various classes in Glasgow, and also studied two seasons at our University. Perhaps our respected fellow-citizens, David Lang, Esq., the senior member of the Faculty of Procurators here, and George Pinkerton, Esq., wine merchant (now of Portobello), may remember the young Frenchman as a fellow-student, these gentlemen having matriculated in 1780.

After remaining in Glasgow for about three years, young Mortier returned to his father in France, and although, for some time afterwards, a friendly correspondence was kept up between Mr. Monteith and M. Mortier, senior, nevertheless it gradually became less frequent, and at last entirely ceased. This was owing to the introduction of cotton-spinning by machinery, and of the manufacturing of cotton yarns into muslins and fine fancy fabrics in imitation of East India goods. These now had driven out of the market our old staple of weaving lawns and cambrics, consequently Mr. Monteith had no occasion to continue his dealings with old M. Mortier. In short, Mr. Monteith and his active sons, intent upon prosecuting the newly-introduced staple of muslin manufacture, totally lost sight of M. Mortier and of the young foreign student of our Glasgow *alma mater*.

We shall now leave this part of our story for a short time, in order to say a word or two respecting John Monteith, the eldest son of James Monteith, of Anderston, or James the second.

James Monteith, of Blantyre, or James the third, to whom I formerly alluded as being our first cotton lord, was rather of a sedate turn of mind, and somewhat reserved in his manners; but the eldest brother of John was a fine, frank, open-hearted man, full of playfulness and sport, and the life of any jovial company of which he happened to form a part. His place of business, in my younger days, was on the south side of St. Andrew's Square.

When he formed the concern of John Monteith and Co., Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq., of the Royal Bank, became his partner. Mr. Scott Moncrieff's original name was Robert Scott; but he

assumed the name of Moncrieff from having a small heritable property bequeathed to him by a relation. Mr. Scott Moncrieff, at the outset of life, had carried on business for himself upon the old Scotch system of "*a small, snug business, with steady profits and sure ;*" and although he became the manager in Glasgow of that great establishment, the Royal Bank, he nevertheless could never divest himself of the feeling of dread at carrying on a large business upon a moderate capital. John Monteith, on the contrary, was of an active and ambitious turn of mind, and bent upon pushing his business to the fullest extent possible. Mr. Scott Moncrieff at first was very well pleased with the profits from the concern of John Monteith and Co.; but, by and by, when he saw Mr. Monteith coming to the bank with great loads of bills for discount, he got alarmed, and remonstrated with Mr. Monteith against the business being so far extended, and begged that it should be reduced and circumscribed. Mr. Monteith, in his good-humoured way quieted Mr. Scott Moncrieff's scruples by some little piece of pleasantry, and a promise of attending to his advice, but, instead of following it, he continued to extend the business more and more, and of course his applications to the bank for discounts became still more frequent, and to a much larger amount. Mr. Scott Moncrieff now got nervously alarmed (although there had been no losses), and wished to withdraw from the copartnership.

The proposal was quite agreeable to Mr. Monteith, who rather wished to get quit of a sleeping partner, whose views of business differed from his own, and to assume one of as active and pushing habits as himself. Accordingly Mr. Monteith paid up to Mr. Scott Moncrieff his share of capital and profits, and these to that gentleman's entire satisfaction, and shortly after assumed as a partner Patrick Falconer, Esq., afterwards of the distinguished house of Dalglish, Falconer, and Co. The firm of the new house then came to be Monteith and Falconer.

At this time France, having been victorious upon the Continent, had extended her rule to Holland and to the banks of the Rhine, so that the trade between this country and Germany came to be greatly interrupted. Mr. Falconer having a knowledge of the French language, and a smattering of the German, it was proposed by Mr. Monteith that he (Mr. F.) should go over to Germany, to extend the connections of the firm in that country—the great fairs there offering a favourable opening for the disposal of Glasgow

goods. Accordingly Mr. Falconer proceeded to Holland, with the intention of getting into Germany by the most favourable route he could find; but when he arrived in the former country, he found it under the control of France, and that for entire safety he would require to take a northern course, or at a risk to attempt the shorter course of the banks of the Rhine. Mr. Falconer fixed upon taking the latter route; and accordingly proceeded on his journey by the banks of the Rhine; but he had not gone far on his way till he was arrested by a French patrol under the suspicion of being an English spy. Mr. Falconer was immediately carried to the head-quarters of the French General of Division commanding in that part of the country, to be interrogated and cross-questioned as to who and what he was, and also as to his object in travelling through the district in question; when the following examination took place:—

*General*—Comment vous appelez-vous, Monsieur.

*Mr. Falconer*—On m'appelle Patrice Falconer.

*General*—D'où venez-vous? est-ce que vous êtes Anglais?

*Mr. Falconer*—Je suis Ecossais.

*General*—Quel emploi est-il, auquel vous vous appliquez en Ecosse?

*Mr. Falconer*—Je suis fabricant de mouselines là.

*General*—Dans quelle ville d'Ecosse?

*Mr. Falconer*—Dans la ville de Glasgow.

*General*—Que venez-vous faire en ce pays ci?

*Mr. Falconer*—Je ne me suis venu ici que pour des affaires de commerce.

*General*—Pouvez-vous me le prouver?

*Mr. Falconer*—Oui, je le puis.

*General*—Nous allons voir, Monsieur—nous en allons voir bientôt.—Le Collège Municipal de Glasgow, dans quelle rue de la ville est-il?

*Mr. Falconer*—C'est dans la rue que l'on appelle High Street.

*General*—Et la prison de condamnés où est-elle située?

*Mr. Falconer*—A la croix de la ville.

*General*—Connaissez-vous des gens, qui sont des fabricans des mouselines les plus considerables et les plus renommés à Glasgow?

*Mr. Falconer*—Oui, Général, je les sais assez bien.

*General*—Nommez-les Monsieur, s'il vous plait?

*Mr. Falconer*—Il y a M. David Dale, M. Jacques et M. Jean

M'Lwham, MM. Brown, Carrick, et Cie., MM. Cross, Cross, Rutherford, et Cie., M. Robert Thompson, M. André et M. Guillaume Hunter, M. Archambaud Newbigging, M. Jean Pattison, M. Guillaume Gillespie, M. —

*General*— Hé bien! hé bien!

Here the General, with a smile upon his countenance, and to the no small astonishment of Mr. Falconer, said, in good broad Scotch, "But, my frien', do you ken auld James Monteith o' Anderston? Mr Falconer, though thus taken by surprise, nevertheless, answered the General with great sprightliness in his own style, by saying, "Oo aye, General, I ken him brawly, for he's my ain partner's faither".

The General, after a hearty laugh, now spoke to Mr. Falconer in fluent English, and informed him that he had spent three years of his life in Glasgow, and was well acquainted with Mr. James Monteith, from whom he had received much kindness and hospitality. So, after making kind inquiries regarding Mr. Monteith and his family, and also regarding several others of his old Glasgow acquaintances, the General, with a hearty shake of the hand, dismissed Mr. Falconer to proceed quietly on his journey.

This General, as your readers no doubt will guess, was no other than our former Glasgow student, young Mortier, then a French General of Division, whose after history is remarkable.

Young Mortier was born at Cambray (Departement du Nord), in the year 1768. Soon after his return to France from Scotland, the French Revolution of 1789 broke out, and in 1791 the National Constituent Assembly published the famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man." This proclamation seems to have inspired Mortier with a military ardour, for in this year he entered the French army as a volunteer. He soon obtained rank, and took an active part in all the wars of the Republic. In 1803 he was a General of Division, and was ordered to take possession of Hanover. The following is an extract from *Alison's Europe*, page 139, vol. 5th:—

"Ten days after the hostile message of the King of England to the House of Commons, the French army in the frontiers of Hanover received orders to put itself in motion, and accomplish the reduction of that Electorate. The force intrusted to Mortier on this occasion was 20,000 men. Mortier traversed without hesitation all the principalities, not merely which lay in his way to Hanover, but many beyond that limit. Hamburg and Bremen were occupied, and the mouth of the Elbe and Weser closed against British merchandise."

In the next year (1804) he was created a Marshal of France,

and assisted in the campaigns of Germany from 1805 to 1807. He served in Spain during the years 1810 and 1811, and marched with Napoleon upon the celebrated expedition to Russia, in the year 1812. In 1814 he fought under the walls of Paris. From 1816 till 1819 he sat as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and then was elevated to the peerage as Duke of Treviso. In 1834, he accepted the porte-feuille of Minister of War, which he occupied until his tragical death in the year 1835, of which I will now give a short account. In July, 1835, the usual preparations had been made in Paris for celebrating the great political festival annually observed in honour of the three days of July, 1830.

Upon the 28th of the said July, 1835, being the second day of the festival, the King Louis Philippe reviewed a large body of troops and National Guards. As he was riding along the Boulevard du Temple, surrounded by the crowded citizens, and attended by his high civil and military servants, an explosion like a heavy discharge of musquetry took place from the upper window of the house No. 42. The effect was most terrific: Marshal Mortier Duc de Trèvisé, General Verigny, Colonel Rienssee, the Aid-de-camp of Marshal Maison, and several grenadiers of the National Guards of Paris, besides numerous mere lookers-on, among whom was a child, were shot dead upon the spot, some of them having received two or three bullets. A still greater number were wounded and severely maimed. The number of persons killed and wounded was nearly forty, of whom fourteen were killed on the spot. The assassin, whose name was Fieschi, a Corsican, was seized in the act of letting himself down by a rope from a back window of the apartment. He himself was severely wounded in the head by the bursting of some of the barrels of his machine, and his wounds had delayed his escape. The machine consisted of about thirty gun barrels arranged horizontally side by side upon a frame. Five of the gun barrels had burst, and it was in consequence of their bursting that the assassin was so severely wounded in the head.

In l'Ecole de Medecine, the head of Fieschi is preserved in a glass case for the benefit of phrenologists. The fracture in the skull caused by the explosion of Fieschi's own infernal machine is exhibited.

Perhaps some of your readers who have visited the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, in Paris, may have observed the monument raised

to the memory of Marshal Mortier: it lies to the south of those of Davoust, Massena, and Lefebvre, and to the north-west of those of Ney, M'Donald, and St. Cyr.

Before concluding this paper, I beg leave to correct a mistake regarding Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs, which has crept into a late publication on the subject of factories in Glasgow. It is there stated that "one of the largest works in the locality of Bridgeton was founded by the late Henry Monteith, of Carstairs, who about the time the village was begun was, or had been shortly before, a humble weaver in the western suburbs of Anderston." Now, Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs, was never an operative weaver; he might have got lessons at weaving as a necessary initiatory step to becoming a manufacturer, but at no time did he ever drive the shuttle for a livelihood. He was born in the year 1764, and I remember him quite well in 1785, being a respectable wholesale manufacturer. In 1787 he attempted to reduce the prices of weaving, and was attacked by a mob of weavers, who grievously maltreated him and cut off his queue. He then wore hair powder and a pigtail. Henry was the third son of Mr. James Monteith the second. Robert, the fourth son, was a man of mild, gentlemanly manners, and died in the prime of life of an affection in the throat. He left one son, Alexander Earle Monteith, now Sheriff of Fifeshire. Adam, the fifth son, also died in the prime of life, leaving a daughter, an only child. William, the youngest son of James Monteith, of Anderston, by a second marriage, died a bachelor before attaining the middle age of life. The present representative, or head of the Monteiths, is Robert Monteith, Esquire, son of John Monteith. He resides at Roseneath, in Dumbartonshire.

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#### WOODSIDE COAL PITS.

IN my "Loose Memoranda" of the 29th of March last (1852), I stated that, about a century ago, the collieries situated to the east of Glasgow contributed nearly the *whole* of the supplies of coal for the consumption of our city. Inquiries have lately been addressed to me wishing to know if I could give any information regarding the old collieries situated at the western parts of Glas-

gow, more particularly about Woodside and its environs, which have become of great public interest, the aspect of these formerly rural spots being now entirely changed, and the locality at present forming the urban places of residence of our rich and fashionable folks, whose elegant mansions are rearing up their heads there on every side with magical rapidity. I am sorry, however, to say that my information on this subject is rather scanty; but I have learned from a gentleman that the coal from the pits of the Woodside district, about the middle of the last century, was mostly consumed at the glass works of Dumbarton. My informant says that there was at this time a wooden tram road commencing at the Woodside coal pits, which crossed the Dumbarton road and extended to a quay situated on the river nearly opposite to Renfrew, from which quay the coals were shipped, by gabbers, to Dumbarton. I do not think that this tram road existed in my day; but about seventy years ago I have walked on the tram road from the Little Govan Coal Works to the Coal Quay, then situated on the south banks of the river, at the grounds lately of Todd and Higginbotham; and I rather think that the Dumbarton Glass Work Company were at that time interested in the Little Govan Coal Works, as well as the Woodside Coal Works. I dare say that it appears somewhat curious to many of your juvenile readers residing in the now populous squares, crescents, terraces, rows, fancy places and splendid streets of the Woodside district, and amidst the continued rumble there of passing carts, cabs, omnibuses, and other vehicles, to be told that in my younger days these parts of Glasgow were the favourite spots for our gathering nuts, black-boyds, hips, haws, and rowans, and for our Saturday's pastime of bird-nesting. The best bird-nester of us all, in those days, was the late Alexander M'Aslan, Esq., who had a most extraordinary talent at finding out birds' nests, however curiously hid from the general eye. This gentleman, when a boy, had the walls of his bed-room elegantly decorated and festooned with birds' eggs taken on the above-mentioned grounds, and on those of his own family property, called the "Hill," above John Street, and extending back to Dobbie's Loan. These eggs were all of different sizes, from those of the little wren to those of the largest of our wild birds. They were of various tints and hues—blue, green, yellow, purple, orange, white, and speckled—which, after having the yolks and albumen extracted, were tastefully strung on coloured



threads, and displayed in groups upon the bed-room walls, so as to have quite a showy and brilliant appearance.

It was in the above-mentioned locality of Woodside that two memorable accidents happened during the nutting and bird-nesting season of olden time, viz.—in one of the coal pits there. The sufferer, in the first instance, was Lieutenant Spearing, who has left us a very interesting account of what he underwent on the occasion. The other sufferer was a middle-aged washerwoman, who personally informed a near relation of my own of what happened to her in the same pit. Her Christian name was Janet, but I have not learned what her surname was, and she, unfortunately, has left us no written narrative of her mishap, so that I am obliged to give the particulars of it from the remembrance of my relation.

The following is the personal narrative of Lieutenant Spearing:—

“On Wednesday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood called North Woodside (situated between two and three miles to the north-west of Glasgow), with a design to gather a few hazel nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal pit, exactly 17 yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock. I was some time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting nearly as a tailor does at his work, the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I supposed I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch (it was ten minutes past four) and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my situation, having, from my childhood, thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in the course of my life, and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for the wood being but small, and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting season, and there are several foot-paths through it. Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter, but not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued with very small intermissions till the day of my release; and, indeed, in a very short time I was wet through. In this comfortable condition I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but the whole time I remained here, I do not think that I ever slept one hour altogether. Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of daylight and the melody of a robin-redbreast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement, which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that serenity of mind I constantly enjoyed to the last. At the distance of about a hundred yards in a direct line from the pit, there was a water-mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill, frequently I heard human voices; and

I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion, but it was to no manner of purpose; for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounts for what I heard; and at the same time my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not, till the third or fourth day, preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my clothes, but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever. I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh bone of a bull (which I afterwards heard had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me) almost covered with the earth. I dug it up, and the large end of it left a cavity that I suppose might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so very slowly that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut shell full at a time, which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase very fast, so that I was glad to enlarge my reservoir, inasmuch that on the fourth and fifth day I had a sufficient supply, and this water was certainly the preservation of my life. At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails or slugs, &c. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir; nevertheless, I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and, at this distance of time, the remembrance of it is so sweet that were it now possible to obtain any of it, I am sure I could swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where I suppose they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry. Saturday the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted. Sunday the 17th was my birth day when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day that some of my acquaintances having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pit for me. These men went to the miller's house and made inquiry for me, but on account of the very great rain at the time they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would no doubt have died of despair, but I thank God I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind, so much so that on the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune and thinking of Archer in the "Beaux Stratagem." At length the morning, September 20th, the happy morning for my deliverance came—a day that, while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven. Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chanting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprised several of my acquaintances, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glasgow, and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hope of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, 'Good God, he is still living!' Another of them, though a very honest North Britain, betwixt his surprise and joy could not help asking me in the Hibernian style, 'if I were really alive.' I told

him 'I was, and hearty too;' and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately at that juncture a collier from a working pit in the neighbourhood was passing along the road, and hearing an unusual noise in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought me some milk, warm from the cow; but on my coming into the fresh air, I grew rather faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a secret thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance, since, at this distant time, I never think of it but the tear of gratitude starts from my eye. Every morning while I was in the pit I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that if I died there and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, "How long I had been in the pit." Immediately I drew the handkerchief from my pocket and bade them count the knots. They found seven—the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support; but that was not allowed—each person present striving to show how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house where a great number of persons were collected to see me. A gentleman who had a country house just by, very kindly at my request sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soaked in the wine and ate. I now desired the miller's wife to make me up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortune. But alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the wet ground on which I lay, and not being able to take the least exercise to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swollen and benumbed; some of my friends observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it—and happy had it been for me if I had pursued my own inclinations—but, unfortunately for me, a physician and surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel to bring on a gradual circulation, they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This, by expanding the blood vessels to suddenly, put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life; and not only prevented me enjoying that refreshing sleep I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean by relating this circumstance to reflect on the Faculty in general in Glasgow; for I was afterwards attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days without even giving me the bark till I mentioned it myself. This happily stopped the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place till the miller's wife showed me a black spot about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more, the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right foot, came off like the fingers of a glove.

"Opposite the river on which the mill stood there was a bleachfield. It is customary for the watchman in the night to blow a horn to frighten thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often, when I was in a sound sleep at the miller's house, I have been awakened by it, in the greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit; so that, in fact, I suffered as much by imagination as from reality. I continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads became too bad for the doctors to visit me," so that I was under the necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well; but on my left foot, where the above mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed; for the surgeon could put his probe through the

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\* The roads must have been very bad indeed before this happened.

centre of it. The flesh, too, at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night, and though it somewhat eased the pain in my foot, it was in general three or four in the morning before I got any rest.

"My situation now became truly alarming; I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they would soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six, or even twelve months before it came to pass. In my emaciated condition I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half the time; and, knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation, but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believed they wished to perform a cure, but being, as I thought, the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion. Accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortune still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for the moment I shut my eyes, the stump (though constantly held by the nerve) would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart could not be attended with greater pain. My blood, too, was become so very poor and thin that it absolutely drained through the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for eighteen days and nights in one position, not daring to move lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed, contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected, and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after, I took lodgings in the country, where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily, and to this day I bless God I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.

"GEORGE SPEARING.

"P.S.—The above narrative is a plain, simple narrative of facts, and affords a very useful lesson to mankind, viz.—never to give way to despondency, be their situation ever so deplorable; let them rely confidently on Almighty Providence, and I sincerely wish and doubt not but their misfortunes will terminate as happily as mine.—G.S."

"ON THE 20TH SEPTEMBER, 1769.

"Almighty God! who on this day  
My life from death did'st save,  
To Thee I now presume to pray,  
And future blessings crave.  
Since then, my life Thou didst preserve,  
Oh! teach me how to live.  
Let me not from Thy precepts swerve,  
This blessing to me give.  
So will I yearly on this day  
My grateful tribute bring,  
In humble thanks to Thee alway,  
My Saviour, God, and King.—G.S."

The following particulars of another accident, which happened in 1773 in the above-mentioned coal pit, were orally communicated to a near relation of mine, by the sufferer herself, and I relate them as told to me:—

It is rather remarkable, notwithstanding of the accident which had happened to Lieutenant Spearing in this coal pit, that it had not been subsequently fenced round and secured from danger, in consequence of which neglect a similar misfortune as that of Mr. Spearing, befel a woman in the same pit a few years afterwards, under circumstances extremely similar to those before mentioned; but she fortunately was relieved at the end of three days, while Lieutenant Spearing remained there for a week. This female was a washerwoman, who lived in the neighbourhood of Woodside, her christian name, as before stated, was Janet, but her surname, I believe, is now unknown. She had received a quantity of linens and body habiliments, from a lady in Glasgow, to be washed, and to have the benefit of a few days' exposure to the sun upon the green fields of the country. These being ready and made up into a goodly load, she returned to Glasgow with them on her back. The lady being well pleased with the washing and the white appearance of the linens, not only paid Janet her full demand for her labour, but also treated her to a dram, and a *whang* from a kebbock, or skim-milk cheese, which she inclosed between two thick pieces of oatmeal cake or bannock, the same being the best part of a whole *farle*. This turned out a lucky circumstance for Janet, who, with many thanks, after having secured her well-earned penny in her capacious leathern pouch hanging by her side, deposited the kebbock and the bannock in her apron, which she tucked up like a bag, and secured it behind her with a substantial brass pin. Thus equipped, Janet set out on her journey home. It was in the month of September or October, 1773, and in the height of the nutting and bramble-berry gathering season, and upon a Saturday evening that the accident in question occurred. The road to Janet's dwelling skirted the wood referred to by Mr. Spearing, and Janet on her way home had plucked a few ripe bramble-berries from the bushes which here and there had sprung up wild, by the wayside of her path, when she observed some hazel shrubs in the wood with clusters of ripe nuts on them. She had obtained only a very few of these nuts, when a beautiful cluster of rich filberts hanging on a shrub in a thicket caught her attention.

Already had the brown tinge of autumn coloured the tips of their outer husks, and they seemed to droop their heads, as if they tempted the hand of man to pluck them. Janet seeing the rich prize in view, and unconscious of her danger, stepped rashly forward, and seized it; but, alas! at this moment, while firmly grasping this forbidden fruit, she fell headlong into the very same coal pit so accurately above described by Lieutenant Spearing. Janet was quite stunned with the fall, and for sometime remained insensible; but, on recovering her recollection, she found herself lying at the bottom of the pit, with the fatal cluster of filberts still firmly grasped in her hand. Notwithstanding of the pit being about fifty feet deep, she had received no serious injury by her fall, and accordingly having gathered herself up, and given her clothes a little shaking, to put them to rights again, she began to examine consequences; but, unlike Lieutenant Spearing, who, on first recovering from the shock of his fall, immediately began to examine if all his limbs were safe and sound, Janet, with more Scotch prudence, began, in the first place, to examine her leather pouch, to see that none of her money had fallen out of it in the course of her descent, and, to her great comfort, she found it all safe and snug—not a half-penny of it having gone amissing. She then commenced calling loudly out for assistance, in the hope that some passers by might hear her cries, but her efforts were all in vain, for no one approached her dreary abode, or heard the often-repeated and lamentable sound of her voice. At length, wearied and fatigued with continual vociferation, she beheld darkness approach, and then she despaired of receiving any deliverance for that night; so she calmly unfolded her apron, and took a portion of the kebbock and bannock to her supper, and then quietly composed herself to sleep. Lieutenant Spearing informs us that he was much incommoded in his sleep by toads, frogs, and other vile reptiles taking refuge in his neck while he dosed, but Janet made no such complaint, for the truth was, that she cozily turned up her flannel petticoat over her head, and then tucked it firmly under her chin, and so went to rest without fear or trembling. The next day was a Sunday, and Janet fondly hoped that some graceless weaver, or some blackguard collier, would be ransacking the wood for nuts, and would hear her cries; but in this she was again mistaken, for on that day she did not hear the tread of a single foot, or the voice of man; but, ever and anon, she distinctly heard

the distant bells of Glasgow ringing their solemn tolls before church service began, and this brought to her mind a sad and melancholy foreboding that these might be her funeral knell. Still, however, bright hope never deserted her, and though she was not a religious woman, nevertheless she inwardly prayed for assistance from Him who is the dispenser of all good. Sunday passed over—a sad and melancholy day—without a glimpse of relief, so that Janet at night had again to compose herself to sleep, in the hopes that Monday might luckily bring some person within the reach of her voice, for this she clamorously exerted at every rustling noise she heard, fondly hoping that such noise might be the approach of a deliverer. Lieutenant Spearing complained of suffering intolerable thirst while immured in this coal pit; but Janet never made any mention of having undergone the like inconvenience from the want of water during the time that she remained in this dismal abode. Perhaps, like Mr. Spearing, she obtained a supply from falling showers of rain, but, more probable, her constitution did not require the same extent of aqueous replenishment as the constitution of the Lieutenant. As for food, her kebbock and bannock, by good management, served to keep her from starving during the three days of her confinement. Monday passed over like Sunday without a footstep being heard in the vicinity of the pit, so that poor Janet began to entertain the worst fears of her forlorn situation. On Tuesday, however, a labouring man happened to be passing, and fortunately heard the cries of Janet. On reaching the pit, he called down to her, inquiring at her if any accident had happened, when Janet informed him how she had fallen into the pit, and begged him to procure assistance for her relief; this was immediately got, and Janet again brought into the bright light of day, not a whit the worse of her three nights' immurement. Not long after her deliverance, a match was struck up between Janet and her rescuer, and it would be well if the story, like most novels, had ended in a happy marriage; but, unfortunately, Janet's husband turned out an idle drunken fellow, who lived upon his wife's industry. Poor Janet, when excited by his miserable drunken habits, has been known, in bitterness of heart, to have exclaimed to him, that the Devil himself had certainly had a hand in bringing them together at the mouth of the Woodside coal pit.

## QUACKERY IN 1783.

I DARE say that your septuagenarian and octogenarian readers remember when Angus M'Donald, jeweller, was the sole advertiser and vender of quack medicines in Glasgow; and these old folks no doubt now miss from the columns of the public press the flaming quack advertisements of olden times, which then stared them in the face in almost every newspaper of the kingdom. We no longer see among our quack medicines so advertised, the once never-failing Doctor Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead, with the enticing scriptural mottoes of, "Go up into Gilead, and take balm, O virgin!" "Is there no balm in Gilead," "Is there no physician there?" Neither do we now see the often-repeated Godbold's Vegetable Balsam, the Elixir of Life, Hayman's Mareddant's Drops, Cornwell's Oriental Vegetable Cordial, Leigh's Lotion, nor Widow Welsh's Pills; these have passed away, and have been succeeded by Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, Parr's Life Pills, Holloway's Ointment, Daffy's Elixir, Rowland's Kalydor, Morrison's Pills from the British College of Health, and innumerable specifics of the like infallible power and efficacy. But of all the tricking practitioners in physic that ever set foot in Glasgow, by far the most impudent in quackery, and the most licentious in advertisements, was the celebrated Doctor James Graham, who made his appearance in this city in the year 1783. The Doctor (superior to most quacks) had two strings to his bow, for he solemnly averred that by his never-failing medicines, and by his scientific treatment of his patients, he not only prevented them from dying, but also by a wonderful discovery he had absolutely brought a new generation of beings into life, who would never have made their appearance in this busy world unless through his marvellous skill, and all-potent agency. The Doctor, in his advertisements, styled himself "Doctor James Graham, President of the Council of Health, sole Proprietor and principal Director of the Temple of Health in Pall Mall, London." With reference to the first article of the doctor's grand curative treatment, it consisted of his celebrated *earth bath*, which, like Morrison's pills, cured all diseases. The patient, who was about to undergo the balneatory process, was first stripped naked, and then placed upon



a glass stool, where he was electrified, by means of an electrifying machine. After being thus electrified, and well rubbed down with silken towels, he was plunged, or rather buried up to the mouth in an earth pit, the earth of it having been previously medicated by the doctor. Here the patient remained immured for the space of half an hour, when he was taken up, and being then cleaned and again well rubbed down, the sanitary process was completed. But, however wonderful were the effects to the patients of a course of training through the medicines of the earth bath, these were thrown quite into the shade by the almost miraculous consequences which followed a sojourn in the Doctor's Temple of Health and Electric Bed. The Temple of Health was fitted up in a most gorgeous style with silk rideaux, ottomans, mirrors and chandeliers, and with every requisite of a bed-chamber which could render it snug and comfortable to the occupiers. The celebrated bed itself was adorned with elegant crimson silk damask curtains, having its coverlet and bedding also of silk. It was mounted upon four crystal pillars, and isolated so as that no part of the bed or bedding could touch the walls of the room, or could reach the carpet on the floor. In an adjacent apartment, the Doctor had a powerful electrifying machine, from which machine to the bed there was maintained, during the whole course of the night, a constant stream of electricity, thereby keeping the bed always fully charged with this subtile fluid.

It is inconceivable how much curiosity was excited at this period in Glasgow, to find out the names of any lodgers who had availed themselves of the benefits to be derived from the application of Doctor Graham's electric system; but notwithstanding of the most prying vigilance on the part of hundreds of our population, the Doctor managed his affairs so dexterously, that the public could never, with any degree of certainty, fix upon the names of any personages who had taken up their lodgings in the Temple of Health and Electric Bed. Amongst the most curious of the curiosity-peepers on this occasion, was Bob Dreghorn, who might then have been seen at all times perambulating the streets in the immediate neighbourhood of the Doctor's abode, looking every suspicious person in the face, and then turning abruptly round for another short walk near the same spot—never, however, losing sight of it. But notwithstanding of all his prying watchfulness and circumspection, Bob was as much at fault as his

neighbours, and never could tell who were the Doctor's customers. Some people alleged that Bob himself and a friend tried a night's lodgings with the Doctor; but this our eccentric townsman firmly denied. The good folks of Glasgow having been thus disappointed at not being able to learn the names of the Doctor's patients, now concluded that the whole affair had turned out a failure, and that in point of fact the Doctor never had any visitors at all to his Temple of Health and Electric Bed, though they thought that he might perhaps have had a few patients who submitted to his operation of the earth bath. Whether this opinion was well founded or not, I cannot say; but at any rate the Doctor certainly met with very little success in Glasgow. He, however, appeared to have been more successful in Edinburgh, and to have caused a greater stir amongst the inhabitants of Auld Reekie than he did amongst us sober west-country folks.

The Doctor, on his arrival in Edinburgh, not only announced to the public there the marvels of his Temple of Health and of his Electric Bed, but, in addition thereto, he advertised a course of lectures, "political, moral, philosophical, and religious, on increasing the number and improving the bodily and mental faculties of the human species, &c.; of preserving youth and personal loveliness; and of prolonging bodily health and serene mental brilliancy to the longest possible period of the human existence." Accordingly, on the 29th of July, 1783, the Doctor commenced his course of lectures in Mary's Chapel, to a crowded audience, and had given three lectures of his course, when the magistrates of Edinburgh, from an apprehension that the said lectures were of a bad tendency, prohibited the Doctor from lecturing any more in Mary's Chapel, after which he delivered them in his own lodgings each evening till the 6th of August, when, in consequence of an application of the procurator-fiscal, he was committed to prison by warrant of the magistrates, in order to stand trial for some injurious publications which he had handed about in the city.

A bill of suspension, presented for the Doctor, with answers by the procurator-fiscal, being on the 19th advised by the Lord Ordinary on the bills, he was liberated on finding bail for 300 merks.

The magistrates of Edinburgh, on the 22d of the same month, fined the Doctor in *twenty pounds* for printing and publishing a scandalous and malicious libel against the lord provost and

magistrates, and granted warrant to imprison him till payment—in consequence of which he was committed to prison. Having soon afterwards raised the money, by the intervention of some gentlemen who had gone to hear his lectures, he was immediately liberated. He, however, continued to lecture in the city for a fortnight after this without meeting with any further interruption.

It is curious to see how the lord provost and magistrates of Edinburgh, at this date, sat in the judgment-seat to hear and determine a question in which they themselves were concerned. The poor Doctor really had no chance of escape; and though the sentence pronounced might have been quite just and proper, nevertheless the Doctor should, at least, have had a fair trial. What a fine subject now-a-days this would have been for a jury trial.

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We supplement the interesting and amusing narrative of our friend "Senex," by the following passages from the biographical sketch of this singular man, published in the letter-press accompanying Kay's Portraits:—

"While his Temple of Health was in its glory, it cannot be doubted that such an exhibition, lauded as it was on all hands in the most extravagant terms, must have produced a great deal of money in such a city as London, where every species of quackery is sure to meet with support and encouragement; but Dr. Graham, instead of realizing a fortune, deeply involved himself by the great expense he was put to in maintaining the establishment in proper splendour. In his own expenditure he was very moderate, for he not only abstained from wine, spirits, and all strong liquors, but even from animal food, and consistently with this mode of life, he recommended the same practice to others; and whilst confined in the jail of Edinburgh for his attack on the civic authorities, he preached Sunday, August 17, 1783, a discourse upon Isaiah xi. 6., 'All flesh is grass,' in which he strongly inculcates the propriety of abstinence from animal food. In this odd production, of which two editions were afterwards published, he says, 'I bless God, my friends, that he has given me grace and resolution to abstain totally from flesh and blood, from all liquors but cold water and balsamic milk, and from all inordinate sensual indulgences. Thrice happy—supremely blessed—is the man who, through life, abstains from these things—who, like me, washes his body and

limbs every night and morning with pure cold water—who breathes continually, summer and winter, day and night, the free, open, cool air—and who, with unfeigned and active benevolence towards everything that hath life, fears and worships God in sincerity and in truth.’

“In addition to the peculiarities pointed out by the Doctor in his discourse, he dissented in many other respects from the ordinary usages of mankind. He wore no woollen clothes; he slept on a hair mattress, without feather bed or blankets, with all the windows open. He said, and perhaps with some degree of truth, that most of our diseases are owing to too much heat; and he carried his cool regimen to such an extent, that he was in terms with the tacksman of the King’s Park for liberty to build a house upon the top of Arthur’s Seat, in order to try how far he could bear the utmost degree of cold that the climate of Edinburgh affords; but, though the tacksman was willing, the noble proprietor would not listen to the project.

“Amongst other eccentric plans recommended to his patients was that of earth-bathing, which was neither more nor less than burying them alive up to the neck in the earth, in which position they were to remain for ten or twelve hours. He tried this extraordinary remedy upon himself and one of his daughters, and actually induced his brother-in-law to follow their example. Other persons were also found simple enough to submit to this new species of temporary sepulture.

“In 1787 this singular being appeared in a new character, as a special delegate from heaven to announce the Millenium. He not only styled himself ‘The servant of the Lord, O.W.L.,’ i. e. ‘Oh, wonderful Love!’ but attempted to begin a new chronology, dating his bills such a day of the first month of the New Jerusalem Church; but before the coming of the second month the prophet was, by order of the magistrates, put under restraint, not indeed in prison, but in his own house, from whence he, some months afterwards, removed to the north of England. His religious frenzy appears to have lasted some time, and we learn from the following extract, copied from the *Whitehaven Packet*, that a year afterwards his mind still wandered:—

“‘Whitehaven, Tuesday morning.—Dr. James Graham was sent off to Edinburgh in the custody of two constables. This unfortunate man had, for some days past, discovered such marks of insanity as made it advisable to secure him.—August 22, 1788.’

"His death took place somewhat suddenly, in his house, opposite to the Archers' Hall, upon the 23d of June, 1794—it was occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel. He was buried in the Greyfriars' church-yard, Edinburgh. His widow survived him about seven years, and died at Ardwick, near Manchester, in the year 1801.

"His circumstances, during the latter period of his existence, were far from affluent. To one of his publications, however, he was indebted for an annuity of fifty pounds for life; for it happened that a gentleman in Geneva, who had perused it, found his health so much improved, by following the advice of its author, that, out of gratitude, he presented him with a bond for the yearly payment of that sum."

#### REMINISCENCES.

CICERO de Senectute, 10, says:—"Nec enim unquam sum assensus veteri illi laudoque proverbio quod monet, 'Mature fieri senem, si diu velis esse *Senex*.' Ego vero me minus diu senem esse malletm, quam esse senem antè quam essem"—which I translate as Cicero's meaning, "Take care, Mr. *Senex*, lest you become an old wife." Now I am aware that an octogenarian is too apt to repeat with senile loquacity the old stories of his youthful days and the anecdotes of family matters which interest nobody but himself, unconscious that in doing so he is wearying out the patience of his hearers, and putting to severe trial the common politeness and courtesy of those with whom he associates. A dread, therefore, of thus intruding self, with sundry trifling family anecdotes, and, moreover, of overdosing your readers with them, has hitherto prevented me from stating in what part of Glasgow I passed my early days, and has hindered me from taking notice of various little family stories, which would have been amusing had they been related of a person of eminence; but I am afraid that they will now appear jejune and out of place when tacked to the doings of so obscure an individual as "*Senex*." However, as I conceive that few persons have seen so great changes in Glasgow as myself, and that the days of my youth might almost be called the youthful days of the city of Glasgow itself, I hope that a little egotism in my narratives will perhaps be excused by your readers. It was

only for the purpose of better elucidating Glasgow in olden time that my notices hitherto have been written, and by no means with the design of attracting public attention to my personal matters, which truly of themselves are of no value to any one.

Before stating anything regarding our family matters, perhaps it would be as well to say a word or two as to the general state of society in Glasgow during the period of my infantile days, namely, about the time when the first American war broke out. At that lamentable crisis the general society of Glasgow consisted of three classes:—1st, the tobacco lords, or Virginia merchants; 2d, the small manufacturers and shopkeepers; and 3d, the operatives. The first of these classes is now extinct. I omit a fourth class—I mean the pauper class,\* which was then too insignificant to be separated from the third or operative class. But this mendicant class, in one shape or another, perhaps now forms a population more numerous than the whole population of Glasgow at the commencement of the American Revolution—Glasgow being computed at that time to contain only 38,000 inhabitants. At present (generally speaking) the population of our city likewise consists of three classes, viz.:—1st, masters; 2d, servants or operatives; and 3d, paupers. The Earl of Eglinton, in his inauguration speech, as Lord Rector, delivered in the University Hall here, on the 30th of November, 1852, when referring to Glasgow, is

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\* At this time the magistrates of Glasgow were accustomed to grant a license to certain beggars to solicit alms from door to door, these beggars being distinguished by wearing a large blue surtout with a brass plate on it, showing their license to beg. They generally had a bag or poke, tied about their middle, to receive the common alms of oatmeal. I remember an old fellow of this description who paid us a visit regularly every six or eight weeks, and who opened our door himself, and came into the kitchen with the greatest familiarity, making inquiry in a free and easy way at the servants, "Hoo's the lady the day?" We used to give him the nick-name of "Hoo's the lady." There was another set of beggars at this period in Glasgow, who gave our citizens much annoyance: I mean a parcel of randy old women or vagabond men, who either were lame or pretended to be so, and who, after having got themselves comfortably seated on a shake-down of straw in a hand-barrow, expected to be supplied, not only with alms, but also to be passed from house to house, by the inmates of any dwelling at whose door they were laid down. We were not very much troubled with these impudent interlopers, for my father gave orders to our servants to let them and their hand-barrows lie at the door till relieved by their own means. This brought down much abuse and bad language from them, but they seldom returned a second time. I must, however, confess that the bandying about from door to door of these beggars was often the cause of great merriment to servants, who had infinite pleasure in laying the cripple at the door of some one whom they wished to annoy, and at whose expense they could enjoy a laugh.

reported to have said, "She (Glasgow) can, it is true, boast—she has boasted, and can still boast—of her Finlays, her Stirlings, and Ewings, her Campbells, and her Bairds." He might have added—and of her Monteiths, her Dunns, her Gilmours, and her Scotts. But however wealthy, and however justly high the standing in Glasgow of these millionaires has been, or now is, their rank or grade in society falls immeasurably short when put in comparison to our old tobacco lords, who nevertheless have been thought unworthy of my Lord Eglinton's notice.

I am old enough to remember our tobacco lords with their bushy wigs and scarlet cloaks, perambulating the "plane-stanes" at the Cross, and keeping the other classes at a respectable distance. No lady would venture to walk upon this aristocratic promenade, but as soon as she came near King William, she directly crossed to the south side of the Trongate and continued her course under the *pillars*, which then (with the exception of the plane-stanes) formed the only flagged foot-path of that bustling thoroughfare. It was with a certain degree of reverence, and even of awe, that in my boyish days, I contemplated the gorgeous mansions of those lordly merchants, fenced in from the humble dwellings of the lower classes by their iron palisades and boundary walls, and built upon a scale almost equal to the strength of the castles of our ancient feudal barons—such were the houses of Glasford, Spiers, Cunningham, Houston, Ritchie, Blythwood, and others. The house of the latter in the Bridgegate still remains; but its garden and orchard, extending to the river, is no longer rural. The Buck's Head Inn and the house immediately to the east of it, are fair secondary specimens of the mansions of our great foreign merchants of the time in question; but the stair of the Buck's Head formerly jutted much farther into the street, and the outer stair of the other mentioned house has been swept away to make room for our modern shopocracy. It was with no little admiration and wonder that I beheld the powdered *flunkies* of these lords, frisking across their barricaded courts, dressed in showy plush breeches, white thread stockings, dashing shoe-buckles (which nearly covered the whole front of their feet), massy brass buttons on their coats, and gold bands on their hats. Everything was then done for effect by these merchants. But by way of contrast, let us look at our present millionaires. What boy now-a-days stops a moment to contemplate their fine houses and servants, or even to inquire to

whom the establishment belongs? Who among the numerous subscribers to our Royal Exchange, ever thinks of obsequiously touching his hat to a Glasgow millionaire? It is now all come to a familiar shake of the hand with them, and a free and easy "How do you do, Sir?" and off to business at a tangent without ceremony; but what is still more curious, the descendants of our old tobacco lords, however poor and insignificant they now may be, nevertheless look upon themselves as much greater personages than the greatest Glasgow millionaire of the present day, and regard the *novi homines* with a sort of sullen disdain. Such, however, is the usual feeling of mankind in similar situations.

The wynds and narrow closes in the High Street, Saltmarket, Bridgegate, and Gallowgate, were then in pretty much the same state as they are at present; but the population that inhabited these localities at the time in question, was of a very different class from what it is at this day. There was then no overcrowding of lodgings there, by Irish immigrants huddling fifteen or twenty persons into a single small apartment; on the contrary, the humble dwellings of these parts of our city were occupied by decent tradesmen and shopkeepers, who kept their establishments in tolerably good order, notwithstanding that there were no police officers to overlook their doings. Indeed, the grandfathers of some of our most toping folks lived in these wynds and long closes of our city.

At the period we are now considering, there were very few Roman Catholics in Glasgow. They then assembled in a small room on the second floor of a back tenement in a long close in Saltmarket Street, right opposite the Bridgegate, and kept themselves very quiet, being afraid of the mob. I have repeatedly seen them when coming from morning service, and they did not appear to me to be more than a score or so in number. Not a single Jew at this period had taken up his residence in Glasgow, but shortly after, there came to us from England, a Jew who pretended that he had become a convert to Christianity, and who brought some apparently respectable credentials with him, on the faith of which he was fêted and lionized at a mighty rate by numerous respectable individuals, who took great interest in this signal proof of a Jew's conversion to a belief in the Messiah. Among the patronizers of this pretended convert, were David Dale, Esq., William Wardlaw, Esq., Archibald Paterson, Esq., and other dissenting gentlemen, also Dr. Balfour and others of our established clergy-



men. In short, this fellow was invited to a constant succession of dinners, teas, and suppers while in Glasgow, and it was considered a high compliment to be asked to meet the converted Israelite at these parties. He preached repeatedly in Glasgow, and always commanded a wonderful overflow of hearers; indeed, the whole city appeared to be in a state of commotion to hear the extraordinary preacher giving his reasons for being converted. At first he refused all pecuniary assistance, affirming that he came to Glasgow solely with the view of spreading the Gospel abroad; but, before he departed he contrived to raise considerable contributions, under the pretence that they were for religious undertakings. Soon after his leaving Glasgow, it became known that although a Jew, he neither was, nor ever had been a Christian; but, in reality was an arrant impostor and a needy adventurer.

In my early days there were a few respectable citizens of Glasgow belonging to the Society of Friends, who held occasional meetings, but they did not form a numerous body. I recollect when a boy, of going to one of those meetings from curiosity, and having waited with great patience for upwards of half an hour amidst a dead silence, and seeing no appearance of any service about to be performed, I rose up, and was walking out of the room where the meeting was held, followed by several others, when an elderly Quaker started up, and in a loud voice vociferated, "Let the sober part of the congregation sit still, and let these brutes go away." The Episcopalians were a small, though very respectable body, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Falconer; but our rigid Presbyterians considered them as being half Roman Catholics, and called their church, "The Whistling Kirk." With regard to the Unitarians, I do not remember of their having any place of worship here at this time, and the only gentleman of that persuasion that was conspicuous among them, was Bailie Robert Smith, builder, who erected the greatest part of what was called the new town of Glasgow.

Our city in olden time had its Sabbath desecrators as well as at present; for I remember right well one Sunday of peeping through the key-hole of the door of a garden which was surrounded with a high wall, and was quite horrified at seeing the town-clerk of the city of Glasgow digging his own garden on the Lord's Day.

Amongst the amusements of the lower classes in Glasgow in

those days, perhaps the most reprehensible was the practice of shooting cocks at Govan on New-year's Day. On the morning of that day the road to this village might have been seen crowded with idle boys and half-tipsy operatives, hurrying along, armed with fowling-pieces and guns of various forms and calibres, in expectation of being able to bring home a cock to their dinner. The poor cock was tied to a stake, and had no chance of escape. The price of a shot was one penny; and whoever killed this noble bird received its carcass as the reward of his dexterity. It was curious to observe the sagacity of these birds in such trying circumstances; for, after receiving the first or second shot, they generally endeavoured to protect their heads by exposing their sides, thereby receiving the subsequent shots upon their wings. On every New-year's Day, Govan was the resort of a blackguard half-drunken mob, who, in addition to cock-shooting, passed the day at throwing the cudgel for gingerbread cakes, and the like sports, while there was free scope for all manner of thimble-rigging. It appears singular to us now how the sheriff or justices of the peace should have permitted such disgraceful scenes to be acted in our neighbourhood, but the practice of cock-shooting at Govan on New-year's Day was an amusement of long standing, and like other ancient bad practices, use and wont formed its apology.

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REMINISCENCES—CONTINUED.

OLD folks are very apt to fancy that great changes have taken place in the physical world itself since the days of their childhood, while the change in reality has only been in the old people themselves. I may perhaps be one of these dreamers, for the impression upon my mind is very strong that the general population of Glasgow at present is taller and more robust than it was seventy or eighty years ago; and I attribute this change to the people being better fed and better clothed than they were in former times. Our operatives now-a-days would turn up their noses at the old Scotch dishes of "brue brose" and "nettle kail," or even at "pease brose;" and our gentles would scout the idea of being served at table by a barefooted damsel. At any rate, there can be no doubt that the population of Glasgow (comparatively

speaking) consume a great deal more of exciseable articles than they did in my younger days.

We seldom at present see dwarfs or very diminutive men walking on the streets of Glasgow, and though we have not many men amongst us of gigantic stature, still, the general run of our citizens may be classed as being tall. There was, however, one individual in Glasgow in olden time, who, in dimensions, was considered the giant of our city, and I have seen no one since upon our streets that was his equal. This was James Miller, Esq., commonly called "Lang Jamie Miller," who was seven feet in height, and at the same time was a stout, portly, well-made man; but what was very curious, that the moment you heard him speak, all idea of his being a giant ceased, for his voice, in place of resembling thunder, as might have been expected from his size, was merely the shrill pipe of a delicate young lady. Mr. Miller was a mild, gentlemanly man, and much respected. I think he died unmarried. But setting aside this introductory *griffonnage*, I shall now endeavour to sketch a few reminiscences of domestic matters, and of occurrences that took place in my early days, which may, perhaps, be amusing to your readers, although they are merely idle gossiping trifles—trifles, indeed, that require an apology for writing them.

The family property on which we resided eighty years ago, was situated in Candleriggs Street,\* opposite the present Bazaar (the south part of the Bazaar was then a bowling green.) Our house contained dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, pantry, closets, and seven bed-rooms, including attics, with sunk cellars and other accommodations underneath. On the back premises we had what we called our brew-house for the manufacture of our home-made ales, and also our washing-house (fitted up with rain barrels, &c.), to which a pump-well of spring water was attached, and lastly, the usual outhouse conveniences. This property extended from the Candleriggs westward to the front of Brunswick Street—the present No. 120 of Brunswick Street was about the centre of its boundary from north to south. The western part of the lands in question formed our garden, which, at its extremity, was enclosed by a parapet wall, having white painted railings, in the Chinese style, above the said wall. On the south side there was a boun-

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\* My grandmother, who was born in 1718, remembered this street being a corn field.

dary quick-set hedge separating our garden from the garden of Mr. Dunlop. At the end of our garden an artificial mount was raised, with a summer house or seat on its summit sufficient to give accommodation for a dozen of people. We kept the greatest portion of this garden in grass.

At this time our back premises might have been said to have been in the country, for the western part of our said garden was bounded by the garden of Mr. Baird of Craigton, who resided in the tenement now 138 Trongate,\* and his garden extended behind it towards the north, as far as Ingram Street (then a narrow lane called the Back Cow Loan.) This gentleman's garden now forms Brunswick Street. Mr. Baird was a sportsman, and kept his large garden always in grass, principally for giving his horses air and exercise. At the south part of it he had a leaping-bar covered with furze, erected for the purpose of training his young horses to clear hedges when in the field, and a soft walk for them laid down with tan bark, the whole length of the ground. The area here mentioned, being always in grass, frequently formed our boyish play-ground, and Mr. Baird kindly winked at our trespassing on his property.

The next garden to the west of Mr. Baird's was a pertinent of the tenement in the Trongate, immediately adjoining Mr. Baird's house; and, like Mr. Baird's garden, it extended northwards as far as Ingram Street. This garden was separated from Mr. Baird's by a quick-set hedge, and was rented by a druggist in the Trongate, whose name I have forgotten, but whose shop is now distinguished by being marked No. 133. The ground referred to was usually kept partly as an orchard, partly as a vegetable garden, and partly for raising medicinal plants and roots suitable for a druggist's shop, and amongst the latter of these were liquorice roots, better known by boys under the name of "liquory stick." I remember once of being such a rogue as to creep through the above-mentioned quick-set hedge, and to steal a root of liquorice from the druggist's garden; but I never repeated my roguery; for, in truth, I felt ashamed of what I had done, although the plunder was not perhaps of more value than one farthing—but still it was stealing. The place where I committed this depre-

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\* This appears to be the oldest house in the Trongate. On the front wall of No. 138, next the water pipe, the date is marked 1595.

dation now forms the site of our Sheriff's Chambers; and it is singular that I can never pass that court without associating a piece of liquory stick with it.

The garden next to the druggist's, westwards, was a narrow stripe extending from the back tenements of the Trongate to Ingram Street. It was planted as an orchard, and also used for raising vegetables. There was a quick-set hedge on its eastern boundary, which separated it from the said druggist's garden. Then continuing our line westwards, there came the large garden of Hutcheson's Hospital (now forming Hutcheson Street), at that time occupied by Bailie John M'Aslan as a nursery garden. There was a handsome sun-dial erected in this garden at the spot where Wilson Street intersects Hutcheson Street, which was originally placed there by the former patrons of the hospital. The patrons of the Hospital were, and still are, the Lord Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, Deacon Convener, and the ordinary established ministers of the city. Mr. M'Aslan kept this nursery ground in very trim order; a neat gravel walk running up its centre, and the garden otherwise very prettily laid out. Here I have whiled away many an idle hour in the boyish pastimes of bygone times.\* Mr. M'Aslan removed his nursery to his own property at the head of John Street called "The Hill," and built as a family mansion the first house that was erected upon that now crowded locality. Mr. M'Aslan's grounds extended from the modern Cathedral Street to the old Dobbie's Loan, or "Love Loan," as it was then also called, in consequence of its being a retired walk for our grandmamas and their lovers in the courting and flirting days of their youth.

To the west of Hutcheson's Hospital lay the extensive garden of Mr. Glassford of Dougalston, which, like the others already named, extended northwards from the buildings in Trongate to Ingram Street. This garden, with the mansion-house, now forms Glassford Street; but at the period in question, they were so fenced in, with iron palisades and high stone walls, that the public had no access to them; on this account I am unable to give any particulars regarding the mode in which the garden was laid out. The house and grounds were sold in 1792 by Henry Glassford to

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\* In 1788, the Hospital garden was sold to Bailie Robert Smith, Dugald Bannatyne & Co., for the sum of £1,495, and a ground annual of £74 15s.

William Horn, builder, for £9,850, who opened up the present Glassford Street. The extent of ground was about 15,000 square yards in all, and deducting the old materials, it was calculated to have cost Mr. Horn 10s. 6d. per square yard, a price then considered very high.

Continuing our course westward, we now come to the site of our present Union Bank; this site then bearing the princely mansion of Mr. Spiers of Elderslie, at the head of Virginia Street. It was kept separate from all the other houses of the street (then but partially built) by a parapet wall, having an iron railing above it, and in the centre a massive iron gate fifteen feet high. This iron front crossed Virginia Street from east to west at Wilson Street, and the area in front of the mansion was laid out in shrubbery. There was an oval drive laid with gravel up to the mansion house; but there was no access for the public from Virginia Street, back to the Back Cow Loan. Mr. Spiers' garden was not very large compared with Mr. Glassford's. It fronted the present Ingram Street; its boundary wall here was a double wall, having a stove at the east end of it, and a flue running westward along its whole extent in the centre, between the two walls (the double wall and flue ran in front of the present Union Bank). In summer the exposure of the wall being to the south, there was no occasion to light any fire in the stove; but in winter weather a fire was kindled which tended to keep the said wall in a due degree of heat for ripening the fruit of the trees trellisated on it. There was a little paltry *door* from Mr. Spiers' garden into the Back Cow Loan, which loan at that time was as insignificant as any of our narrow mews lanes. See that spot *now*, adorned by the showy pillars and superb entrance to the Union Bank! It must, however, be kept in mind, that Ingram Street is double the width of the old Back Cow Loan.

Looking still westward, I have to remark that Miller Street, at the period under consideration, had lately been opened, and that houses had commenced to be built upon both sides of the street, but more particularly on the east side. Since I have got amongst family matters, I may mention that my maternal grandfather was proprietor of part of Miller Street, and that his malt barns and kilns were situated right opposite Miller Street, being the corner of Dunlop Street. Shortridge Land, and the land lately occupied as the *Reformer's Gazette* Office, were built upon the site

of these barns and kilns, which old buildings I remember very well. My grandfather's dwelling-house was at the south-east corner of Queen Street, and his garden fronted the Cow Loan of old times. From this digression I must now return to Ingram Street, on which, at the period first mentioned, there stood but one building, erected in 1743. This was the Inkle Factory, which was situated next to the present Hutcheson's Hospital, and which has just been taken down. A new erection is now proceeding on its site. The ground on which the factory stood extended on the south to the centre of the present Ingram Street; but when the Back Cow Loan was widened, the paling before the factory, which then formed its south boundary, was taken down, and the ground of the spot taken to widen the new street. The south front of the factory itself thus became the building line of Ingram Street. The old factory was a pretty extensive square of buildings, and extended backwards nearly to the present Cochrane Street. The ground belonging to the factory originally consisted of three roods, and was feued from Hutcheson's Hospital at the yearly feu of £2 16s. 3d. sterling. In the year 1763, the company feued other two roods of these grounds at the rate of £2 13s. 9d. annually, besides a grassum every nineteenth year.

All the lands to the north of Ingram Street, called the Rams-horn Croft, and of old the Lang Croft, were, in my early days, merely inclosed fields let out for sale gardens. They were bounded on the north by the Rottenrow Road, on the south by Ingram Street, on the east by the Deanside Brae, and on the west by the Cow Loan, now Queen Street. These lands were purchased from the patrons of Hutcheson's Hospital by the magistrates of Glasgow about eighty years ago, with the intention of feuing them for building purposes; but no buildings were erected on them for a dozen of years after the purchase was made. It was upon these grounds that Douglas, Earl of Arran, encamped with an army of 12,000 men, when in rebellion during the minority of James V., about the year 1528.

From the foregoing sketches, it will be seen that the back or western part of our family property in Candleriggs was then, in reality, in the country. I shall now take some notice of our immediate neighbours to the north and to the south of us. On the north, our property was bounded by the property of Dr. Baird. His house was an old-fashioned house fronting *the Candleriggs*.

This locality had not yet been dignified by the additional appellation of *street*. The doctor's house was entered by a long outside single stair which jutted upon the street. At the top of this stair there was a double door and a small wooden-framed cabin, which jutted upon the street, and was supported on the north by a stone pillar, the space below being open to the street. Behind this house was the doctor's garden, in which were some fine fruit trees. Now, it so happened that one of those trees always bore large crops of apples, and some of its branches hung over our court in a most tempting manner. It is wonderful how all boys have a quick instinct, and an immediate intuitive perception of the Scotch law aphorism "*cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum*"—for whenever any fruit happens to project from a neighbour's grounds upon papa's grounds, every boy considers the fruit to belong to papa as hanging in the heavens above his property; and so I argued in this case, and therefore felt no repugnance at throwing stones at the branches of this tree which overhung our court; but my motions were frequently carefully watched by Miss Betty Baird, the doctor's sister, from her bed-room window which looked right upon the said tree. Now Miss Betty was a *cantry* old maid, and never failed to give me a most tremendous scolding whenever she found me transgressing, but I set her scolding at nought, as the apples which I brought down always fell on papa's ground, and there was a high stone wall between Betty and me. There once happened rather a curious story connected with this apple tree. One of my brothers chanced early one morning to be going into our court-yard, when immediately below this said apple tree he found a man's leg, which he brought into our dining-room and laid it upon the table there, to the no small horror of the female part of our house. A grand consultation then took place amongst us, and the result was, that we concluded that Dr. Baird had been dissecting some dead subject, and that a dog had run off with the said leg and deposited it under the apple tree. Under this belief, the leg was sent to the doctor, with a notification of the circumstances under which it was found; but the doctor immediately returned the leg to us, saying that it was not *his leg*, and that he knew nothing about it. A second consultation now took place amongst us regarding how we should dispose of the leg. Some were for burying it in our own garden, while others were for sending it to the Council Chambers,—there being no Police Office



in those days in Glasgow for depositing *choses trouvées*. At last, however, we fixed upon sending it to the grave-digger of the Ramshorn burying-ground, with a message to him, requesting him to bury it in the strangers' burying-ground. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the leg was despatched to the grave-digger with the necessary instructions. At this time there were several lairs in the Ramshorn burying-ground reserved for strangers, and on the walls which at one end enclosed them, were printed in large characters—“*Burying Ground for Strangers of Fashion.*” Now it so happened that we could not vouch that this leg belonged to a man of fashion; the grave-digger therefore declined giving it so honourable a place of sepulture, and uncere- moniously buried it in some ignoble corner of the church-yard, where I presume it lies till this day.

I must now conclude for the present by mentioning that the place where this famous apple tree grew, is now occupied by Buchanan's calender, No. 95 Candleriggs.

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REMINISCENCES—CONTINUED.

IN my last communication to you I mentioned that, eighty years ago, our place of residence was in the Candleriggs, opposite the Bazaar, and that our immediate neighbour upon the north was then Dr. Baird; further, that our property was bounded on the west by the long garden of Mr. Baird of Craigton—which garden at present forms Brunswick Street. I shall now briefly take notice of our next neighbour on the south. Our garden, at the period in question, was separated from the garden of this neighbouring gentleman by a quick-set hedge; his name was James Dunlop, and I believe that he was a cousin or near relation of Mr. Dunlop of Garnkirk, and a partner in the Dumbarton Glass Works. His garden lay behind his house, which fronted the Candleriggs. This garden was pretty large, and extended southwards to near the present Wilson Street. It was enclosed on three sides by quick-set hedges; but on the east it was bounded by the back offices of his house in the Candleriggs. The back premises contained coach-house, stabling, and hay-loft, and was entered from Candleriggs by an eight-feet passage, with an outer

gate hung on square stone pillars. Like our own, Mr. Dunlop's garden had for its western boundary the eastern boundary of Mr. Baird of Craigton's garden (now Brunswick Street), throughout its whole extent from north to south. Mr. Dunlop's house was the best house in the street, and it not only had a rural view to the west, but also was open and airy to the front of the Candleriggs, in consequence of being situated directly opposite to the bowling green there. It commanded a complete view of the gentlemen bowlers at play on the green sward of that place of sport; and from his front windows Mr. Dunlop could hear the crack of the balls and the well-known cry of, "Bowler you, sir."\*

This house was a substantial building, erected with stones from the Black Quarry, upon the old Glasgow plan of having a large outside double stair jutting into the street, similar to that of the Buck's Head Inn, and otherwise was a counterpart of the said Inn, but on a smaller scale. In olden time our tobacco lords and great merchants appeared to think that they had a perfect right to occupy the street opposite their houses with their fine outside stairs, jutting frequently even beyond the line of the foot-paths. Such was originally the case with the stair of the Buck's Head Inn, which, in my remembrance, was curtailed to its present dimensions. But it must be remembered that this last-mentioned house was built by a great merchant, and a Lord Provost to boot, viz., Provost Murdoch.

Mr. Dunlop died about 1780, and soon afterwards his executors let his house to Mrs. Brown of Langside. She was a Miss Bogle of Daldowie, who had married Dr. Thomas Brown. This gentleman, after having been in India for a number of years, returned to England, and took up his residence in London; but shortly after his marriage he purchased the property of Langside from Mr. Crawford of Possil, and built the present mansion-house of Langside, upon the celebrated hill not far to the eastward of which Queen Mary is reported to have stood and to have seen her army defeated by her brother, the Regent Murray. My grammar school-fellow, the late

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\* Among the gentlemen bowlers of those days were James Spreull, Esq., afterwards City Chamberlain (then known amongst his companions by his original name of Jemmy Shortriggs); Ronald Crawford, Esq. of Frisky Hall (whose melancholy death at Frisky made a great sensation in Glasgow at the time); and Lord Gray (then the Hon. Francis Gray)—at the period in question a clerk or apprentice with Sommerville, Gordon, and Co., with the intention of becoming a Glasgow West India merchant.

Alexander M'Gregor, Esq., writer,\* in early life occupied a cottage upon this hill for many years as a summer retreat, and the locality (by an advertisement in the newspapers) is now about to be turned into an additional suburb of Glasgow. Dr. Brown did not live long after making the purchase of Langside. He was the brother of Bailie John Brown, of the well-known firm of Brown, Carrick, and Co., and the father of the late Dr. Thomas Brown of Lanfin (whose death occurred only three or four weeks since.†) Mrs. Brown occupied Mr. Dunlop's house for nearly eight years, and then purchased the house that was *first* erected in the New Town of Glasgow. This house was built about 1785, upon the face of the hill below Bell's Park, and between the present John Street and North Frederick Street; it then became necessary to ascend to it by a broad flight of steps from the lower grounds, now forming George Street. It was a double tenement, forming two self-contained houses. Mrs. Brown purchased the westmost of these two houses, and the eastmost one was rented from the builder, Bailie Robert Smith, by John Orr, Esq., of Barrowfield. Here our respected fellow-citizen, Gilbert Kennedy, Esq., passed his juvenile days, under (what might have been called) the parental charge of his uncle, Mr. Orr, whose representative he now is. The tenement in question, for several years after it was built, stood alone in the field; but soon after this time a spirit of building arose, and then the New Town of Glasgow increased with great rapidity. Mrs. Brown's house has been taken down to make room for the modern improvements in George Street; the house, however, which was occupied by Mr. Orr of Barrowfield still remains a memorial of the *first* building erected in the New Town of Glasgow. It stands behind the shop, No. 262 George Street, and already it appears in a melancholy state of decay. I remember that in order to prevent dampness, the outside walls, which were all of rubble work, were first well coated with tar, and then plastered over in the usual manner to resemble ashlar work. Time, indeed, even in my own day, has here been doing its work, for the tar of 1785 is now making its appearance through the plaster on the front walls of the house, and causing

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\* Our class originally consisted of 110 scholars; of these only six are now alive, viz.:—Sir Neil Douglas [since deceased]; Rev. Dr. Mathew Gardner of Bothwell; Messrs. James Bogle, James Milliken, Captain William Marshall, Rothesay, and myself.

† April, 1852.

it to stand like a sombrous and gloomy monument of decrepit old age. A sketch of this forlorn building may be worth preserving. After Mrs. Brown had purchased the above-mentioned house, she feued the whole front steadings on the east side of North Frederick Street, at the rate of 1s. 8d per square yard, and attached them to her house as a vegetable garden, believing that she had acquired a country villa and garden; but in a very few years afterwards she sold or sub-feued these grounds to Bailie Robert Smith for 2s. 6d. per square yard, and Mr. Smith erected the greatest part of the buildings which now form the eastern side of North Frederick Street, upon the site of Mrs. Brown's garden.

I believe that we are indebted to Mr. Pagan for introducing a new word into our building vocabulary—I mean the word “rookery”—although in olden time we had a word of pretty much the same signification, which was applied to certain buildings of a crazy description; for Bailie Smith having erected a long narrow lane of very commonplace tradesmen's houses upon the west side of North Frederick Street, the public by universal consent dubbed the locality “Botany Bay,” as being fit only for the residence of convicts. This place, however, in modern times, has acquired the more euphonical name of “Dempster Street,” in honour (if so it be) of George Dempster, Esq. of Dunnichen, then member of Parliament. Although this street is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, I doubt if one-half of its subscribers ever set foot in it; and many of them, I am sure, never heard of such a locality here as “Botany Bay.”

I remember of the first batch of convicts being transported to Botany Bay in 1788, under the charge of Governor Phillips, and amongst the squad were three criminals condemned at our circuit courts. It was intended that the chief settlement of the colony should have been made in Botany Bay, as recommended by Captain Cook; but after the arrival of the expedition there, a superior harbour close at hand was discovered, and accordingly the present Sydney was fixed on as the future capital of Australia. For a number of years after this time, any person that voluntarily emigrated to Australia was considered to have been a crack-brained person. What a wonderful change has taken place in this colony since that time!—now a days, ship loads upon ship loads of emigrants, of a respectable class, are hurrying over with the utmost eagerness to reach these now golden regions.

I have seen and lamented the day when we lost America, now a mighty republic, threatening to compete with us for the empire of the sea, and for the headship of commerce. I have beheld her population rise from 3,000,000 to 24,000,000, and may yet live to see it amount to 30,000,000—a population which will exceed that of our own isles. Also, I have witnessed in Australia and its dependencies the commencement of a new state under British rule, whose lands are as extensive as our lost Columbia, and whose population is proceeding with as much rapidity as that of our disobedient children across the Atlantic. If we have been losers in the west, we have been gainers in the east; for setting aside our conquests in India and the Cape, Australia and its dependencies alone, at present, bid fair to make amends for the unhappy dismemberment of our empire in 1783. What may be the future fate of these oriental possessions, days to come alone can reveal; whether time is spinning a silken thread for our posterity, or whether it is merely drawing out for them the airy filaments of a spider's web, lies hid from human ken.

But here I have gone a-moralizing in place of a-gossiping, for which, I believe, your readers will give me no thanks, and, therefore, I must change the subject, and give them some downright tittle-tattle, to keep them in good humour if possible. "In witness whereof," as the Faculty say, I now take notice of a little personal anecdote of my boyish days, which took place in the house of Mrs. Brown before mentioned, but which I am afraid may be considered too trifling to merit a place in your columns. Old folks, however, are praters, and expect to be listened to. Well, then, it happened one night that I was upon a visit at Mrs. Brown's, and that Mrs. Brown's brother, John Bogle, Esq., (Daldowie), was then staying with his sister. Mr. Bogle was about sixty years of age, and was a remarkably kind-hearted, gentlemanly man, possessing very easy and courteous manners. He was well known in our city by the name of "Wee Johnny Bogle." Now, upon the night in question, I procured a hideous mask, and borrowed the servant-maid's night-mutch and underdress, with which habiliments I equipt myself—combing my hair in tangled disorder over the mask, to give myself the appearance of a frightful old hag. Lastly, my arms being bare and exposed, I threw over my shoulders a ragged scarlet college-gown, and then taking a stout cudgel in my hand, I proceeded to Mr. Bogle's

apartment. As soon as I opened the door, "Wee Johnny" (who was writing at a table) started to his feet in the greatest alarm, calling out, "What do you want?" "What do you want, I say?" To this, however, I made no reply, but ever and anon kept slowly approaching him, and striking the floor heavily with my ponderous cudgel. Johnny, with his hair almost on end with fright, jerked me, by keeping always the table between us, but still continuing his cry of "What do you want, I say?" I nevertheless persisted in following him round and round the table till he got next the fire, when, stooping down, he seized the poker, and flourishing it above his head in his most menacing manner and attitude, called out in a tremulous voice, and shaking with fear, "Tell me, woman, what you want, I say?" "Tell me this moment what you want here?" I could now keep my gravity no longer, but burst out in a most immoderate fit of laughter, and then pulled off my mask, to the no small delight of "Wee Johnny Bogle," who instantly, feeling relief from all danger, very kindly joined in the laugh, and with much good humour forgave my impudence.

I am sorry to observe that the number of the clan Bogle is rather upon the decrease in Glasgow; for in former days, at all public meetings, whether these were for improving our city, or for mere amusement, a Bogle was sure to be a leader of the van. Our balls, our concerts, our assemblies, or our theatricals, nay, even any of our public sports or fêtes whatever, appeared deserted and forsaken if not graced by the presence of the Bogles, who, both on the male and female side, were a handsome, showy family, and set off our pleasure gatherings to great advantage. I remember of being at an assembly in the Tontine Room,\* when George, Duke of Argyll, then a fine-looking young man,† led down the country-dance with the beautiful Nancy Bogle, at that time the reigning toast of the city. They were the handsomest couple in the room. When a nobleman was present at our assemblies, he took the head of the country-dance from courtesy, the drawing for place being dispensed with in his favour; he also selected the figure of the dance.

The Daldowie Bogles, and the Bogle's-hole Bogles, were a quiet, sober, orderly race, who came very little before the public, and

\* The Assembly Rooms, in Ingram Street, now the Athenæum, were not built till 1796.

† He was the uterine brother of Douglas, the handsome Duke of Hamilton.

seldom entered into the gaieties of the city; but the Shettleston Bogles and the Hamilton Farm Bogles had the character of being a quick, volatile sort of clan, all life and spirit, and mightily fond of frolic, whom, however, it was no joke to offend. He would have been a bold boy, who would have dared to play such a trick as I played on "Wee Johnny" upon any of their mad Michael's, or mad Peter's of olden time; he might have relied upon getting a sound thrashing for making such an attempt.

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#### REMINISCENCES—GILT GALEN'S HEAD, &c.

IN a late communication to you, I stated how I had been a very bad boy in olden time, and had stolen a piece of liquorice root from a garden of a druggist, whose name I had forgotten, and that the place where I committed this depredation at present forms the site of our Sheriff's Court. I now understand from you that you have received a note from a learned member of the Faculty of Procurators, and a distinguished Glasgow antiquary, saying, "I think the druggist Senex spoke of in his last article must have been old druggist Wright, a regular character, who poisoned people, and charged nothing for the cure. I wish Senex would say something more about the Candleriggs and King Street. The Stirlings had a house in High Street, with green and railing in front, where Stirling Street now joins. Does Senex remember that queer old domicile? Could you get him to extend his reminiscences to the Cow Loan, Back Cow Loan, St. Enoch Square, Maxwell Street, Jamaica Street, and other streets, &c., &c?" I am much obliged to your learned correspondent for refreshing my memory regarding the name of the druggist in question, as he has hit on his veritable name. I do not recollect any other druggist at that time in Glasgow of any eminence, except Mrs. Balmanno,\* the mother of the late Dr. Balmanno, at the sign of the Golden Galen's Head, north end of the Laigh Kirk Close, which close of old was called Armour's Wynd, by the venerable historian

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\* One day a little girl came into the Galen's Head Repository, and seeing Mrs. Balmanno sitting, as usual, comfortably at the window in an easy chair, thus addressed her, "Mrs. Diaculum, my mither has sent me for a pennyworth of Balmanno."

M'Ure. It was so called from Bailie Armour, who was a magistrate of Glasgow in 1717, 1720, and 1723, and convener in 1718, 1719, 1724, and 1725. His house (which is still to the fore) was purchased by the father of the late William Aitken, Esq. of Frisky Hall, and here the late Robert Aitken, Esq. of the Bank of Scotland, was born. Your learned correspondent seems to delight in "a queer old domicile with a green and a rail in front of it," and here he will see, to his heart's content, the house of one of our bailies, which exactly corresponds, or rather did correspond, to his wishes; but, alas! in my day, the bailie's green and rail in front has been turned into two paltry shops, No. 36 and No. 40 Prince's Street, the one of them a rag store, and the other an old iron repository. The bailie's dining-room was below the Dutch gable facing Prince's Street, and its corby steps still give it a respectable appearance. I have no doubt but the bailie spent many a pleasant summer evening admiring his flowers and shrubs in front of his dwelling. Bailie Armour's property included the tenement at the south-east corner of the Laigh Kirk Close and Prince's Street, and it appears to have been erected at the time when Gibson's Wynd, now Prince's Street, was first laid off for building purposes.

As I do not pretend to be an antiquary, but consider myself merely in the light of a gossiping narrator of old stories, or as the French say, *un babillard*, I must beg of your learned antiquarian correspondent to take a walk down the long, narrow close, No. 49 Trongate, and at its extremity he will find the back entry into Bailie Armour's mansion-house, and perhaps he may be able to point out something worth our notice in this, now one of the oldest of our ancient magisterial places of residence. In the meantime, while he is making his discoveries there, permit me to stop a moment at the close mouth, to give your readers a small specimen of the *havrel* doings which daily took place in this locality in olden time. Well, then, immediately east of the said close, No. 49, is the shop, No. 47 Trongate, which, in days of yore, was a dark little hole under the pillars, and was the cloth shop of the eccentric Gilbert Shearer. Now, Gibby Shearer's cloth establishment got the nick-name of the *clish-ma-claver* shop, as there daily resorted to it a number of idle saunterers, fond of a slang talk, and of gossiping away an hour or two, as they were sure to hear there, and afterwards to retail, all the *clashes* and



*havering* stories that were passing in the city, which, like the tale of the black crows, came forth from them greatly embellished and improved, to the no small amusement of our newsmongers. One day, when there were five or six of these idle saunterers assembled about Mr. Shearer to hear all the newest city *clashes*, Sandy Robertson, the writer, came hurriedly in amongst them, apparently quite excited, and bawled out, "Mr. Shearer, Mr. Shearer, what do you think has happened to me? Only guess, Mr. Shearer? It is so wonderful—so very curious." Here not only Mr. Shearer pricked up his ears to hear the extraordinary tidings, but also all the idlers who had congregated in his shop to pick up the Glasgow *clashes*, stood with open mouths and extended necks, lest they should miss a single particle of the mysterious communication. Sandy then continued, "Do you know, Mr. Shearer, that this morning I bought a large salmon in the market, of thirty pounds weight, and when my servant was cutting it up, what do you think, Mr. Shearer, she found in its belly? Only guess, Mr. Shearer, how amazingly strange it was!" "Oh," said Mr. Shearer, "I cannot guess." "Ah," said Sandy, "just try now, Mr. Shearer; just try to guess." "Well, then," said Mr. Shearer, "perhaps a gold ring?" "Na, na," said Sandy, "something far heavier than that." Mr. Shearer, now anxious to learn what it possibly could be, eagerly exclaimed, "Maybe it was a gold watch?" "Hoot—toot, man," replied Sandy, "you're a' wrang again, for it was mair than twice as heavy as that." "Tuts, Sandy, you're talking nonsense now!" said Mr. Shearer (pulling out and exhibiting a massy gold watch from his fob), do you say that it was twice as heavy as that?" "Aye, aye," replied Sandy, "it was four times as heavy as that;—ah, noo, Mr. Shearer, just try anither time if you can guess what it was." But Mr. Shearer was now getting a little crusty, and impatient to know the secret, and accordingly answered in a snappish way, "No, no, sir, I won't guess any more about the matter, so just tell us at once what it was, and have done with your story." "Weel-a-weel, Mr. Shearer," said Sandy, "since you canna guess what it was, I will e'en tell you what has happened. Noo, do you ken, sir, that there was fun in the wame o' the salmon exactly three pun acht unce o' guts, and the deil a hait else. Gude morning, gude morning, Mr. Shearer; I maun awa' to the coffee-room." And so saying, off went Sandy to the Tontine;

and in half an hour thereafter the story of Mr. Shearer and the big salmon was buzzing about over the whole room.

But I have wandered away from the Gilt Galen's Head, which seventy years ago was my favourite shop for buying *cocul-indi* for poisoning braises, and bird's lime for catching young sparrows, so that I thus became quite well acquainted with this apothecary hall of olden time. It has existed in Glasgow for upwards of a century, and is still doing a fair stroke of retail business under the management of Mr. William Kennedy, but its best days were in the time of that most respectable old lady, Mrs. Balmanno, who had two confidential old servants for attending to customers, while she herself sat very snugly in her well stuffed arm-chair at the window, looking sharply after what was going on around her. The old lady's garden, for rearing certain medical plants and roots, was situated on the Deanside Brae, and is now known by the name of Balmanno Street. After the death of Mrs. Balmanno, the business was carried on by her son, the late Dr. John Balmanno;\* but as it would have been *infra-dig* of a Glasgow physician to have been seen behind a counter weighing out *ha'porths* of sugar-allie, liquory-stick, and deil's-dung, the doctor delegated the charge of selling such articles to the before-mentioned two confidential old servants: nevertheless, for an hour or two of each day he himself used to take his place at the window above the Laigh Kirk Close, comfortably reposing on the old family easy chair, and reading some medical review, or studying the works of Hippocrates, but ever ready when applied to by a poor person to give his advice gratis. Indeed, the lower orders of our population at that time were infinitely obliged to Dr. Balmanno for his kindness and liberality on all occasions where his services were required by the needy; and these services were readily bestowed without fee or reward. Dr. Balmanno being in independent circumstances, did not push the apothecary business, the consequence of which was, that a new and formidable drug concern was established in opposition to the old Gilt Galen's Head, by Dr. James Monteith and Dr. William Couper, who, under the firm of Monteith and Couper, opened the shop at the north-east corner of Stockwell Street, as a wholesale and retail

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\* Dr. Balmanno was supposed to be taken notice of in a publication called "Northern Sketches," as Dr. Alamode, and as one of the Glasgow characters of the day.

apothecary establishment. These two gentlemen being well known as eminent medical practitioners, the new drug shop soon got into high repute, and became the leading establishment of the kind in Glasgow; and this rank it continued to maintain until a few medical gentlemen joined together and formed the present company of the Glasgow Apothecary Hall in Virginia Street, who greatly extended this line of business in Glasgow, by sending travellers throughout Scotland, and supplying the country practitioners with the best of medicines, to the great advantage of all ranks in our native land.

With regard to your correspondent's second inquiry, I have already said so much regarding the Candleriggs, that any farther remarks on the subject would be a mere repetition of my several communications to you. Neither have I a great deal additional to say about King Street, as no very remarkable changes have taken place in it in my time, except the taking down of the old sugar house, the alterations consequent upon the removal of the Wynd Church, and the opening of Miller Place. King Street and Candleriggs were opened in 1724, and my grandmother used to say that she remembered the first as garden grounds, and the second as corn-riggs. There formerly stood a candle-work near the present St. David's Church, and hence the name of Candleriggs. The markets in King Street are now undergoing a metamorphosis which will change the aspect of that once busy locality. It is truly melancholy for an old person to stroll into that part of the city and to see its forlorn appearance, whilst there remains fresh in his memory the stirring days of our former crowded mutton, beef, and fish markets. I have, in a prior article, stated that I stood on the steps of a stair in the second tenement above the Mutton Market, on the 12th of March, 1782, and saw boats sailing along King Street in front of the markets, which were completely inundated, on the occasion of the great flood of that year. Both of the large tenements immediately north of the Mutton Market belonged to my father, so that we were quite interested about the great rise of the river: the water, however, merely reached our property, and did us no damage.

Then as to your correspondent's query about Stirling's House, of old in Stirling Square, I have already taken notice of it in a former contribution sent to you, in which I stated that George Bogle, Esq., resided in a house at the north end of Police Lane,

and on its east side. This house had a single outside stair, and fronted the present entry into the Bazaar. I remember old George Bogle very distinctly; he was a venerable-looking old gentleman of middle size, who generally walked about in a blue great coat with brass buttons, and owing to a weakness in his eyes, he wore a green silk shade above them to defend them from an over-glare of light. I also stated that I remembered of John Stirling, Esq., being married to Miss Bogle in that house. I may now add that Police Lane was then a *cul de sac*, being closed at the north end, by a heckler's workshop.\* On the east of the said heckler's shop there was a small wicket, which was a private entry from Police Lane to Mr. Stirling's mansion house. This entry was not patent to the public. I remember very well of seeing Mr. Stirling when he was a-courting of Miss Bogle, after having paid her a visit, taking the key of this wicket out of his pocket, and quietly slipping into his own domicile. Your correspondent is mistaken in calling Mr. Stirling's house "a queer old domicile;" for it was just a substantial, plain building, of two stories, with two end gables, having the usual peaked heads for the chimneys. It was of rubble work and lime-cast. It was not remarkable, except for being a rather showy house, placed in a poor locality; for the entrance to it from the High Street was through a paltry narrow lane of old houses, and it was only after passing into the back ground that Mr. Stirling's house appeared to advantage. Mr. Stirling removed from this house to Glassford's great mansion, once the temporary residence of Prince Charles, when the Adventurer was in Glasgow in 1745. Afterwards Mr. Stirling purchased Cunningham's splendid house in Queen Street, now the Royal Exchange. This house was, and still would be, considered the most magnificent house in Glasgow. I think Mr. Stirling paid £6,000 for it; but it cost Mr. Cunningham nearly twice that sum. I remember of its being built in 1779—(See my note in *Pagan's Sketches of Glasgow*, page 74.)

The property in the High Street, south of Mr. Stirling's house belonged of old to my great-grandfather, who was a magistrate of Glasgow in 1726, and was shot in the Saltmarket endeavouring to

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\* Mr. Carrick's office in Police Buildings stands upon the grounds of Glen and Scot's wood-yard, and in 1793 I commenced business in a tenement next to it—its site now forming a part of the Police Office.

quell a riot. As our Glasgow historians have left us no record of this affair, I shall now give the particulars of it, taken from a family manuscript in my possession. As above-mentioned, the old gentleman in question was one of our bailies in 1726, and also filled some other public offices in the city at this period. In consequence of a riot having taken place in Saltmarket Street, which caused great alarm, not only to the inmates of the houses near the spot, but also to the whole adjoining neighbourhood, the bailie was loudly called upon by the respectable part of the populace to interfere, and to endeavour to quell the disturbances by seizing the ring-leaders. At this time it was considered the duty of those who either were magistrates of the day, or who otherwise held office in the city, to take into custody any riotous persons whose conduct appeared dangerous to the lieges. The bailie, being a resolute man, readily complied with the request which was made to him; and it being pointed out that the principal rioter had taken refuge in a house in Saltmarket Street, and there had set everyone at defiance, being drunk and possessing fire-arms, which he threatened to use against any person who attempted to come near him—the bailie, notwithstanding of these circumstances, ordered the rioter to open the door of the house, and deliver himself up to the public authorities, otherwise that he (the bailie) would break open the door and take him into custody. To this demand the rioter gave a pointed refusal, and dared the bailie or any one else to touch the door at their peril. On hearing which, the old gentleman forced the door, when the infuriated inebriate fired directly at him, and killed him on the spot. Amidst the confusion which ensued, the vagabond escaped and fled the country. This happened in 1729. The bailie was buried in the High Churchyard within a few yards of the church door, and I have in my iron safe the title deeds to his lair, which has descended to me in consequence of being his namesake; and this lair is now the only remains in the family of the worthy bailie's lands or gear.

In the early days of my said great-grandfather, Glasgow contained only 11,948 inhabitants: in the early days of my grandfather, it had increased to 12,766. This was at the period of the union between Scotland and England. In the boyish days of my father, Glasgow appears to have made rather more rapid progress since the union, its population being then 17,034. In my infantile days, Glasgow seems to have taken quite a leap; since the boyish

days of my father the estimated number of its inhabitants being more than doubled in that period, and amounting to 38,000. This period included the heydays of the tobacco trade, up to the time when the first American war broke out. Now, in my old age, I have seen the population of our city increased from 38,000 to 380,000 inhabitants, and it is possible that I may yet see it reach 400,000.

The population of Glasgow, in my time, has thus been augmented tenfold, and I believe that I would not be far wrong in saying that I have seen eleven-twelfths of all the buildings in this city erected; for most of the old streets in my day have been half renewed, and several of them nearly entirely so, such as the Candleriggs, Canon Street, Shuttle Street, and Buns' Wynd; even our ancient Saltmarket (the Glasgow Cheapside in Nicol Jarvie's time) has put on quite a new face since the opening of London Street. What with the closing up of the pillars, the erection of iron supports, and plate-glass windows in most of the street floors of old tenements, and the general style of now painting and decorating our shops in these buildings of olden time, the aspect of our former public thoroughfares has been greatly changed; still, however, we yet recognise here and there some ancient tenement with its Dutch gable, or its more ornamented French triangular windows peering alongside of our lofty modern erections, and giving a pleasant variety to our streets.

Even down to my own time the distinction between a Scotchman and an Englishman had not passed away, for every old person in Glasgow who was born before the union of the two kingdoms, was looked upon in my early days as being entitled to more than usual reverence and respect, because he was a "*real, true-born Scotchman*;" whereas all the *post-unioners* were stigmatised as being only a parcel of *Britoners*, and not at all to be compared to the genuine old "Saunders," with his blue bonnet and rig-and-fur hose. I remember very well of seeing some of my ancient relations who were born in the seventeenth century, and must confess that their snow-white locks and wrinkled fronts appeared to me to be doubly respectable, because their bearers had seen the days when Scotland was a separate and independent kingdom.

In your paper of the 11th April (1852), you take notice of a married couple at Parkhead, aged respectively 103 and 102, and

you mention, as being rather extraordinary, that they had "seen the third and fourth generation." Now, to me this does not appear very remarkable, for, *in our own family*, I myself have seen six generations, and there are four alive of the last generation.

With regard to your late reference to me as to the former state of the Merchants' Hall in the Bridgegate, I have little to add to the communication of your able correspondent, the member of the Merchants' House. I believe that I was present in that hall at the last public ball which was given there. It was a dancing-school ball, and we all went to it in sedan chairs, through the dirty Bridgegate. These chairs were far from being comfortable conveyances, for when the chairmen were in a haste to overtake several engagements, they set off with their load at a round plunging trot, and as the carrying shafts were quite flexible and pliant, the extreme bobbing up and down, and swinging to and fro of the vehicle, caused by the chairmen being obliged mutually to keep the regular step, gave one the uneasy feeling of what Sir Walter Scott called a *whumple*. I cannot fix upon the exact year when the said ball took place, but think that it must have been in 1781 or 1782. The Tontine Assembly Rooms were then just opened, and after this time the "Briggate Ha'," as it was called, was deserted as a place of public amusement.

At the back of the Merchants' House there was a large garden, extending 200 feet southwards to the lane which led to the slaughter-house on the banks of the river. This garden was inclosed with a stone wall nine feet high. It was generally kept in grass, and was not much attended to in my days, but in former times it was regularly dressed up as a flower garden. It was from this garden that Vincent Lunardi ascended in his balloon, in 1785. The place was well chosen for an exhibition of the kind, for the high garden wall prevented the populace from getting a sight of the preparatory arrangements, while those who paid for admission were comfortably accommodated. I think the price for admission was 2s. 6d. Lunardi had previously ascended in his balloon from St. Andrew's Square, then not built upon, but only a vacant space of ground. This, however, had been found an inconvenient place, as the public could view the process of inflating the balloon from several quarters, which of course lessened the profits of the aeronaut. The ascent from St Andrew's Square was most magnificent. The balloon passed over the heads of the thousands

assembled in the Green of Glasgow, and was seen majestically gliding along, in the full view of the wondering multitude, until it seemed dissolved in the thin air of the distant atmosphere. Lunardi descended in the vicinity of Hawick, a distance of 70 miles, and was upwards of two hours in performing his aerial voyage. An accident had nearly happened in St. Andrew's Square on this occasion; for the Rev. Mr. Lothian, teacher of mathematics, being anxious to see the effect of inflating the balloon from the gas generated by the admixture of oil of vitriol and iron filings, incautiously got himself entangled among the ropes which held down the balloon at the very moment of its ascent. The consequence was that the rev. gentleman was thrown down and dragged along by the foot for some distance; and had not the ropes uncoiled of themselves, he might have been carried up with the balloon, suspended by the leg. As the rev. mathematician, however, had received no hurt by the accident, his ludicrous situation became a source of much merriment in the city. The subsequent ascent from the garden of the Merchants' House was not so successful as the one from St. Andrew's Square—the balloon descending at the shorter distance of Campsie. It passed over the city, but was not so distinctly seen in its progress as it was on the first occasion.

I was present in the Green of Glasgow viewing both ascents. I was then in the Grammar School, and we got *the play*, as our teachers said, in order that *we* might behold the wonderful spectacle; but boys are sharp enough, and they, with a good deal of jeering, alleged that *the play* was given, not on their account, but merely because the teachers themselves were anxious to see the exhibition.

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REMINISCENCES—ANCIENT TENEMENTS, &c.

AGREEABLE to the request made to me through you by your learned antiquarian correspondent, I now add a few more reminiscences regarding some others of the streets and places of our city as they appeared in my early days, although I am afraid that neither he nor your readers will consider them of much interest. Your correspondent wishes me to add something more to my recollections of the former state of the Cow Loan: I refer



him to my communications published in Mr. Pagan's *Sketches of Glasgow*, page 102, and to my former memoranda given in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald*. I have already stated that the Back Cow Loan was a narrow country road leading westward from the High Street, being a continuation of the Grammar School Wynd and Canon Street. On the north side of it, next to the Ramshorn Church, there stood two small thatch cottages, in which Allan M'Auly, gardener, resided (on which afterwards the weigh-house was erected). He rented from Hutcheson's Hospital the grounds, now of south Montrose Street, Cochrane Street, and South John Street, &c., as sale gardens. Allan M'Auly's cottages were situated upon a line with the iron railings of the old burying ground of the Ramshorn Church.\* The lands to the north, and to the east of this burying-ground, were shortly before this time open fields, and were purchased, in 1767, by the Magistrates of Glasgow, and formed into additional burying ground. These lands then got the name of the Ramshorn new burying-ground. With the exception of the Inkle Factory, built in 1743, there were no other buildings on the north side of the Back Cow Loan, now Ingram Street, from Allan M'Auly's cottages to Queen Street. This unbuilt space was inclosed by a quick-set hedge. The Inkle Factory (or rather its remains) has just been taken down by our spirited citizen, Sir James Campbell, and spacious warehouses erected upon its site. Sir James has also purchased another property, on the south side of the Back Cow Loan, opposite Montrose Street, and intends, in like manner, to fill up the space with extensive mercantile buildings. Sir James Campbell has thus put an extinguisher upon the Back Cow Loan of my early days, for none of the ancient buildings of the Back Cow Loan now exist, except part of Sir James's last purchase, of which I will speak by and by. The Magistrates of Glasgow, having in the year 1772 purchased from Hutcheson's Hospital the lands which afterwards formed the new town of Glasgow, got plans of the said lands drawn out for building on; but nothing further was done with them for a number of years subsequently. The first of what I call the new buildings of the Back Cow Loan (which had then

\* In October 1718, the Magistrates purchased from Hutcheson's Hospital 1½ roods of ground for 600 merks, which ground now forms the site of St. David's Church and the old burying ground.

been widened and called Ingram Street) was erected in 1783. This was the Gaelic Church, on the site of which now stands the British Linen Company's Bank. The price paid for the ground was 1s. 6d. per square yard, and, if report speaks true, the said ground was sold to the bank for twelve guineas per square yard. Now, what with this windfall, and what with that from the Black Bull Inn, I must say that our friend John Highlandman has got his *spleuchan* tolerably well replenished in our city in my time.

At the north-west corner of the Candleriggs there stood, in my younger days, a respectable ancient tenement, having Dutch gables with Corby steps, and a double front, the principal one facing the Candleriggs, and the other facing the Back Cow Loan. There was a court behind, to which there was a cart entrance by the said Back Cow Loan, and the stable with hay-loft as well as the smaller offices were situated in that court, all of them, however communicating with and fronting the Back Cow Loan. This tenement appeared to me to have been erected by one of our ancient wealthy citizens, and occupied as a mansion-house by him; but, in my earlier days, it was divided into two dwellings, the entry to the upper floor being in the back court. The ground floor was entered by the close in the Candleriggs, and was rented at the period I am speaking of by Alexander Wilson, who was employed as town's slater, and by Mr. John Brown, then master of works for the city. The upper floor and the attics were occupied by two old ladies, whose names I have forgotten. When the Candleriggs was opened, in the year 1724, this tenement appears to have formed the north-west corner of the street; but previously to that date, the main access to this ancient mansion must have been from the High Street, by the way of Bun's Wynd and Shuttle Street, and by the Grammar School Wynd and Canon Street. If your learned antiquarian correspondent will take the trouble to go into the close of the present corner tenement, and inspect its back wall, he will observe an old stone inserted in it, upon which are cut the following words:—

“BLESSIT BE YE LORD OVR GOD FOR AL HIS GIFTS—1597.”

The old mansion-house, therefore, must have been 127 years in existence before the Candleriggs was opened. It has been generally supposed that previously to the year 1724, the Candleriggs was an enclosed corn field; but I am inclined to think that there

must have been a narrow lane of old date, communicating from the Trongate to the Back Cow Loan, and running along the western side of the present Candleriggs. My reasons for this conclusion are as follows:—Nearly opposite to the entrance to the City Hall in the Candleriggs there stood two old houses (one of them was covered with thatch, and the other one had a wooden front), the upper portion of which hung over the footpath of the street like a canopy.\* Now, it must be remembered that, immediately after the great fire in Glasgow, in the year 1652, an act of the Scotch Parliament was passed,† prohibiting the building of houses with wood, or covering them with thatch within the burgh; consequently it may be inferred that those two houses were built before the Candleriggs was formed in 1724, and that (besides by the Cow Loan) the access to them was by an ancient lane communicating with the Trongate, into which Bell Street was opened. We may further infer that all the present old houses covered with thatch or built with wood and situated within the bounds of our ancient burgh have been erected previously to 1652.

I have already stated that the only ancient building which now remains in the vicinity of the Back Cow Loan, is part of the late purchase of Sir James Campbell at the north-east corner of Brunswick Street. This, in my younger days, was a spacious granary, which stood in the back part of a pretty extensive court fronting Montrose Street; on the west side of which court there were some small dwelling houses or offices, of a single story in height, occupied by an old woman who had the charge of the granary. On the east side of the court there was a large tree, around which it was usual to arrange the sacks of victual on their being either brought to, or delivered from, the granary. The centre of the court was causewayed to the extent of about six feet from the Back Cow Loan to the folding-doors of the building. The court in question reached westward nearly to Brunswick

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\* The father of the late Rev. James Smith then lived in the thatch house, and the father of the late Rev. Archibald Glen lived in the upper portion of the house with the wooden front. The rev. gentlemen in those days were known only as "Jemmy Smith," and "Baldy Glen."—See additional note at the end.

† As your antiquarian correspondent is a member of the Faculty of Procurators, can he inform us whether or not this Scotch act is still in force, for I see wooden theatres in the Saltmarket, and timber houses and shops in abundance erecting in Windmill Croft, and elsewhere in the city, and all these under the sanction of the Dean of Guild Court?

Street, then a part of Baird of Craigton's gardens. When Brunswick Street was opened by Robert Smith, builder, I understood that the proprietors of the granary purchased the adjoining corner steading, at present forming part of Sir James Campbell's late purchase. The old granary property, which fronted the Back Cow Loan, was enclosed by a stone wall, except at the entrance into the court, which entrance was kept shut at night by a massy outside door. About fifty years ago, Hunter, Rainy, and Co., either purchased or leased this property, and converted it into extensive warehouses for the sale of dry goods on commission. At this time they were the largest commission agents for the sale of dry goods in the city.

The old granary was a large building occupying nearly the whole extent of the south portion of the court from east to west, having merely a narrow passage round its east, south, and west boundaries, in order to secure light. This old building, the greatest part of which, I believe, is still to the fore, is pretty well ensconced in my memory by a little personal anecdote of my juvenile days. In the lower part of this said granary, there were a number of small circular openings, left free, for the purpose of giving cats ready access to the interior of the building. It was expected that the cats would keep the premises clear of rats and mice. One day, when a little boy, I squeezed myself with some difficulty through one of these cat openings, and then found myself in an extensive vault which was nearly pitch dark. The floor was merely the original earth, and the ceiling was only about three feet high, so that I was obliged to scramble forward upon my hands and knees; nevertheless, I continued my exploratory progress forward, until I reached a trap-door in the floor above me, which I found open, and then I mounted into broad daylight, and into a large room filled with grain, a great part of which was lying open and exposed on the floor. Having thus got possession of the granary, I perambulated my new acquisition from room to room, and from story to story, without meeting with a single soul to disturb me. In some places there were heaps of pease and beans lying in store, most tempting to a boy who had large empty pockets: in other parts there were scattered on the floors abundance of fine wheat and oats, which would feed his pigeons and rabbits for ever. Like Aladdin in the cave, I stood silent in amazement at all those riches spread before my eyes, and no

person to challenge me for taking away as many bagfulls of them as I pleased, and at having them in future at my command, by merely creeping through the cat-holes. I still remember the curious feeling I had at finding myself alone in this place as the sole occupant of a building like an ancient castle, with all its contents of grain, furniture, books, papers, and writings, at my entire control. I, however, resisted all temptation to steal; and after having satisfied my curiosity to its full extent, I returned to the trap-door, and descended to the mirky vault, along whose lonesome recesses I again scrambled upon my hands and knees, until I found the cat-hole at which I entered, through which I wriggled myself the best way I could, and then again breathed the fresh air of the back court. The other day I thought that I would take a peep of the scene of my former exploit, before Sir James Campbell would turn it into some Queen's Court, or Princes' Court, with the adornments of royalty, hoping again to see some relics of my favourite cat-holes in the remains of the old granary. But here I was disappointed, for on entering Brunswick Court, No. 120 Brunswick Street, and turning my eyes to the left, I saw indeed some remains of the old granary; but there were no cat-holes in view, not even the vestiges of them appeared in the former walls—all was firm stone and lime, and amply secured against depredators. Such then is now the last remains of our ancient Back Cow Loan.

It may be remarked that, before our Glasgow banks were established here in 1750, it was customary with farmers, when they sold their grain (which was thrashed out) to a grain merchant, to allow the price thereof to lie in his hands till the farm rents became due. Grain-dealers then were generally master-bakers, many of whom were wealthy.

Including the before-mentioned grounds of the granary, the Back Cow Loan, all the way westward to Miller Street, was one continued stone wall, enclosing on the north, the boundaries of the respective gardens of Baird of Craigton (now Brunswick Street), Druggist Wright's garden, and the one next to it. The wall in question also ran along the north boundaries of Hutcheson's Hospital garden, Glassford's garden, and Spiers' garden, the whole way to Miller Street. This lengthened stone rampart was of different heights, erected according to the pleasure of the respective proprietors upon their own grounds as their northern

boundary; but from each of the said gardens there was an access kept open to the Back Cow Loan by a small door, such as we now see is the case in most of the present properties requiring access to mews lanes from back premises. All these doors, however, were kept locked, and the public had no right of entry through them. Miller Street, at this time, was but partially built upon the east side; the west side of it was nearly all vacant ground, except a small portion near Argyll Street. From Miller Street to Queen Street the above-mentioned stone wall was continued on the south side of the Back Cow Loan, but this wall was merely a loose stone dyke about four feet high, which enclosed a piece of vacant ground in grass, which ground was quite accessible to the public, in consequence of there being *slaps* here and there in the wall. For upwards of twenty years this piece of ground remained in the above-mentioned dilapidated state. The first building erected on this last-mentioned ground was a sugar-house, occupying the corner steading of Ingram Street and Queen Street; it was built by the late Mr. James M'Nair, grandson of the well-known Robert M'Nair, of the quaint firm of Robert M'Nair, Jane Holmes (his spouse), & Co. This corner steading, with the buildings erected thereon, was sold by auction, in May last [1853], for £28,000.

In my younger days there were no side footpaths in the Back Cow Loan, the centre of it only being used as a country road. Along its whole extent, from Candleriggs to Queen Street, the grass was growing next to the stone walls on the south side of it, and also next the hedge on the north side, except the portion before the Inkle Factory. These side paths became the receptacle for all manner of filth; and here and there might have been seen cart-loads of rubbish laid down, and all manner of nuisances committed there, sufficient to have made his Majesty at the Cross blush, even as deep as he does at present, on account of the daily defilements going on both before and behind him.\*

After the Cow Loan was widened and opened up in 1782, by the Magistrates of Glasgow, for the purpose of feuing the ground on its north side, few buildings were erected on the line of the street (now called Ingram Street) for several years afterwards.

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\* "Senex" here alludes to the urinals which had just been erected before and behind the statue of King William.

The most important building among the early erections was the Assembly Rooms, now the Athenæum, which was built by subscription in 1796. With the exception of the remains of the old granary, now about to be demolished by Sir James Campbell, there does not exist upon the line of Ingram Street a single building, nay, I may say, one stone on the top of another, which has not been erected in my day. Even the venerable Ramshorn Church and steeple have been swept away, and this ancient fabric, of which the father of Professor Anderson was the first pastor, has been transmogrified, by Dr. Cleland, into a very uncouth-looking affair, with its ugly tower, and neck-breaking steps. After the plan of the present St. David's Church and tower had been given in to the Magistrates, by the architect, Dr. Cleland took the said plans home with him *ad avizandum*, and he gave strict injunctions that no person whatever should have access to him for three days, so as to give him full leisure to improve the plan of the architect, and the result of these three days' labour was the present crypt and neck-breaking stair. I must, however, do the Doctor justice, by saying that he improved the walls of the old church-yard.

*Additional Note.*—The late Rev. James Smith, taken notice of in a note to this article, was a prominent reformer in his early days. At this time a leading reformer was generally considered a sort of demagogue, and a disturber of the peace, seeking notoriety—such at least was the universal opinion of the aristocratic class of our citizens. When Mr. Smith was attending the classes at the University of Glasgow, he became one of the leaders of certain students who had adopted reform principles. These young gentlemen, accordingly, set on foot a scheme to bring about a thorough reform of our University; and in furtherance of this object, they got up a petition to the Crown and to Parliament, craving a royal commission to be issued for the purpose of examining into, and reporting as to the then state of the University, and as to the mode in which its funds were applied by the principal and the professors; also as regarded the management of the library, and in respect to the compulsory fees exacted from the students for the liberty of using the said library, &c., &c. Nearly the whole body of the professors, including Principal Leechman, were most intensely hostile to this movement. One or two of the professors stood neutral, and refused to interfere either on the one side or on the other. Professor John Anderson alone, of all the heads of the

University, joined the party of the reform students, and this he did in earnest and with right good will, for he invited the whole body of the petitioning students to breakfast with him in his own house by squads, and there discussed the important affair of reforming the Glasgow University. These proceedings were so offensive to the majority of the professors, that many of them refused even to speak to Professor Anderson upon casually meeting him; but they had no power to go further in so far as regarded the venerable founder of the Andersonian Institution—indeed, it was understood that we are indebted to the hostility between the professors and Mr. Anderson, which took place on this occasion, for the existence of the present Andersonian University. It was intended by Professor Anderson that it should form a rival university to the Glasgow University, in so far as its funds would go. However futile and nugatory were the proceedings of the professors in opposition to Professor Anderson individually, it was far otherwise when the question came to be one of a dispute between the professors and the students, more particularly if these students happened to be poor. Accordingly the professors, after having met and consulted together what was best to be done, in order to put a stop to this reform movement, selected a few of the leading reform students, and, *in terrorem*, expelled them from the university: and amongst this number was the student Mr. James Smith. This was a sad blow to the prospects of poor Mr. Smith, for without attending the divinity classes, his prospects of becoming an Established minister of the gospel were blasted, unless, indeed, he could follow out his studies in another university; but the purse of his father could not bear this charge. After consulting with his friends, he was advised to cease taking a lead in the University reform movement, and to endeavour to conciliate the hostile professors. Accordingly, after some negotiations, his friends succeeded in getting him restored to his former status of divinity student, upon making an apology for his bygone doings. Necessity has no law.



## REMINISCENCES.—COW LOAN—PRESS-GANG.

YOUR antiquarian correspondent having expressed a wish that I would send you any additional odds and ends of the reminiscences which might still linger in my memory regarding our ancient Cow Loan, I now willingly comply with his request, although I am afraid that many of your readers may think that I am tainted with a little of a *vaccine* mania on the subject; and truly in so judging, perhaps they would not be very far wrong, for I consider myself to be a sort of half Cow Loan man, as my grandfather's dwelling-house and garden grounds were situated at the south-east corner of Queen Street and Argyll Street, and extended up the Cow Loan fore and back; they also included a part of Miller Street. It was upon that spot, one hundred and twenty years ago, that my mother was born, and there she resided in her early years. At this time the Cow Loan was a mere country road, having a few old houses in it, but mostly bounded by quick-set hedges, and so it continued till nearly the period of my birth. My grandfather's \* house faced Argyll Street (then known only by the name of the Westergate), and stood a little back from the lining of our said present Argyll Street. What like that house was, I cannot tell; but I presume that there was nothing very remarkable about it, as otherwise I certainly would have heard something regarding its grandeur, if it had possessed any; judging, however, from the old houses in Argyll Street, close to it, which existed in my younger days, and which I remember very well, I conclude that it was just the decent, old-fashioned, two-story house of a respectable citizen. My grandfather died not long after the

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\* It is curious to observe the quick diffusion of family races. From my grandfather above mentioned are already descended the Smiths of Jordan Hill, the Browns of Fairlie and of Kilmerdinny, the Ewings and Byrnes of Liverpool, the Prestons of Thornwood, the Aitkens of Frisky, the Wilsons of Main, Bailie Andrew Orr [since Lord Provost] and family, William Euing, insurance broker, and scores of the name of "Senex," with many others. In fact, I do not know the one-half of my relations, even by sight. I once sat at dinner table next to a lady, the wife of one of our city councillors, who had lived all her life in Glasgow, and I rose from table without knowing that she was a cousin-german. Also, among the descendants of my said grandfather may be mentioned our eminent new sheriff-substitute, Archibald Smith, Esq., whom, I am ashamed to say, I never saw in all my life, to my knowledge, although he was born and brought up in Glasgow. It is possible, however, that I might have seen the learned gentleman in his infancy.

birth of my mother, and his executors, in the course of their administration, sold his Westergate, Dunlop Street, Stockwell, and Cow Loan properties; but to whom I cannot say. About eighty years ago the steading at the south-east corner of Queen Street, formerly a part of my grandfather's property, was purchased by Mr. John M'Call, an eminent merchant in Glasgow in the American trade, who shortly afterwards erected upon it a very elegant mansion in the high style of our former tobacco lords' domiciles. This house will be in the remembrance of all the elderly inhabitants of our city. It was a large square building with pavilion roof, and a double stair jutting out upon the Westergate, like that of the Buck's Head Inn; but this stair was graced with a handsome iron railing. On the upper part of the house there was an elegant colonade, and the house itself was enlightened on four sides by upwards of forty windows. The coach entry to the back premises fronted the Westergate, and was placed on the east side of the mansion (which was a corner house); and there was a small plot of shrubbery on the back grounds, but the shrubs there were stunted, and dwindled, and never appeared in a thriving state. The mansion itself, and also all the offices attached to it, were erected from the stones taken from the Black Quarry; and as these stones were never painted, the whole buildings had an exceedingly sombre and almost ink-black appearance. The mansion never got any other name than "M'Call's Black House." This property was purchased from the heirs of Mr. M'Call by a gentleman whose name, I think, was Glen, who took down the whole buildings, and in their site erected the present large tenement at the south-east corner of Queen Street. There was a general regret in Glasgow at seeing the demolition of this fine old mansion, which really graced our ancient Westergate.

The male descendants of Mr. M'Call are either all dead or have left Glasgow; but the late John M'Intosh, Esq., accountant (Mr. M'Call's grandson), represented the family by the female line. Mr. John M'Call was a staunch royalist, and suffered severely by the American Revolution. His heirs, however, after the lapse of many years, received a certain amount from Government by way of compensation for Mr. M'Call's losses in America; but the sum so granted by Government was far beneath the amount of what was sufficient to have indemnified the family for the injuries sustained by the old royalist.

At the period of my birth, Cow Loan, or Queen Street, differed little from the appearance of the Back Cow Loan (already noticed by me in a late article), there being only a few commonplace houses and barns interspersed here and there in it. I remember the building of Cunningham's house (now the Royal Exchange), in 1779, and went into its interior during the time of its erection. I think that there were two old houses of one story each upon the site when Mr. Cunningham purchased the property. The ground was very swampy, and it cost a large sum to get it properly drained.

Crawford's house at the head of Queen Street (now the railway terminus), was built soon after Mr. Cunningham's. It was purchased by Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, for about £5,000, and sold by him, along with the exhausted quarry to the north of it, to the Edinburgh Railway Company (according to public report) for a guinea per square yard—Mr. Ewing taking a great part of the price in shares of the said railway. Many readers will remember the rookery upon the trees in front of this mansion during the time that it was the domicile of Mr. Ewing.—[See more particulars regarding the houses of Cunningham and Crawford in a memorandum by me, taken notice of in *Pagan's Sketches of Glasgow*, page 74].—At the period in question, all the grounds to the west and the north of Queen Street were either in tillage or let for sale gardens, with the exception of the villa of Enoch Bank, then the property of Mr. Semple, whose descendants, I believe, are now residing in Rothesay. This villa stood a little to the south of the present Sauchiehall Road.

The west division of George Square was fenced from the city of Glasgow, about the year 1788, at 1s. 8d. per square yard. The other divisions of the square at this time were only partially built upon.

At the south-west corner of Queen Street, there long stood upon the background of it a small barn or kiln, the proprietor of which held it in the market for the space of twenty years, at £3 3s. per square yard, which was thought quite an extortionate demand; but at length he got his price from Bailie John Morrison, who built the present corner tenement on it; and the late William Gray, Esq., jeweller, was said to have paid £3,600 for the corner shop of the said tenement.

There formerly stood near to Provost Lumsden's property a

small one-story house, which, from the following extract, appears to have been occupied as a public-house :—

*Weekly Magazine* (1777), page 190.—“ January 30th—Betwixt Sunday se’ennight and Monday morning a public-house in Queen Street, Glasgow, was broken into by a serjeant and five soldiers, belonging to two companies of the 70th Regiment, quartered there. Having beat and abused the family, they rifled the house, and carried off a number of articles, drank what liquor they pleased, and what they did not drink they destroyed by staving it. Next day on information being lodged against them, they were taken up, and are now in custody. What makes their crime the more inexcusable, they were upon guard.”

From the above extract, it will be seen that the Cow Loan had now (1777) been dignified with the name of *Queen Street*; this most likely through the influence of Mr. M’Call, so noted as a royalist, who, seeing that the more exalted name of *King Street* had been appropriated already, stamped upon the Cow Loan the title of his Majesty’s royal consort.

The house occupied by John Maxwell, sen., of Dargavel, and the house and offices belonging to Gilbert Hamilton, were built in my day; they stood immediately south of the present Royal Exchange. In the back premises of the latter, the establishments of the Bank of Scotland and of the Carron Company were carried on. There were also three handsome self-contained houses, with double outside stairs jutting upon the pavement, at the lower part of Queen Street, on the west side of it. The property which belonged to Robert Bogle, Esq., of Gilmorehill,\* in Queen Street, with the mansion of the late Kirkman Finlay, Esq., is now occupied by the National Bank of Scotland. Mr. Bogle’s house stood a little back from the line of the street, and had a small grass plot in front.

After Cunningham’s house, perhaps the finest house in Queen Street, was that belonging to Mr. Ritchie of Busbie, and purchased by Kirkman Finlay, Esq., for £5,000. It was built in 1775, but I was too young at that time to remember the state of its site when Mr. Ritchie purchased the ground. I have, however, often played at the hand-ball upon the walls of his offices, which were

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\* I recollect of having been in company with Mr. Bogle at the time when he was building the house and laying out the grounds of Gilmorehill, the expense of which was turning out much greater than he expected; and he remarked that Gilmorehill was an improper name for the place; the right name, he said, ought to have been “Bogle’s Folly.” So much for foresight!

situated upon a fine open green plot lying between his house and the property belonging to Robert Bogle, Esq.

Mr. Ritchie was one of our great American merchants, and a tobacco lord of olden time. It is curious to look back to the disastrous period of the American war, and to see the difficulties and losses which that war occasioned to the shipping interest of this country. No place suffered more at that time than Glasgow, by the necessity which our Government was under of issuing warrants of impressment, in order to man the royal navy; and nowhere were the outcries against the horrible system of *press-gangs* more deep and more wide spread than in our own city, and justly so. Here is an example of what took place to one of Mr. Ritchie's ships, and I place the case before our Glasgow underwriters as a curiosity:—

*Weekly Magazine* (1770), page 255—November.—“Early on Sunday morning, the 11th current, an express arrived at Glasgow from Campbelton, with an account that the ship Ritchie, Malcom Crawford, master, bound from Virginia to Greenock, being loaded with 380 hogsheads of tobacco, was, upon the 7th current, forced into Campbelton bay by a severe gale of wind, and that immediately thereafter, and before the ship could be brought to an anchor, all the ship's hands, except the master, two mates, and a boy, were impressed by the officers and men of one of his Majesty's cutters, whereby, and the gale increasing, the vessel was drove ashore early on the morning of the 8th current. This is the second accident of the like kind that has lately happened on that coast. In the former case the vessel was entirely lost.”

Upon these news reaching Greenock, and further, upon intelligence arriving of the hot press at London, Leith, Aberdeen, and other ports, the greatest alarm took place among the sailors of the Clyde, who almost to a man left their ships and fled into the country, as also most of the carpenters. It will be seen from the following extract that even the poor Broomielaw gabbertmen were seized by the press-gangs; and when it is considered that the Clyde at that time had not been deepened by the operations of Goldborne, these lubberly gabbertmen must have navigated merely trifling river boats, and were quite unfit to become the bold Jacky tars of our royal navy:—

*Weekly Magazine* (1770), page 29.—“We are informed from Greenock that for some days past there has been a very hot press at that place and at Port-Glasgow, and that a considerable number of seamen have been picked up. The outward-bound vessels as well as others, and even the gabbarbs on the river, have been deprived of most of their hands, and no regard was paid to protections.”

If there still remain alive any of your readers who frequented the watering places of Largs and Fairlie during the period of the

American war, they must have remembered that at that time the Fairlie roads were the constant rendezvous of our Clyde ships, both the inward and outward bound. These roadsteads then were seldom seen without three or four fine ships lying at anchor between Largs and Fairlie. Your young readers, no doubt, will feel surprise at this, and will naturally ask, "How comes it about that at present it is quite a curiosity to behold a square-rigged vessel drop its anchor in these waters?" But in truth, it was the terror of the press-gang which made almost every large vessel, whether inward or outward bound, stop in the Fairlie roads. Along the whole of the west coasts of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire there was then a complete understanding between the farmers, smugglers, and others of these districts, on the one part, and the captains and sailors of our Clyde merchant ships on the other part, that on a ship arriving from our American colonies into the Firth of Clyde, it was to be warned by private signals, and by other modes of information, when and where it was safe for the sailors to land from the said ship. Accordingly, upon receiving the necessary intelligence, or upon observing any where upon the line of the coast a signal from the hills, announcing that the press-gang were not in that quarter, the whole crew, with the exception of the captain, mate, and apprentices, deserted the ship, and fled up the country, mostly to the neighbourhood of Beith, which at that time was a perfect den of smugglers. The ship then was very generally brought to anchor in the Fairlie roads by the captain and mate, and an express despatched to the owners of safe arrival. With regard to the outward-bound ships, they were usually navigated from Greenock and Port-Glasgow by the captain, mate, and apprentices, to the Fairlie roads, and there dropped their anchors until private communication had been made to the sailors, who were under hidings; and as soon as these sailors were able to get safely on board, the ship sailed for her place of destination. It is needless to say that this state of matters, and the general prevalence of smuggling, kept the whole west coast in a position bordering upon intestine war. I remember that while our family occupied Haly House, near Largs, as summer quarters, in the year 1782, of seeing three fine-looking young fellows of sailors (who had deserted a ship lying in the Fairlie roads) pass our door, with their bundles suspended on their backs, hanging upon oaken cudgels, and pushing their way over Achen Branchen Hill, for

Beith.\* In fact, sailors at this time were great favourites among the farmers of the coast; for they generally carried a drop of brandy and a little tobacco in their knapsacks, and these dainties made them always welcome visitors everywhere. Although Government offered rewards† for discovering the hiding places of sailors in the merchant service, there was scarcely an instance of our west-country farmers ever betraying a sailor who had thrown himself upon their rustic hospitality. Indeed the press-gang was detested by everybody; and almost universally considered as a set of legalized ruffians. Even the farmers themselves were not safe at that time from the iron grasp of the press-gang. A gentleman told me that his grandfather was proprietor of a small property on the west coast, which he farmed himself; but like most farmers upon the coast in those days, he occasionally went out to fish in his own boat. One night the press-gang arrived at his house, took him out of his bed, and put him on board of a tender lying at the Tail of the Bank, notwithstanding of his protestations that he was a landsman, and had never been at sea as a sailor. In order to effect his discharge, he was compelled to send for the title deeds of his property, thereby to prove he was a landed proprietor, and not liable to be impressed. He obtained his discharge, but when he applied for restitution of his title deeds, no one could tell him what had become of them; and my informant said, that to this day, these deeds have never been recovered.

In the event of the press-gang being attacked by a mob, or otherwise interrupted in their impressments, the military were bound to protect them; and even a little middy, with a press warrant in his pocket, was, in fact, erected into the rank of a civil magistrate, and could order out the military to assist him, in the case of his being maltreated by the populace. All civic rulers were bound by law to give their aid to the press-gang in their operations of impressment, so long as the latter could exhibit their press warrants. No seaman was secure from impressment under fifty-five years of age. Supposing a seaman under that age had abandoned the merchant service, had married and settled in some

\* At this time there was no carriage-road through the muir above the Largs and Fairlie.

† A sum of twenty shillings was given by the press-gang for every sailor who was caught, and sixpence per mile allowed for travelling expenses, if the distance did not exceed twenty miles.

town as a trader, or say, as a grocer, nevertheless he was liable to be impressed, and the press-gang might have seized him, locked up his shop, carried him off to a tender, and left his wife and children to shift for themselves. The following persons, however, were exempted from being impressed, viz.—the captain, mate, and carpenter of a ship; apprentices bound for three years, boys under eighteen years of age, seamen above fifty-five years of age, all foreigners, seamen in the Greenland fishery and harpooners, *provided they gave security that they would go to the whale fishing next season.* Ferry-men also at common law were understood to have been privileged from being impressed. But even certain landsmen could not be said to have been secure from the fangs of the press-gang, especially sturdy vagabonds. By an act of Parliament passed in 1757, landsmen liable to be impressed are thus described:—"All able-bodied, idle, and disorderly persons, who cannot, upon examination, prove themselves to exercise and industriously follow some useful trade and employment, or to have some substance sufficient for their support and maintenance." Our sheriffs, justices of the peace, and Glasgow magistrates, during the American war, seem to have acted upon the system of handing over to the press-gang all sturdy rogues convicted of transgressing the law; there was no such thing in those days as our bailies sending a stout idle culprit "sixty days to Bridewell," but off he was sent to Greenock, and put on board of a tender lying at the Tail of the Bank—it was cheap work—no prison expenses. The press-gang followed the example of those in authority, and seized upon all sturdy or idle vagabonds, even although landsmen, as the gang were quite aware that their proceedings in this respect would not be challenged by our civic rulers. Our working population, however, adopted another view of the matter; and whenever they had it in their power, they strenuously took the part of the impressed men, and endeavoured to release them from the clutches of the press-gang, as the following example will testify:—

*Weekly Magazine*, (1770), page 287—November.—"Within these few days four men having been impressed in Glasgow for the sea service, the Magistrates ordered a commissary officer, with a posse of constables, and a party of the military, to escort them to Greenock, and deliver them to the captain of the sloop of war now lying there. At three o'clock on Monday afternoon last, the officer and his party proceeded from the guard house, accompanied with a crowd of street boys, &c., &c. Two of the men being unruly were obliged to be tied to a cart, the other two were only hand-cuffed. Upon their coming to the bridge, the boys, &c., began to throw a deal of dirt and stones, and continued to harass the guard so much, that the military, who were only five in num-



ber took to their heels, and left the prisoners, who were afterwards set free by the crowd. Three vagrants concerned in the above affair have since been apprehended."

Our magistrates at this time were:—Colin Dunlop, lord provost; Arthur Connel, bailie; John Tilloch, bailie; William Ewing, bailie. The descendants of some of these magistrates are at the present time well known inhabitants of Glasgow, to the third and fourth generation.

It must be kept in view that the bridge mentioned in the above extract was the "Auld Brigg of Glasgow," then only twelve feet wide. I remember crossing this bridge in the year 1778, when the scaffolding was erecting on its east side, for the purpose of widening it ten feet. How few are now alive who can say that they crossed the Clyde by Bishop Rae's original bridge! At the time when the above-mentioned fracas took place between our populace and the military upon the Auld Brigg, the new bridge at the Broomielaw was in the course of erection; and there then appears to have been a temporary wooden bridge built alongside of it, as the following extract shows:—

*Weekly Magazine*, (1771), page 286—May 24th.—"By a letter from Glasgow, we are informed that ever since Thursday morning last they have had almost a continued heavy rain, which has swelled the Clyde to a greater degree than has been known these many years past. On Saturday the temporary bridge adjoining to the bridge now building, was entirely carried off by the flood, and the timber supports erected for building the great centre arch of the bridge have likewise been entirely swept away."

I shall conclude my notices of the press-gang by a short quotation from Henry Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (page 189), which is a graphic, but true, account of the manner often resorted to in Mackenzie's time to recruit the British navy and army:—

"An officer with press orders came down to our county, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it; my son's name was in the justices' list. In the gang was a serjeant of foot; he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom."



## MY FIRST TRIP TO EDINBURGH.

HAVING in a former article given some account of my first trip to the west coast in the year 1778, perhaps a short statement of my first excursion towards the eastern coast, in order to visit the Modern Athens (as Edinburgh has been called) may not be unacceptable to your readers. At this time Edinburgh stood greatly ahead of Glasgow, in point of population, and in the eyes of its inhabitants immeasurably before it in regard to gentility, a feeling which still lingers in the breasts of our eastern neighbours, but which our Glasgwegians are very unwilling to acknowledge.

It was in the summer of the year 1784, and during the vacation of our grammar school (then situated in the wynd of that name) that papa and mamma informed us of their having invited the Rev. Mr. Ferrier of Edinburgh and his two young daughters to spend a few days with us in Glasgow. Now this intelligence put me into a terrible fright, for I had formed a most awful idea of a minister. I thought of some gaunt-looking personage, with a bushy wig, all stiffness and formality, drawling out his sentences in the king's best English, and carefully weighing each syllable of his speech, lest he should fail in giving it the proper Anglo accent, or be guilty of uttering a broad Scotch word. But, above all things, I was most dreadfully alarmed lest he should examine me upon the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, for, to tell the truth, I knew no more of their contents than the first and third questions, viz.:—"What is the chief end of man?" and "What do the Scriptures principally teach?" and these questions I could not answer—nay, I did not even understand the meaning of the word "principally," for it was then pronounced by my school-fellows like two distinct words—"princi-pally"—the emphasis being always placed on the two last syllables, "pally." Now, in explanation of all this my ignorance, I have to remark that mamma was a rigid dissenter of the old Scotch covenanting stock, and had issued the strictest injunctions to Mr. Dickson,\* my

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\* My English schoolmaster was Mr. Dickson, who was then the most eminent English teacher in Glasgow. His school was in Princes Street, on the first floor above the street of the second tenement east of the Leigh Kirk Close. Mr. Dickson was a mild, gentlemanly man, and greatly respected. He was the grandfather of our fellow-citizen, David Niven, Esq., writer.

English schoolmaster, that he was not to give me any portion of the Assembly's Catechism to learn by heart, but in its place that I should get psalms and chapters from the Bible, as the great fountain-head and pure stream to drink at; the old lady observing that the Catechism was merely a puff of words out of men's mouths, and no better than a bag of chaff. But although I was thus grossly ignorant of my Catechism, nevertheless I was pretty well versed in the Bible stories of Joseph and his brethren, of David and Goliath, of Samson and the Philistines, and of all the marvellous portions of the Old Testament. As for the Psalms, I thought myself quite a master of elocution in reciting the twenty-third Psalm with Mr. Dickson's best specimen of the true English pronunciation.

I was not at home when the Rev. Mr. Ferrier and his daughters arrived, being out at my play; but as soon as I had set my foot within the threshold of our door, the servants announced to me the awful intelligence that the minister had come, and was in the dining room. I thought my heart would have leapt to my mouth at the information, and it was with a palpitating breast that I turned the handle of the dining room door, and on entering made my best dancing-school bow to the strangers; but my alarm was only for a moment, for in place of seeing a gaunt, old, formal, sour plum, as I expected, I found the rev. gentleman to be the most lively, frank, good-humoured personage I had ever met with, full of jokes and merriment, and possessed of a matchless overflow of animal spirits; and further, who to my great delight, spoke in good broad Scotch. It was not long, therefore, till the minister and I were quite as social as schoolfellows; for, instead of questioning me about the Catechism, he showed me how to plait the drummer's plait, how to make paper cocks, and paper boats, and other nick-nacks; while, on my part, I brought out my game boards, and played with him and his daughters at the tod and lambs, and the royal game of the goose, and at other boyish games. In short, we quickly became the most intimate friends, and as closely knit together as David and Jonathan. The result of our friendship was an invitation from him to me to go to Edinburgh on a visit, along with him and his daughters on their return, and to remain a week there. The consent of the old folks having been obtained, I joyfully set about making preparations for this unlooked-for happiness.

Mr. Ferrier and his daughters having spent eight days with us, resolved to return to Edinburgh by the Edinburgh diligence, which was a chaise and pair. It set off daily from the Saracen's Head Inn in the Gallowgate, at seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived in Edinburgh at eight o'clock at night. I think the price of the seat was 7s. 6d., but I am not sure of this, as I did not pay for my seat, Mr. Ferrier having engaged the whole vehicle. I slept very little the night before my departure, thinking on the grand sights that I was to see in Edinburgh, and was up next morning when the Ramshorn bell was ringing six o'clock. All our luggage being ready, and a farewell given to our fireside relatives and friends, the minister, his daughters, and myself set out on foot for the Saracen's Head Inn, by way of the Gallowgate. As we passed along that street we came to the quarters of Gabriel Watson, who was then unloading the great Newcastle waggon. This was a ponderous machine, with six broad wheels, and drawn by eight horses. It generally carried a great portion of the Glasgow linen and cotton manufactures to the London market. It travelled at the rate of twenty-five miles per day, and was three weeks upon the road between Glasgow and London, resting always upon the Sundays. It was said that the first trip which Mr. John M'Ilquham made to London was in this conveyance. I remember of my father mentioning that he went for the first time to London in the year 1749. He sailed from Borrowstounness on board of a trading vessel, which at that time was considered the best mode of conveyance from Glasgow to the English capital. What is curious, there being then in Glasgow another gentleman of the same christian and surname as my father, our citizens, after my father's return from London, distinguished him from his namesake by calling my father "London John." So remarkable was a sight of London at that time considered in Glasgow.

After passing Gabriel Watson's quarters in the Gallowgate, we soon arrived in sight of the noted sign of the Saracen's Head, and truly a frightful fellow he was; with his truculent countenance, and glaring eyes, his hooked scimitar and crimson eastern dress, he was indeed the very image of the ghoul in the Arabian Nights. It is singular how this sign should have come down to our own times. We still see the signs of the Saracen's Head and of the Turk's Head, thus showing the lingering reminiscences of the Crusades, during which time a Turk was looked upon with horror, as a sort

of relentless demon. Having arrived at the Saracen's Head Inn, a few minutes before seven o'clock in the morning, we waited a short time until the horses were put to the diligence. This celebrated inn is still to the fore, but converted into shops and small dwelling houses. The great hall in which our civic rulers and our county gentleman were wont to hold their feasts, and where our Glasgow belles "tripped it on the light fantastic toe," is now turned into a reading school. It still shows the remains of an elegant and commodious place of assembly, and quite worthy of the times in which it was erected. The horses being now harnessed, and our luggage strapped and secured on the top of the diligence, we fairly set off for the great town of Edinburgh. Coachy, however, did not show much diligence in the use of his whip, for we travelled very slowly—not more, perhaps, than six miles in the hour—and whenever any little eminence occurred, the horses were allowed to take a comfortable walk to its summit. We arrived at Cumbernauld shortly after nine o'clock, where we stopped upwards of an hour and a half, in order to give us time for breakfast, and to allow a little rest and a feed to our horses, they being destined to carry us forward another stage.

After a comfortable *déjeuner*, we again took our places in the diligence, and set out upon our journey at the former *canny pace*. About two o'clock we arrived at the famous and ancient town of Linlithgow, where we stopped (as at last stage) fully an hour and a half, which gave us plenty of time, not only to dine, but also to take a walk over the town, and to see all the curiosities of the place; amongst these I felt most interest in examining the celebrated "Lithgo' Wells." The Edinburgh folks used to laugh at Glasgow vulgarity, but in those days we paid them back in their own coin; and I believe that we had the best of it, as the following notable distich of the times can verify:—

Lithgo' for wells,  
Glasgow for bells,  
Falkirk for beeves, and  
Edinburgh for — and thieves.

Although Glasgow has thus been celebrated of old for her bells, nevertheless, I am sorry to say that she has lost some of her ancient dignity in this respect, for our music bells are in a sad state of disrepair, and most miserably out of tune. They consisted originally of twenty-eight in number, and in my younger days

were played upon by old Joshua Campbell with great execution and taste. He particularly excelled in our old Scottish melodies. These bells were erected in the year 1736, and including certain additions made in 1739 cost ultimately £611 1s. 9d.\* At this time the usual dining hour in Glasgow was one o'clock; and in order that our citizens should have their ears regaled at the same time that our palates were gratified, our music bells were daily set to ring various favourite Scotch airs by a professional musician (whose services were paid by an annual salary from our magistrates), between the dinner hours of one and two o'clock. Besides this professional performance, as above mentioned, these bells played a series of national tunes by machinery or clock-work every two hours, and the tunes were changed each second hour from noon to noon. This was done through the instrumentality of a barrel like the barrel of an organ. I have often felt surprise that a visit to the steeple at the Cross has never been considered one of the sights of Glasgow worthy of the notice of strangers. Even amongst our own citizens, how few of them have ever ascended this ancient fabric, and beheld the performances on the music bells? Perhaps they even are not aware that these bells (besides the above-mentioned barrel) are furnished with a set of keys like a finger organ, which keys, however, are not run over with the fingers as our young misses scamper over the keys of their pianos, but are sturdily beaten with the whole force of the clenched fists, and these fists carefully guarded from danger, by being enclosed in well-stuffed coverings of stout leather. Many of your readers have mounted to the top of St. Paul's in London, for the sake of the magnificent view which it affords of that city, but how few of them have taken the trouble to climb the stairs of our ancient Cross steeple. Now, I can assure them of much

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\* Since receiving the above "memoranda," we have called the attention of our friend "Senex" to the fact, that the chime of bells in the Cross steeple was renovated and repaired at considerable cost in 1843. In reply, he says—"You are certainly mistaken if you think that the music bells at the Cross are in good order. I know that they were repaired, but still the bells are not what they were. In my younger days the barrel played the following tunes by machinery:—'Easter Hymn,' 'Gilderoy,' 'Nancy's to the greenwood gane,' 'Tweedside,' 'The Lass o' Patie's Mill,' 'The last time I came o'er the Muir,' and 'Roslin Castle.' Now, pray listen at the hours of 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and observe if you can make out any of the above tunes." We think "Senex" is right; but after all, the roar of traffic at the Cross is now so tremendous, that the sound of the bells would be to a great extent unheard, even let them rival the music of Orpheus.—ED. [1853.]

gratification if they will make the experiment, and ascend this greatly-neglected turret. I have been on the top of the High Church steeple, the Ramshorn steeple, the Bridgegate steeple, and various others of our Glasgow steeples; but none of them affords such a splendid view of our city as the steeple at the Cross. From it we see our four great leading thoroughfares spread before us as if on a map. To the north we see the High Street; to the east, the Gallowgate; to the south, the Saltmarket; and to the west, the long and splendid vista of the Trongate, Argyll Street, and Anderston, with the busy crowd of our citizens hurrying along with all the bustle of a thriving population. The scene puts me in mind of the "raree shows" of my childish days, when I enclosed in a long box covered with oil paper, and perforated with pins, a series of dramatic figures and paintings, extending by a protracted avenue apparently to a great length; which, when viewed through a magnifying eye-glass in front of the box, was no bad childish imitation of the scene I have just mentioned. Some of your elderly readers may yet remember these "raree show boxes," and the little folks standing in our streets with their boxes in their hands, and bawling out for customers, "Gie's a preen, to see the sicht o' a raree, raree, shōw, shōw, shōw." How amusing it was to see the sleeves of the left arms of these urchins stuck full of pins, with the profits arising from the exhibition of their raree shows!\*

It is now nearly sixty years ago since I escorted an American lady up the dark stairs of the Cross steeple to hear old Joshua play the music bells, and to witness the splendid view of our streets from its summit. She was much gratified indeed.

"THE BELLS.

"Hear old Joshua with the bells—  
Music bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

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\* If "Senex" had happened to be taking one of his usual antiquarian strolls about the half-built streets of the south side of the river, not more than a dozen years ago, he might have seen many a one of the raree shows he remembers so long ago. The rhyme then sung was:—"Wha'll gie's a preen, or a bool, or a button, to see the sicht o' a raree, raree shōw, shōw, shōw?" Another child's cry was about the same time very common, namely:—"Wha'll buy a preen's worth o' sugar mug?" Can "Senex" give us any hint of the age of this last article of merchandise, which was a juvenile retailment of the sugar refiners' broken moulds?—ED.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night !  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight :  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.”—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

But it was not merely for *music* bells that Glasgow was famous; she was also renowned for *Bells* of another kind—she had her Bell’s Haugh, her Bell’s Park, and her Bell o’ the Brae, although the latter has been cropt of some twenty feet of its altitude. She also had, and still has, her Bell’s Wynd, but now *minus* of its handsome gate facing the High Street. Her great boast, however, is the honour of having had in days of yore such Bells as our great Provost Bells—our enterprising Deans-of-Guild Bells—in more recent times, of Henry Bell—and, *hoc tempore*, of our eminent Sheriff Bell—and not forgetting our worthy friend David Bell.

Oh, the Bells, the Bells, the Bells, the Glasgow Bells !  
 How the name a tale of olden times yet tells !  
 Then I O ! a posan for the Glasgow Bells !

After a very comfortable dinner at Linlithgow, we again took our seats in the diligence, expecting to get a little quicker forward, seeing that the horses were now changed; but in this we were disappointed, for we just proceeded at the former jog-trot pace for a couple of hours or so, when we stopped at an inn upon the road, where the horses were fed and got a long rest, to enable them to finish the remaining stage of our journey. In the meantime, while the horses were thus resting and feeding, we had our tea, and spent the time in the best manner we could, but rather tired at the delay. Being again seated as before, we drove on, and were finally set down safely in the Grass Market of Edinburgh about eight o’clock at night.

About this time there was a class of men in Edinburgh called “caddies,” who received licenses from the magistrates to act as porters. The caddies bore a high character for honesty and good conduct, so much so, that they were frequently entrusted with the charge of delivering large sums of money, and of very valuable articles; and almost in no instance had any of them been found



guilty of committing the slightest breach of trust. It was to one of these caddies that Mr. Ferrier delivered our luggage, with directions where to take it. In the meantime, we proceeded from the Grass Market up the West Bow to the Lawn Market, where Mr. Ferrier had his residence. His house was near the Lucken Booths, on the north side of the Lawn Market, and up two stairs; the passage to it rather dark and narrow. It was an old-fashioned house, and did not appear to me to possess much grandeur. The shopkeepers in the Lawn Market very generally had portions of their goods exposed upon the footpath of the street, on the outside of their shop doors; this was especially the case with vendors of coarse linens and woollens.

St. Giles's Church was then disfigured by the Lucken Booths, and by a narrow lane called the Creams, both of which have been removed. The South Bridge, now so prominent to the view of strangers, was not in existence at the period in question, so that this part of Edinburgh had then a very different appearance from what it has at present. The Tron Church was surrounded by old buildings, with narrow closes running southwards to the Cowgate, and Niddry's Wynd, Merlin's Wynd, and Kennedy's Close being then to the fore. Of course Adam's Square had not yet been built.

The Exchange at this time was quite neglected by the Edinburgh merchants, who met in the High Street, where the old cross of Edinburgh once stood, and where their forefathers met in olden times; just as our neighbouring farmers prefer to meet at the head of the Stockwell, because that place was once our cattle market.

The custom of throwing out nuisances of all kinds from the windows of houses in the old town, after ten o'clock at night, was then in full vigour, and the celebrated cry of "gardez-vous" (changed to "gardiloo") was still heard in the narrow lanes and closes of Auld Reekie. In fact, there were no common sewers whatever at that time in the old town, and the principal streets and wynds being situated upon a hill, the natural descent to the lower grounds formed a cheap and easy drain for carrying off the contaminated domestic streams. The old town Guard House, of ancient celebrity, and the Weigh House, which were situated at the Lucken Booths, near the Lawn Market, were at this time, in existence, but have since been pulled down. The Edinburgh University was a clump of mean old buildings, situated among

dirty streets, and possessed none of these immense stone pillars which now grace its front to Nicholson Street. I remember at a later period that it was deemed extremely dangerous to convey these massy columns across the bridges, lest their immense weight should break down the said bridges. I think they were about 30 feet in height, and each consisted of a single stone. The High School of Edinburgh was, at the time of my visit, situated at a short distance from the present Royal Infirmary, but I have not a distinct recollection what like it was, only that it was two stories in height. The Register Office was in the process of building, but not above one-third of the present erection at that time existed, and the records were not yet deposited there. The Surgeons' Hall, at the period in question, stood about 300 feet from the Royal Infirmary, and was rather a neat building. All the banks were situated in narrow, and generally in dark, closes of the old town. The earthen mound was a shapeless mass, not one half of its present height, and scarcely passable for *glaur* and nastiness.

The North Loch (or the Nor-Loch as it was more generally called) was still a mere swamp, with no proper drainage, and full of springs, at the same time receiving the fulzie of the houses on the north side of the Castlehill, Lawn Market, Lucken Booths, and High Street. The park called the Meadows, though frequented as a walk in summer, was in a most abominable state in winter, owing to the putrid exhalations from stagnant water to it from Bristo Street, Potter Row, George's Square, Laurieston, Goose-dubbs, and Sciennes. As for the new town, Prince's Street and George's Street were pretty well built upon, but the cross streets, such as St. David Street, Hanover Street, and Frederick Street, were but partially filled up with buildings; Castle Street and Charlotte Street were merely laid off for feuing. St. James's Square was still unfinished at this period, though partially built, a considerable delay having taken place with regard to completing the titles to the piece of ground constituting this square. Mr. Ferguson, writer in Edinburgh, was the projector of St. James's Square, and, having purchased the ground, he was about to commence building when he was stopped by a claim of the superiors, viz., the governors of Heriot's Hospital, who maintained that, by the original titles of 1733, it is thus declared "That it shall not be leisome to the said John Cleland and his said foressaids to dig for stones, coal, sand, or any other thing

within the said grounds; nor to use the same in any other way than by the ordinary labour of *plough* and *spade*, without the express consent and liberty of the governors of the said Hospital had and obtained thereto for that effect." Mr. Ferguson in answer said, that one James Brownlie, a wright, had feued two acres from the Hospital a little below the Abbey Hill. It was he that built James Court, and he made use of his feu for quarrying the stones and digging the sand necessary for carrying on the project. He failed in his projects, and the Hospital lost the value of his feu altogether, as the levelling of it would have cost *ten times more* than the sum it could bring at a sale. That piece of ground has ever since got the name of the Upper Quarryholes. Mr. Ferguson further said that the only intention of this clause was to prevent the Hospital from being deprived of their feu-duty by destroying the surface of the grounds, and that this was clearly illustrated from the conduct observed by many other feuars of the Hospital, whose charters bore the same restrictive clause, and who, notwithstanding thereof, had erected spacious buildings upon these grounds without challenge from the governors. The Court of Session determined the case in Ferguson's favour, which decision on appeal to the House of Lords, was affirmed.

The Rev. Mr. Ferrier and Mrs. Ferrier were exceedingly kind and attentive to me during my visit, and the young Misses Ferrier were so obliging as to escort me over the city and its suburbs; but I did not go to Leith, and therefore I can say nothing regarding it. The time now approached for my return home, and having perambulated the principal streets, wynds, and closes of Edinburgh, I began to compare the two cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and after much cogitation I came to the conclusion that Glasgow was a far finer place than Edinburgh. Our Trongate, I thought, beat their High Street; our High Church was grander by thousands than their Holyrood House; our St. Andrew's Church was better than their St. Giles's; and with regard to their King Charles, our King William beat him hollow; as for their college, it was a poor, shabby affair, and our college beat it all to atoms. The Edinburgh folks might brag of their Parliament House, but I thought it little better than our own Tontine. Regarding their Tron Church, even our own old Tron Church, was every whit as good. Though we had not such long new streets in Glasgow as Prince's Street and George's Street, we had Miller

Street and Charlotte Street, with houses in them as good as the Edinburgh ones. We could not boast of a castle, to be sure; but I thought, if a large house was built in Craig's Park, that it would make as pretty a place as the castle. As for their nasty North Loch and dirty Meadows, who would compare them to our beautiful river Clyde, and to our noble Green of Glasgow, with its fine serpentine walks. Looking to their Cowgates, their Potter Rows, and their Candlemaker Rows, what better were they than our Bridgegate, our own vennels, and our own wynds. As for steeples, I defied them to match us in steeples. I thought that perhaps our Town's Hospital might not be quite so grand as their Heriot's Hospital, but we had Hutcheson's Hospital besides, and the two put together I considered were far better than Heriot's. Fah! about their boasted North Bridge, with its broken back and dirty dwellings below it, who would set it in opposition to our elegant and handsome New Bridge, with the limpid waters of our river purling beneath it; besides, we had the Auld Brigg to the bargain. As for their music bells—pooh, pooh! they were the mere ding-dongsing of old metal, and not fit to hold the candle to our music bells. Them play "Tweedside," and "Nancy's to the Greenwood gane," and the "Lass o' Patie's Mill!" I defy them. A fiddle-stick for their Calton Hill! I would not give our own Ratton Raw for it. And then what a fuss they make about their grand walk in Prince's Street, but our own walks below the pillars along the Trongate and down the Saltmarket, is far *grander*. About their curious West Bows and Nether Bows, sure a climb up our own Deanside Brae or Bell o' the Brae, is twenty times prettier. Their new St. Andrew's Church (then without a spire), is beat to rags by our new St. Enoch's and its handsome spire. Then what a puff—puff—puffing they make about their splendid view from the top of Arthur's Seat, but our own view from the top of Cathkin Hills is just as good, if not better than it, and we make no brag about the matter. And so I went on drawing all the comparisons in favour of Glasgow, and taking up the firm resolution to defend Glasgow out-and-out on my return there against every one who would venture to give Edinburgh a preference. Your readers, however, must keep in mind that all this fine thread of ratiocination was spun by me in the year 1784.

Mrs. Ferrier at my departure from Edinburgh was so kind as to present me with a handsome box filled with fine sealing wax

and wafers of all the colours of the rainbow, and a sheaf of black lead pencils for drawing; also some good fare in a bag to eat upon the journey home. Mr. Ferrier and his daughters saw me fairly seated in the Glasgow heavy coach, and having given me a hearty shake of the hand, bade me farewell. After being about ten or twelve hours on the journey, I arrived safe and sound at Glasgow, without anything happening to me worthy of narrating, only that I came home with the most thorough conviction that Glasgow still bore the *Bell*, and beat Edinburgh all to sticks.

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#### FAMILY HOPS—GREAT FIERY METEOR OF 1783.

My father having died when I was only fifteen years of age, the sole charge of attending to our domestic arrangements then devolved upon my mother, who was a fine representative of the habits and manners of Glasgow in the olden time. She resided, in her early years, in the Westergate, at the corner of Queen Street, then little better than a country road, which road was kept separate from the city by the West Port, near Stockwell Street, taken down in 1751; and so little was the traffic in those days upon the Westergate, that she used to tell us many stories of her amusing herself with her little companions upon that now crowded and busy thoroughfare, as their play-ground.\* Glasgow at this time contained only somewhat about 20,000 inhabitants, and these mostly located in the northern and eastern parts of the city. After the death of my father, the old lady took great delight in amusing us in various ways; but the greatest source of her pleasure was to give us a domestic hop or dance; she, however, had her peculiarities even in this; for she would on no account employ a fiddler who enjoyed his sight, remarking that he had many ways of getting his bread, but a poor blind fiddler had no means of living except by scraping his catgut. She carried this idea so far, that when a blind fiddler at any time came to our door fiddling, and begging alms, if he happened to be an excellent performer, she

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\* There was a house which long stood by itself near the present Jamaica Street. This house on account of its solitary position, got the name of "Stand alane."

would give him nothing, saying, "You have no occasion, my man, to beg, as you can gain an honest livelihood by attending public dances and domestic hops;" but if a miserable blind scraper came, and shocked our ears with his discordant notes, she would hand him a halfpenny, with the kind words, "Here, poor man, there's a halfpenny for you: nobody will employ *you* at a penny wedding."

On the day when I had attained my majority, the old lady celebrated the occasion by giving us a grand dance. The company at these dances usually met at six o'clock to tea—no servants attended the tea-table, as the young gentlemen of the party performed the duty of waiters, and handed the ladies their cups, always containing a strong mixture of green and black tea; and if, perchance, there should have been a sprinkling of gunpowder tea amongst it, the circumstance was never forgotten to be mentioned. I do not recollect of ever having seen coffee presented at these meetings; indeed, coffee was an unusual beverage in Glasgow at this time—chocolate was then more common than coffee. After tea the dancing began, and continued till about ten at night. On the side tables there were placed two large china bowls, the one containing white wine negus, and the other rum punch; also, plates of sweetmeats. These dainties were handed to the ladies by the young gentlemen of the party after each country-dance. Betwixt the country-dances a succession of reels took place, *ad libitum* of the gentlemen, who were entitled to make choice of their partners. At ten o'clock there was a pause in the dancing, and the supper was brought in, consisting of fowls, hams, jellies, and sweatmeats, &c.; after which glasses of negus and rum punch were carried round to the ladies by the young gentlemen, and any of the company who were good singers favoured the party with a song. About eleven o'clock the dancing was resumed, and it generally continued till morning.

On the above-mentioned occasion of a dance having been given upon my attaining majority, the old lady was in excellent spirits, and insisted upon having the dance of her younger days performed, viz., "Bab at the Bowster," and this caused no little mirth among the young folk; the best part of the dance, however, was omitted, viz., the *kissing part*. But what amused us still more, was the behaviour of the said old lady to the fiddlers. Our band consisted of three blind men, viz., two violin fiddlers, and a bass fiddler; while we were at our supper, orders were given to the servants to

lay supper for the fiddlers in a room off the dining room, and to put a mug of porter before each of the fiddlers, stronger drink being prohibited to them. Accordingly, the servants having placed a couple of candles on the fiddlers' table, and put down their supper and porter, were about to depart, when the old lady, looking in to see that all was right, to our great amusement, deliberately, and without uttering a word, took up the snuffers and snuffed out both of the candles; then turning round to the servants told them that they were a parcel of fools to put down two candles to blind men! and, she added, "I'll warrant ye that they'll no pour the porter into their lugs!" So the fiddlers were left to take their supper and porter in the dark. Of the gentlemen who attended this dance (with the exception of myself) there is not one now alive; but there are still living five ladies who were then present, four of whom keep their carriages, and the fifth one is able enough to keep her carriage, likewise, if so inclined.

It was during the time when one of these early family hops was given to us, that the great fiery meteor of the 18th of August, 1783, made its appearance. This meteor was remarkable on two accounts; first, because it was the largest and most brilliant meteor ever taken notice of in the annals of Scotland; and in the second place, it may be said to have laid the foundation of the new science of meteorology; for, before the appearance of this great luminous body, few learned men had turned their attention to the subject. The first catalogue of remarkable meteors was not published till the year 1837, by M. Quetelet, and then there followed several others, both in this country and on the Continent. But let us return to our hop in the meantime. The room in which we were dancing had two windows looking to the north. The evening of the said 18th of August, 1783, had been mild and calm, and twilight had just set in; but candles had not yet been introduced to the room. At a quarter-past nine o'clock, while a country-dance was upon the floor, and while the late Robert Aitken, Esq., (of the Bank of Scotland) was leading down the dance, our room all of a sudden was illuminated, as if a thousand gas-burners had suddenly burst forth, and after a period in which a person might quickly have counted six, had as suddenly been extinguished! It was not like a rapid and instantaneous flash of lightning, which disappears almost in an indivisible point of time, for there was a fleeting delay of light, while in a twinkling the dance was stopped

and every person in the room hurriedly rushed to the windows to see what this mighty burst of light could have been; but behold it was gone! and nothing outward could now be seen, except dark objects glimmering through the mirky twilight. As I stood near the centre of the room, I unfortunately did not see this great ball of fire, but by its light, it appeared to me to have passed over the city in a direction seemingly in a line from Cunningham's house (now the Royal Exchange) to the Slaughter-house (or Court-house on the Green). In its passage southward it was seen to burst into two parts, the discs of each of these parts appearing as large as the original ball seen in Glasgow. At the time when it thus burst, eight brilliant luminous fragments were thrown off from it, besides numerous lesser sparkles. This meteor was seen at Greenwich, and it was then stated that "two bright balls parallel to each other led the way, and were followed by an expulsion of eight others, (not elliptical) seeming gradually to mutilate, for the last was small. Between each two balls a luminous serrated body extended, and at the last a blaze issued, which terminated in a point. Minute particles dilated from the whole."

Dr. Cleland has given us no particulars regarding the great meteor of 1783; but the following account of its appearance here has been taken from *Brown's History of Glasgow*: the facts stated, however, are exceedingly meagre and imperfect:—

"1783. August 18th, between eight and nine o'clock p.m., a large luminous fiery meteor passed over a great part of Europe. It came from the north-west, and went to the south-east. It had a large tail, emitted sparkles, occasioned a buzzing noise, warmed the air; and some affirm they were electrified by it. There is no account of its being seen further north than Oban. The weather all day was hazy, the wind in the forenoon blew gently from the south-west, and shifted towards evening to the north-west. Of its height various opinions were advanced. In general it was allowed it could not be less than four miles."

Now Mr. Brown might have known that at a height of only four miles, it could not have been seen over a great part of Europe. From the subsequent observations of learned astronomers, it is supposed to have originated in the interplanetary space beyond our atmosphere. The atmosphere which surrounds our globe is said to be from fifty to sixty miles in height; and at that height it might have been seen in Italy.

With regard to any falling or shooting stars that I have seen, these always appeared to me to have fallen vertically, or perpendicular to the horizon; but in the present instance there seems to



have been another unknown force in action, for it will be seen that the great meteor in question fell in an oblique direction from NW. to SE., as if impelled by some power sufficient to have made it swerve from the direct line of gravity, which power in some degree appears to have been the predominant one. The following account of this meteor, as seen at Edinburgh, is taken from the *Scots Magazine* of 1783, page 611:—

“On Monday, the 18th of August last, about nine o'clock at night, a ball of fire of considerable magnitude was seen at Edinburgh. It came in a horizontal course from the north-west, passed over the town, and made a most beautiful, clear, luminous appearance, and enlightened the town in a most surprising manner. This meteor was at first supposed to have been very near the earth, but the numerous accounts of its having been seen all over the island, with which the public papers were filled for some time, soon proved that it must have been at an amazing height, and of uncommon magnitude. Its velocity, too, was beyond all conception, having been seen in the north of Scotland and south of England almost at the same instant. Though its general direction was from north-west to south-east, it was seen very far east and west of its track; having been observed in Ireland, and also at Ostend in Holland, at all which places it appeared nearly vertical when at its greatest height.”

A gentleman who was walking a short way west of Linlithgow, in writing of this meteor, says:—“Its direction seemed nearly from north-west to south-east. It consisted of a spherical ball and a tail, in the form of a cone. The ball was of the colour of iron heated to what is termed *white heat*; the tail, particularly toward the extremity, was of a darker yellow. The diameter of the ball seemed about three-fourths of a yard, and was sensibly oblate on the foremost side. No spots were visible on it, nor did I see any marks of a rotatory motion round its axis. The length of the tail appeared to be about 15 yards. I could perceive, I thought, a certain whizzing sound, as it passed, and I found it soon followed by a gentle breeze.”

Having thus given the statements of the unlearned regarding the movements of this great meteor, let us see if the accounts handed down to us by the very learned fellows of the Royal Society, make us any wiser.

The following gentlemen published articles in the *Philosophical Transactions*, giving descriptions of the appearance of the great meteor of 1783, viz.:—T. Cavallo, F.R.S.; A. Aubert, F.R.S.; William Cooper, D.D., F.R.S.; Archdeacon of York; R. L. Edgeworth, F.R.S.; C. Blagden, M.D., Sec. R.S. Now, from such an array of knowledge, one would expect to pick up a little gold dust; but, in truth, these literati have left the subject in pretty much the

same state as they found it. The following is the sum total of their learned disquisitions:—"The meteor of the 18th of August, 1783, seems to have arisen somewhere in the northern ocean, beyond the extremities of this island, and was observed in the N.N.W. quarter, from whence it proceeded S.S.E., almost in the direction of the magnetic meridian. When it was nearly over Lincolnshire, it seemed to deviate in its course more towards the east; and this deviation was marked by two loud reports, described by Dr. Cooper, near Stockton, each as equal to that of a nine pounder, and pretty distinctly heard at Windsor by Mr. Cavallo. At this time, too, the ball seemed to burst into many smaller ones; but soon resuming its original course and appearance, passed the Straits of Dover, and was probably seen at Rome. It seems to have extended its course above one thousand miles, and not to have been less than fifty-five miles above the surface of the earth: its transverse diameter was probably near half a mile; and its real elongation behind (for the apparent length of train was delusive) seems seldom to have exceeded twice or thrice the real transverse diameter. Its velocity was astonishing; for it probably exceeded twenty miles in a second." And the opinion of these learned gentlemen, with regard to the cause of these large meteors, and also of the smaller ones, was, that they were of an electric nature, or perhaps, an accumulated light of the same kind with that which darts and plays in the aurora borealis. This theory, however, although the most obvious and simplest, is liable to several important objections. The electric fluid proceeds in its course with more velocity than meteors, and is not liable to burst into fragments, as was the case with the meteor of 1783; besides, aerolites, (and according to modern meteorologists), all meteors throw down stones, or stony dust, upon the earth, and what is certainly very curious, no stones, having similar component parts as meteoric stones, have hitherto been discovered as forming part of our globe. In 1795, a stone was distinctly seen by two persons, in Yorkshire, to fall in likeness of a meteor; it penetrated the earth to the depth of eighteen inches, and weighed no less than 56 lbs. (See Philosophical Transactions for 1802.) Numerous other instances, well authenticated, are also on record of similar occurrences. From whence do these stones come? Buffon supposed them to be pieces struck from the sun by some comet, and

"Whirled with endless violence o'er the pendant world!"

I remember of reading in the *Edinburgh Review*, about eight or ten years ago, another theory, viz., "That these stones were discharged from a volcano in the moon, and as the moon is supposed to have no atmosphere to retard their progress, they just paid us a friendly visit in a free and easy way."

Another hypothesis has been broached, involving a telluric origin of these stones, to wit—that in the centre of all planets there is pent up some substance, a thousand times more explosive than gunpowder, and that when this substance, by accident, gets ignited, the planet, like a bombshell, is blown all to fragments, and these fragments are scattered through impalpable space, amidst the orbits of planets, into which planets some of them are attracted. Now, supposing that our own globe should thus be shattered to pieces, and dispersed, and that poor "Senex," a mutilated corpse, should be twirled up to Jupiter, with "Loose Memoranda on Glasgow Subjects" still grasped by his hand, what a stir it would make among the Jupiterian literati to decipher so valuable a hieroglyphic!

But, laying aside this badinage, let us see what the modern theory of meteors now is. Astronomers have reduced meteors to three classes. 1st, Bolides, or great globular fiery balls; 2d, Falling or shooting stars (called by the French *étoiles filantes*); 3d, Aerolites;—the last of these always discharging stones, or dusty powder of stones, and the other two supposed to do the same. The celebrated M. Arago (who died very lately) calculated that there may be eight millions of comets having their revolutions within our solar system, and that meteors approach nearest to the character and condition of comets. Upon this supposition, fragmentary particles infinitely attenuated may revolve round the sun in orbits as eccentric as those of comets, and in the same vast interplanetary space of impalpable ether. In the course of these revolutions, some of these fragmentary particles may fall into the orbit of a planet, and then be attracted to it by gravitation or otherwise, and hence we have bolides, *étoiles filantes*, and aerolites. Now, I must confess that to me, all this savours so much of guess work, that I can compare it to nothing more *apropos* than to a fine theory of my own, when I was a child six years of age—for the ingenious discovery of which theory I got great credit. It so happened that I was then at church hearing a sermon, and the text was in the Revelations:—"And there ap-

peared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, &c." The minister expatiated in the most glowing language upon the splendour of the woman's appearance, and how superior it must have been to that of a lady clothed in silk, and shining with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; and he said that the sight was so grand as almost to overwhelm our imagination. The words of the minister made a deep impression on my childish mind, and I pondered profoundly on the subject. At our Sunday dinner, when there happened to be a pause in the conversation, I said to papa, "Papa, I know who the woman clothed with the sun and the twelve stars was." "Well, my dear," said papa, "let us hear who she was." I then put on a face of great wisdom, and said that, "She was just the man in the moon's wife!"

P.S.—In your editorial note, page 388, you enquire if "Senex" remembers anything regarding children in olden time making merchandise of the sugar refiners' mugs which were broken. I recollect very well of the children of the lower classes frequenting the dunghills of M'Nair in the Gallowgate, and of the sugar houses in Candleriggs and Stockwell, picking up the broken moulds to which you allude, and trafficking in them; but none of the better classes did so. There was, however, another species of merchandising in sweets of pretty much the same character, in which the children of both the upper and lower classes were sharers. At the foot of the Candleriggs, there were always several stands kept by women, who sold *glassy*, sugar plums, caraways, raisins, &c. The leading article, however, in that market consisted of sugar-alloy and treacle, boiled down to a substance sufficiently tenacious to admit of its being rolled up into strings of the thickness of quills. These strings of sweets were about a foot in length, and were carefully wrapt up in whity-brown paper, and sold three for a halfpenny. The children who were sellers in retail used to unroll the paper about an inch at the end, and for a pin give any one a *sook* of it; always taking care that the customer should not take too long a *sook*. In former times such passing from mouth to mouth in Scotland was thought nothing of. Your elderly readers, I have no doubt, have seen farmers' wives spread butter on bannocks with their thumbs, first spitting on their thumbs to save the butter from adhering to them.

I remember my sister mentioning that she was once at a farmer's

wedding dinner about eighty years ago, and sat next to a decent, well-dressed young farmer. My sister having used her knife at the first course, sent it away and called for a fresh one, when the said farmer took up his own knife that he had been using, licked it clean on both sides with his tongue, and then presented it to my sister, as being fit for a queen. He was totally unconscious of having done an ill-bred action. Even at this time, how often do we see nurses first masticating in their own mouths the food of infants, and then stuffing the *slabered doze* into the babe's mouth?

#### NEGRO SLAVERY IN THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

I BELIEVE few of your readers are aware that negro slavery existed in Glasgow in my day in its full vigour, and that by solemn judgment of our Justices of the Peace it was declared to be the law of the land. Fortunately the question was taken up by some of our spirited citizens, whose names have not come down to us, but to whose memory a public monument is justly due; for, owing to their exertions and support of the poor negro, "*Hodie antiquæ sunt istæ leges et mortuæ*," and now no human being can place his or her foot on the soil of Scotland without being a "free person." The following is an extract from a periodical of the day:—

*Weekly Magazine*, (1774)—page 255. Glasgow, February, 1774.—"The important question, 'Whether or not negroes are slaves in this free country, is soon to be tried before the Court of Session.' A gentleman at Glasgow having intended to send his negro servant abroad, the negro brought an action against his master for his liberty, and also for damages for maltreatment. Some gentlemen in Glasgow have subscribed £500 for supporting the negro."

I possess an original Court of Session paper, giving a statement of the facts of the case by the master of the negro above alluded to, and from this paper I have extracted the information which I now submit to your readers. The Court of Session paper in question is unusually voluminous, and consists of no fewer than 72 pages quarto; but I have greatly condensed it, the original being by much too long for these pages. It was drawn up by Robert Cullen, advocate, afterwards Lord Cullen, one of the most eminent of our

Scotch judges, who, in the course of his arguments as counsel for the master of the slave, has brought forward an immense load of learning regarding the state of slavery among the Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Asiatics, Africans, Babylonians, Phoenicians, Persians, Germans, French, Spaniards, Dutch, Russians, Prussians, Hungarians, Polanders, Bohemians, Moravians, foreign colonists, Americans, English, and Scotch. Setting aside, however, the above recondite investigation and mass of learning, I shall now proceed with my abstract of this very important case. The paper is entitled "Additional Information for John Wedderburn, Esq., pursuer, against Joseph Knight, a negro, defender," and is dated 6th February, 1777. It commences with the following statement of facts:—"About the year 1766, Captain Knight, the commander of a ship in the African trade, having brought a cargo of slaves from Guinea to Jamaica, exposed the said cargo to public sale. Mr. Wedderburn, who was then in that island, purchased from the captain a negro, one of the lot so exposed for sale. This negro was the pursuer in the present action, and at that time was a boy of about thirteen years of age." We are not informed whether this poor child was stolen or kidnapped, neither is there the smallest allusion made to the sufferings of the disconsolate mother, or to her bitter pangs and sobbings for so great a bereavement, made doubly painful by the uncertainty of the fate of her little offspring. No attempt was ever made to communicate any intelligence of the missing boy to his African parents. They were merely negroes! Mr. Wedderburn having purchased this child, named him Joseph Knight after the Captain of the ship who brought him from Guinea, and took him into his own family, where he trained him up as his personal servant.

Mr. Wedderburn, during his sojourn in Jamaica, paid some little attention to the education of Joseph, for he was taught to shave and to dress his master, and what was better, he was instructed in reading and writing. For bestowing so much care upon this boy, and for the heavy expense of maintaining him, Mr. Wedderburn took great credit to himself; but there is a complete silence with regard to the other domestic services in which Joseph was employed. About the year 1771, Mr Wedderburn left Jamaica, and came to Scotland, bringing Joseph Knight along with him, in the capacity of his personal servant; but still claiming him as his slave, and part and portion of his moveable estate. Upon com-

ing to this country, Mr. Wedderburn had him carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, and then had him regularly baptized, after being examined regarding his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

Although Mr. Wedderburn had thus taught his slave to read his Bible, had told him to follow the good examples therein given, and to walk by its precepts, nevertheless poor Joseph did not possess the chaste virtue of a namesake slave, in the service of one Potiphar (as the Scriptures relate to us); for the bright eyes of Annie Thompson, the chamber-maid of Mr. Wedderburn, did their work in his heart and made him her captive. Annie could scarcely say that her Joseph "was a goodly person and well favoured;" but no doubt she was smitten with the amiable qualities of his mind, and so disregarded the blackness of his skin. The short and long, however, of the story is, that one morning a little mulatto made its appearance in Mr. Wedderburn's family; in consequence of which poor Annie Thompson was sent about her business; but Joseph, although equally guilty as Annie, was still retained as his master's domestic slave.

Mr. Wedderburn appears to have acted on this occasion in a very liberal and generous manner, for he gave Joseph money to defray the expenses incurred by Annie, consequent upon childbed, and afterwards paid him sufficient to discharge the costs of the sickness and funeral of the child.

Joseph now did an act of justice to Annie Thompson, he making her an honest woman by marriage—but this step brought strife and discord between the master and the slave; for Joseph on the one hand insisted that his wife should again be received into Mr. Wedderburn's family as a servant, while Mr. Wedderburn on the other hand point-blank refused to let Annie enter the threshold of his house. I shall now give a quotation from the Court of Session paper *in extenso*:—

"This was a demand (on the part of Joseph) which could not be complied with; and it was probably made with a view that the refusal which was certain to follow might furnish a pretext to the young man for deserting his master's service. This scheme would seem to him to have been suggested by some intelligence which it appears he received from accidentally reading an *Edinburgh Advertiser*—that valuable record of the decisions of courts of law. He there discovered some imperfect account of the cause of Somer-

set the negro, decided some time ago in the court of King's Bench; and having from thence concluded that he himself was free, and entitled to quit his master's service when he pleased, he formed his resolution accordingly. He became discontented and sullen, sought occasion for a quarrel, and having packed up the clothes and other articles which his master had given him, was just ready to make his elopement, when Mr. Wedderburn discovered the design. Upon this Mr. Wedderburn immediately presented a petition to the Justices of the Peace of the county, setting forth—That he had brought Joseph Knight from Jamaica a slave, and that he had ever since served the petitioner as a servant; that the petitioner not only maintained him in clothes, but also allowed him some money for his private uses, to induce him to be an honest servant; that Knight within these two days, then past, had packed up his clothes, and threatened to absent himself from his service. Therefore, praying for a warrant to apprehend the said Joseph Knight, in order to examination upon the facts set forth, and upon his acknowledging, or the petitioner proving the same, to find the petitioner entitled to his service, and all the emolument arising therefrom." (It may be here remarked that Mr. Wedderburn never paid Joseph any wages, although he seems occasionally to have given him a trifle for pocket money. Joseph also appears to have been taught to address his master with great awe and respect, not by the plain and vulgarised title of Mr. John Wedderburn, but by the dignified one of "Sir John."\*) I now continue my abstract:—

"Nov. 15th, 1773.—A warrant was accordingly granted; and Joseph Knight having been brought before the Justices on the 15th of November, 1773, he there emitted voluntarily and signed the following declaration:—That he was brought from the coast of Guinea by one Captain Knight when he was very young and carried to Jamaica, where sometime after, upon the cargo being sold, he was sent from the ship to the petitioner's (i.e. defender's) house in Jamaica: That he knows it is the practise of shipmasters to sell the slaves they bring from Guinea: That he does not know anything of his being sold to Sir John, but that he remained with him from the time mentioned as a slave; and he brought him with him from Jamaica to Britain about three years ago. Declares,

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\* Mr. Wedderburn was a partner of the Jamaica house of Webster and Wedderburn.



that he has served him ever since as a servant, and that Sir John furnished him with clothes and other necessaries; and that he has received money from him at different times. That he has no writing from Sir John freeing him from slavery; but, that Sir John, about the time he was baptised, said he would give him his freedom seven years hence, if he behaved well, for that now he was only beginning to be of use to him; and that it is not a twelvemonth since this conversation happened: And that Sir John at that time said he would not give him his freedom here, because he would starve, as nobody would employ him; but that he would give him his freedom in Jamaica, and a house and some ground, where he might live comfortably all the days of his lifetime: That he intended to go away and leave his service some days ago, but that his clothes were not packed up. That what made him resolve to go away was a paragraph he read in Mr. Donaldson's newspaper, published the 3d of July, 1772; and from that time he had had it in his head to leave his service: That he has been entertained and clothed as well as the rest of Sir John's servants; but his stockings were generally coarse, except four pair; and that he got no regular pocket-money, nor nothing for wages; and that he is married: That he was married at Edinburgh to one Annie Thompson, who resides in Dundee, and that he was married at Edinburgh by one Mr. Johnston, upon the 9th of March last; and that the said Annie Thompson was out of Sir John's service before that time."

The Justices of the Peace of the county appear to have given very little consideration to this most important national question, and to have decided it with all the usual haste of a small debt action. The following is the court sentence of the Justices:— Upon considering the petition and declaration, the said Justices "Found the petitioner entitled to the said Joseph Knight's services as a servant, *and that he must continue as formerly*; and decerned and appointed the clerk to furnish the said Joseph Knight with a full copy or extract thereof." Such was the precipitate and inconsiderate judgment of our Justices upon one of the most momentous questions that ever came before them.

Joseph Knight, the pursuer, was much dissatisfied with this judgment; told the Justices that he would apply to the Sheriff of the county, who was a better judge than they, and had given a contrary decision in a late similar question. Having saved his

pocket-money, and obtained assistance from others for that purpose, Joseph was accordingly as good as his word, and presented a petition to the Sheriff setting forth the above-mentioned facts: "And that his master insisted upon his continuing a *perpetual servant*, or in other words a *slave*! and praying that it might please the Sheriff to find that the petitioner, Joseph Knight, cannot be continued in a state of slavery, or compelled to perpetual service; and decern and ordain him the said Sir John Wedderburn, to pay to the petitioner the sum of £—— for his bygone wages, and the sum of £—— as his current half year's wages till Whitsunday next, and to find that the petitioner may engage himself with another master, unless Sir John and he shall agree for a further continuation of his service at such wages as he shall contract for; and to prohibit and discharge Sir John Wedderburn from sending the petitioner abroad, or otherwise using him as his menial servant; and to decern him to pay to the petitioner the sum of £—— of damages and expenses."

It was answered for Mr. Wedderburn that the cause had been already determined by the Justices of the Peace; that, as they were competent judges, it was *res hactenus judicata*; and that it was incompetent for the Sheriff to review their proceedings. An extract was produced from the clerk to the Justices of the Peace, and replies were given in for the pursuer, Knight. Upon advising all which, the Sheriff-Substitute (5th January, 1774), of this date, "in respect of the proceedings before the Justices of the Peace, dismissed the process." A representation was given in against this judgment by Joseph, and answers for Wedderburn, with which the Sheriff-Substitute made *avizandum* to the Sheriff-Depute. And then the Sheriff-Depute "Recalled the interlocutor of the 5th January last, and found that the state of slavery is not recognised by the laws of this kingdom, and is inconsistent with the principles thereof; and found that the regulations in Jamaica concerning slaves do not extend to this kingdom, and repelled the defender's (Wedderburn's) claim to perpetual service; and in respect the pursuer does not allege wages were agreed to be paid to him, repelled his claim thereto; and decerned."

Against this judgment a bill of advocacy was presented by Wedderburn, which coming in course of the rolls before Lord Kennet, Ordinary, (7th March, 1775) his Lordship, after advising memorials, was pleased to make *avizandum* with the cause to the

whole of their Lordships, and to ordain the parties to give in informations. The cause was accordingly pleaded at great length for several days; and thereafter their Lordships, seeing the high importance of the question, were pleased to appoint parties to give in *additional* information upon the whole cause;—so different were the proceedings before the Court of Session from what took place before the Justices of the Peace.

As what I have already stated contains all the facts in the "additional information" laid before the whole Court, it is unnecessary to enter into details. I shall only add, that the arguments urged on both sides were divided into three branches—1st, General slavery; 2d, Domestic slavery; and 3d, (which was the real point at issue), "Whether the purchaser of a negro in the British colonies has a right to the perpetual services of such negro *while in this country*, and whether the purchaser has a right to send the negro back to the colony from which he was brought, if the said purchaser should please to do so." The question in reality was an extremely simple one, and may be summed up as follows, viz:—"Whether a British subject having acquired the property of a negro, *under the authority of British statutes*, shall lose the property by the mere circumstance of his bringing the said negro to Scotland." The Court, after a long debate, pronounced a judgement in favour of Joseph on all the points at issue, and thus he became a free man.\*

There can be no doubt that the case of Somerset the negro, decided in the Court of King's Bench, in England, by Lord Mansfield, in 1772, greatly influenced the judgment of the Court of Session; for it would be a manifest absurdity that a negro slave touching the soil of England should be free, while the putting his feet on Scotch ground should be of no effect whatever.

I am sorry that it is not in my power to give any further account of Joseph and Annie Thompson. It would have been interesting to know what had been their fate in after life.

It is pretty well known that slavery existed in Scotland in early times. David II. manumitted a slave in 1368; and it is believed

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\* The first Petition of the city of Glasgow to the House of Commons in reference to the slave trade, was presented on the 4th March, 1708, shortly after the union of Scotland and England; but this petition was not for the abolition of the African trade in slaves, but was a petition that the said trade should be an open one.

that there are examples of a state of bondage being on record in the reign of Robert III., who died in 1406.

There is a curious Scotch act, 1579, c. 74,\* which provides "That if any *beggar's bairn* above the age of five years, and within fourteen, male or female, *shall be liked* by any subject of the realm of honest estate, the said person shall have the *bairn*, if a male, till the age of twenty-four, and if a female, to the age of eighteen years."

Now-a-days, if any person should threaten to *pull our noses*, we take it as a high affront. Let us see, then, the origin of this degrading threat. *Quoniam Attachimenta*, chap. 56, it is stated that if a bondsman should desert his service, the master may bring him before a justice, and having proved his right to the said bondsman, the master may seize him, and drag him back *by his nose* to his former servitude. (*Et cum Aliquis † adjudicatur Nativus seu Bondus uni Domino, protest ille Dominus ipsum, per nasum suum, redigere ad pristinam suam servitiam.*) After mentioning this particular in our old law, Sir John Skene adds, by way of observation, "Fra the quhilk the Scottish saying commis quhen ane boastis and menacis, *to tak ane uther be the Nose.*"

It is stated by Athenæus, that by the enumeration of Demetrius Phalereus, there were in Athens 21,000 citizens, 10,000 strangers, and 400,000 slaves. The population of Athens, therefore, at that time, was rather greater than that of Glasgow at present; but only think what a state Glasgow would be in, if out of a population of 380,000, there should be 360,000 of that population slaves! Athens, no doubt, excelled Glasgow in the fine arts; but as to the commerce and manufactures which mainly contribute to the comforts of common life, Glasgow most assuredly is now far before what Athens was: and even her boasted Piræus, with its triremes, would cut but a sorry figure in modern times if compared to our own Broomielaw, bristling with a forest of tripple masts and belching steamboat funnels.

Demosthenes possessed upwards of fifty slaves, most of whom were cabinet-makers: so that after all Demosthenes was just a cabinet-maker in Athens; and I dare say that our own Bailie

\* This act is still in force. See the Lord Ordinary's note in the poor-law case, *Wingate v. Meek*.

† What would your friend *Aliquis* say to this?

Whyte can exhibit specimens of cabinet furniture manufactured with as much elegance and Attic taste as Demosthenes himself could have done—the great orator not being up to Spanish mahogany and French polish.

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#### GLASGOW ALE AND PORTER.

IN the days of old John M'Ure, who published a history of Glasgow in the year 1736, there was only one small public brewery in Glasgow, situated upon the Molendinar Burn in the Gallowgate; this was called "Luke's Brewarie," and belonged to Robert Luke, goldsmith, who was treasurer to the City of Glasgow in the year 1730. Previously to this time, it was the general practice in Glasgow for all our citizens who were in comfortable circumstances to brew their own ale and beer, purchasing the malt from the different members of the Incorporation of Maltmen. This incorporation was wealthy, and many of its members had acquired considerable fortune by the sale of malt. Miller Street and Mitchell Street have derived their names from two eminent traders in malt.

Owing to the great extent of private brewing (or caldron ale brewing as it was called) there was little demand for the ale and beer of a public brewery; and as for porter, no such beverage was manufactured at that time in Scotland. Like others in Glasgow, our family, in my infantile days, had a private brew-house; but it being eventually found cheaper to purchase our ale from the public breweries, our caldron ale brewing ceased. The general practice, however, of private brewing was all but extinguished by the stringency of the excise laws, so that now almost no person in Glasgow thinks of brewing his own ale and beer for private consumption.\*

Among the English revenue laws which were made applicable to Scotland, was the act 12th Charles II., chap. 23d, by which it

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\* The celebrated riot called Shawfield's mob was caused by Campbell of Shawfield, the Member of Parliament for Glasgow, having voted, in 1725, for the extension of the malt-tax to Scotland. (See *Pagan's Glasgow*, page 63.)

is enacted "That all common brewers of beer and ale shall once in every week ; and all innkeepers, ale-housekeepers, victuallers, and other retailers of beer, ale, cyder, perry, metheglin or strong water,\* brewing, making, or retailing the same, shall once in every week make true and particular entries at the office of Excise within the limits of which the said commodities and manufactures are made." And it is declared that those "who do not once a week make due and particular entries shall forfeit £5." There is no mention made in this Act of porter, which was not manufactured in London in the days of Charles II.

On the 10th of July, in the year 1777, Alexander Stuart, Collector of Excise in Glasgow, summoned for penalties nearly a hundred individuals for contravening the provisions of the above Act of Parliament, and of other acts subsequently made. Of these no less than thirty-one persons were residents in the Calton ; there were a still greater number who dwelt in the City proper, and the others lived in the different suburbs of Glasgow. The whole of them were charged with having neglected to give due notice to the Excise of their weekly brewings.

Among the persons summoned in the Calton list, there was one named Henry M'Indoe, for brewing to the extent of £4 13s. 9d. without having given due notice to the Excise. He is described as residing in the Flesher's Haugh, now forming part of the public green of Glasgow. At present there are no houses in the Flesher's Haugh. I remember an old house or barn which stood at the east end of the Flesher's Haugh. This old building was used by Mrs. Currie of the Black Boy Tavern, in the Gallowgate (afterwards Mrs. Jardine of the Buck's Head Inn) for washing and bleaching purposes. Mrs. Currie attended her washings herself amidst groups of bathers, with whom she delighted to give and to take jokes. She paid little attention to the nudity of the bathers, who paid as little attention to the modesty of Mrs. Currie.

15th June, 1693.—(Fourth session, first Parliament of William and Mary). This year an Act of Parliament was obtained in favour of the city of Glasgow, disposing to the Magistrates and Council for their behoof an imposition of two pennies Scots upon the pint of all ale and beer to be either brewed or inbrought, and vended, hopped, or sold within the said town, suburbs, and liberties thereof,

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\* Drink made of water, herbs, honey, and spices.

for any space their Majesties shall please, not exceeding thirteen years, *for the purpose of paying the town's debt*, excepting ale and beer brewed by heritors in the country, and consumed by them and their families in town; also, excepting ale and beer brewed and vended in the Gorbals.\* (This city tax has lately been abolished.) At this time (1693) all the measures for drink in Scotland *were made of pewter*. A Scots quart stoup was an English gallon; a pint Scots equal to an English bottle; a Scots choppin was an English quart; a Scots flagon measured from an English gallon to two bottles, and when the flagon was less than two bottles, it was called a tankard. All the above stoups, flagons, and tankards, were for ale; but even claret and the best of wines were sometimes brought in by tavern-keepers in choppin stoups and decanters. There were small measures for spirits; a Scots mutchkin stoup was equal to an English pint; a half mutchkin of course was half an English pint; and a Scots gill was the one-fourth part of an English pint; as for half a gill (as most of us know), that was frequently measured by an English wine glass. I am not aware that we had any pewter measure for half a gill. In my younger days I do not recollect of ever having seen a glass of whisky called for in any of our Glasgow taverns, it was always a gill; but our carousings in steamboats have made the half gill a very common one: it is now called a glass. All the above Scots measures were made of pewter. They had lids upon them with hinges, and a pendicle attached thereto, by which the said lids were lifted by the thumb when the liquor was poured out. Frequently the ale was drank out of quaffs, a few of which were of silver; some of them were of pewter, but the most part of them were formed of wooden slaps, neatly girded together, having an ear at each end. When the ale was poured out into these quaffs, it was customary to sprinkle a little oatmeal on the top of the foaming ale; and I dare say, that there are few of your elderly readers who do not remember the great delight they had in quaffing off, thus seasoned, a reaming draught of home-brewed ale upon a hot summer day. Let the English laugh at our oatmeal being sprinkled on the surface of a reeking tankard of Glasgow October, to give it an extra gusto, but there are few old Scotchmen who would not prefer this draught to the best swig of Meux's entire. Crystal

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\* The above Act was several times renewed.

articles were not used at table for holding ale or beer; wine only was drunk out of glasses; and as for spirits, folks in these olden times had what was called a pewther toss or tass, instead of a glass. Some of these tosses had a cup at each end—a larger one for a great dram, and a smaller one for a little dram; and these tosses stood on either end, so that the great dram end or the little dram end could be placed uppermost or lowermost, at pleasure. There were no lids upon the pewther tosses, as it was understood that they were to be used in such quick succession by the company that lids to them were quite unnecessary. The tosses being all made of pewther, there hence arose the old Scotch joke, passed upon a hard drinker, viz., "He has been a pewthering." This saying has now vanished from amongst us, along with the pewther tosses, and in its place we have substituted the well known apothegm, "He has been taking his glass."

Like the kitchens of most of our old citizens, the shelves of our kitchen and its amry, in my younger days, were ornamented with a profusion of these old pewther measures, which had descended from generation to generation as family heir-looms. Pewther flagons, tankards, stoups, and cans, with lids, also, pint, choppin, mutchkin, half mutchkin, and gill measures, besides quaffs and tosses in abundance, were there set in rows upon the said shelves; in addition to which there was a great display of copper kettles, brass pans, tin pots, mettle tureens and plates,\* brass candlesticks, brass pistols, and mortars, lacquered waiters, and lastly sundry remains of our rich India china carefully mended. In short, every showy household utensil that could in any way deck out the culinary establishment of the servants was prominently set off on our tablets to the greatest advantage, the maids taking great pride in having them all well furbished up, and in keeping them in the best apple-pie order.

"The white-washed wall; the nicely sanded floor;  
The varnished clock that click'd behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures, placed for ornament and use;  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

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\* It appears from Addison, that in his day, the common plates and dishes in a house were made of pewter throughout England. In Scotland *pewter* was called *pewther*.



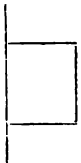
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;  
While broken tea cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.  
Vain transitory splendour."— *Goldsmith*.

In case any of your readers should wish to try their hands at caldron ale brewing, I shall now give them the veritable olden process of brewing that beverage. In the first place—a quantity of water being boiled, is left to cool till the height of the steam be over ; when so much is poured to a quantity of malt in the mashing tub, as to make it of a consistence stiff enough to be just well rowed up ; after standing thus a quarter of an hour, a second quantity of water is added, and rowed up as before ; lastly, the full quantity of water is added, and that in proportion as the liquor is intended to be strong or weak. This part of the operation is called *mashing*. The whole now stands two or three hours, more or less according to the strength of the wort, or the difference of weather, and is then drawn off into a receiver, and the mashing repeated for a second wort in the same manner as for the first, only the water must be cooler than before, and must not stand above half the time. The two worts are then to be mixed, the intended quantity of hops added, and the liquor, close covered up, gently boiled in a copper or caldron for the space of an hour or two, then let into the receiver, and the hops strained from it into the cooler. When cool, the barm or yeast is applied, and it is left to work or ferment till it be fit to turn up. For small beer there is a third mashing with the water nearly cold, and not left to stand above three quarters of an hour ; to be hopped and boiled at discretion. For double ale or beer, the liquors resulting from the two first mashings must be used as liquor for the third mashing of fresh malt.

At the doors of most of the retail dealers of ale and beer in former times there stood a sort of instrument of notification answering the purpose of a door-bell or door-knocker. This consisted of an iron rod having twisted spiral furrows in it, somewhat resembling a patent screw ; it was batted with lead into the door posts, or walls of the house, and had an iron ring similarly twisted lying loose, but embracing the rod in its circle. The ring, upon being drawn rapidly up and down against the spiral iron rod, gave a loud creaking noise, which could be distinctly heard in every part of the house. Customers wishing to

purchase ale or beer, made the announcement by vibrating the ring up and down, or tirling at the door. The notification in question may be roughly represented by types in the annexed

manner. I am not aware of any door-notificators of this description being now in existence in Glasgow.

 The last one that I saw was at the door of Mrs. Hunter, who kept the celebrated ale and beer house in the Trongate, in the through-gaun close opposite the Tentine Inn. There are still alive several of your

readers who have spent many a merry evening in Mrs. Hunter's little box-like apartments, taking their pots of ale, with rizzard haddies, Welsh rabbits, or poached eggs, and getting genteely off for the small reckoning of a sixpence. And they cannot fail of remembering Bonnie Jean, who served them with a face smiling with kindness and good humour, and who received and returned their jokes with inimitable grace and modesty. Bonnie Jean's affability brought many customers to Mrs. Hunter, who was a fine matronly old person, and who delighted to have a crack with all the Glasgow young sparks of the day. Those primitive doings, however, are now remembered only as things that once were. Some of the gay young sparks of Mrs. Hunter's board are yet to be seen on the floor of our Royal Exchange, but with the gray heads and tottering steps of threescore years and ten, *and a bit* *ot*.

I am not sure of the date when the brewing of porter was introduced into Glasgow, but I guess the first attempts to have been made about the year 1760, or shortly afterwards. At that time Mr. John Struthers had his ale and beer brewery in the Gallowgate, on the site of the present Kent Street. At the back of his brewery he had a public bowling-green, which extended southwards to Great Hamilton Street, then the green-dyke. (I have played at bowls in this green). Mr. Struthers was convener of the maltmen in the year 1764 and 1765. He was the father of the late Robert Struthers, Esq., and of Mrs. Kirkman Finlay and Mrs. Meiklem.

About the period above mentioned, a large brewery was projected in Anderstou, under the firm of Murdoch,\* Warroch, and

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\* George Murdoch was our Lord Provost in the years 1766 and 1767. When in London he was presented to King George III., who remarked that the Lord Provost of Glasgow was the handsomest Scotchman he had ever seen. I suppose that his Lordship sported the velvet coat on that occasion.

Company. Warroch Street, in Anderston, has received its name from Mr. Warroch, managing partner of the Anderston Brewery Company.

One of the principal objects of this concern was to brew porter upon an extensive scale for home sale and for exportation. At the time when the Anderston brewery commenced brewing porter, Mr. John Struthers, in addition to his ale and beer business, joined to it the brewing of porter, in opposition to the new company; but as he was not so skilled in porter brewing as in ale brewing, he succeeded in getting one of Murdoch, Warroch, and Company's workmen to enter into his service, and thus he was enabled to brew porter of a like quality with the porter of the Anderston Company. All the porter, however, which was brewed in Glasgow at this time was of a very inferior quality, being extremely dark in its colour, and coarse in its flavour. It was generally understood to have contained a strong infusion of liquorice or "sugar-allie crieshe," as our operatives called it. Glasgow ale and beer being of first-rate quality, was preferred by all classes in the city to porter, in consequence of which the principal sale of Glasgow porter was confined to the export trade. (I believe that it was at a much later period before Messrs. John and Robert Tennent of Wellpark commenced the brewing of porter).

In the year 1774, Mr. Warroch, the acting partner of the Anderston Brewery Company, happening to be in Dublin, which was one of the markets for their porter, had some conversation with the company's agent there with respect to the quality of their liquor, and the difference in taste and flavour betwixt it and the porter which was brewed in London. Upon which occasion, Mr. Warroch declared that he and the other partners of the company were determined to spare no trouble nor expense in improving this branch of their manufacture till they could produce porter equal in quality to the best porter from London. But nothing happened from this conversation till June, 1775, when the company received a letter from one Nathaniel Chivers, who had been bred to the porter brewing in London, and was then in Dublin out of employment, offering to engage with them as a brewer at the rate of £100 sterling yearly of wages. This the company however, would not agree to, as there was already a principal servant established at their brewery, with whom they had every reason to be satisfied. They accordingly wrote to Mr. Chivers

declining the proposal; but at the same time, offering to pay him a reasonable sum of money upon condition of his fairly disclosing to them all that he knew respecting the art of porter-brewing, so that they might be able to correct whatever was amiss in their former practice. The result of this was, that Mr. Chivers agreed to come to Glasgow, and to instruct the Company in the London method of brewing porter; and, as a proof of his knowledge, that he should brew such liquor in their brewery as should have the flavour and other qualities of London porter; for which services the Company agreed to pay him one hundred guineas, besides the expenses of his journey to and from Glasgow; and he was *expressly* taken bound not to communicate his art to any other brewers in the town or neighbourhood of Glasgow. In pursuance of his agreement, Mr. Chivers came to Glasgow in the month of October, 1775, and proceeded to instruct the Company in the art of brewing porter according to the practice in London. Messrs. Murdoch, Warroch, and Company, felt satisfied that Mr. Chivers had not kept concealed from them any particular regarding the manufacture of porter which was known to himself. At the time of making the bargain with Mr. Chivers, it had been mutually understood that his stay in Glasgow was only to have been for a week or two, as he had told the Company that a few days would be sufficient for communicating all his knowledge. In place, however, of returning immediately to London, he, of his own accord, remained with the Company for the space of a twelvemonth, during which time the said Company paid him extra wages over and above the stipulated sum of one hundred guineas. The Company alleged that one way or another Mr. Chivers had received from them for his year's services about £300 sterling. As the Company could not afford to keep a servant constantly in their employment at so great expense, they told Mr. Chivers in October, 1776, that they had no further occasion for his services, and that he might immediately return to London; and money was advanced to him for defraying the expense of his journey. But soon after this the Company were not a little surprised to hear that Mr. Chivers, instead of setting out for London, had entered into an agreement with Mr. John Struthers, to brew porter in part of Mr. Struthers' brewing premises in the Gallowgate of Glasgow.

In consequence of this information, Murdoch, Warroch, and Company, raised an action against Mr. Chivers for breach of

covenant, and craved the Court "to interpell and discharge him from teaching or communicating his knowledge in any sort to the said Mr. Struthers, or to any other person," and they produced the original missive of agreement, which was as follows:—

"London, September, 1775.

"Messrs. Murdoch, Warroch, and Company.

"Gentlemen,—Having engaged to impart to you the London method of brewing strong beer, commonly called *porter*, and in order to give evidence of my knowledge therein, have further engaged to brew such beer at your brewery as shall have the London flavour and keeping qualities, for which purpose you have engaged to pay me £25 sterling as my expenses to and from Glasgow, upon condition that I do not impart the art of brewing to any other in your place or neighbourhood, which I have approved; and do hereby covenant and promise, that I will not communicate that art to any but you and your brewing servant, under the penalty of one hundred guineas.—(Signed) N. CHIVERS."

In another letter Mr. Chivers wrote the Company, saying:—

"My proposals to you, gentlemen, will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, as a common fee to a brewer with an apprentice is three hundred guineas for a full direction of the whole proceedings, and that, thank God, I can do to your great satisfaction."

In answer to the action brought against him by Murdoch, Warroch, and Company, Mr. Chivers denied that he was teaching Mr. Struthers the art of brewing *porter*, and maintained that he merely rented part of Mr. Struthers' premises, and was carrying on the business of *porter* brewing solely upon his own account; and further, he stated that the missive engagement, being a restraint upon natural liberty, ought to receive a very strict interpretation. Mr. Chivers also set forth that he could carry on the whole operation of brewing in Mr. Struthers' brewery without letting him or his servants know anything about the matter; "for that no person looking on could know what rules he followed in compounding the different ingredients, and in regulating the degrees of heat, attending to the qualities of the grain, the nature of the water, and the different seasons of the year—all which are attended to by a skilful brewer; and it is in these, and in a variety of other minutiae of the operation (said Mr. Chivers) that the art depends, which no person whatever can take up, or know anything about, without particular instructions."

In opposition to this argument, Murdoch, Warroch, and Company stated that Mr. Chivers proposed to carry on the whole process of brewing *porter* from first to last at the brewery of Mr. Struthers, a clever and experienced brewer, in presence of him and his servants, and with their assistance, in which case (the Company said)

although the whole operation were transacted in dumb show, and that Mr. Chivers never uttered a word, or answered a single question, nevertheless, that merely by seeing and attending to what was going on, Mr. Struthers would very soon be possessed of all the knowledge of brewing porter which Mr. Chivers himself possessed.

A tedious course of litigation now took place, which it is unnecessary to follow out; it may be sufficient to say that Mr. Chivers was prohibited from teaching Mr. Struthers the art of brewing porter according to the London method; but, in the meantime, Mr. Struthers had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the whole London process so as successfully to compete with the Anderston Brewery Company in the manufacture of Glasgow London porter; and the said manufacture was continued in after-time upon an extensive scale by Mr. Struthers' son, the late Robert Struthers, Esq., first at the Gallowgate Brewery, and afterwards at the Greenhead Brewery.

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#### CHILDISH SPORTS AND GAMES—ROBERT M'NAIR.

THE amusements of childhood, however trivial and insignificant they may appear in reason's estimate, nevertheless, must always be regarded with some portion of interest, from their association with that pleasing season of life; but, should it so happen that we ourselves, in our infant days, had been busy actors in the sports and games of times long since passed away, our gratifications are heightened by a double interest. I shall, therefore, make no apology to your readers for introducing in my "Loose Memoranda" a few sketches on this subject.

Eighty years ago none of the footpaths of the city of Glasgow were flagged with dressed freestone, but were causewayed with common rubble whinstones, and these commonly were of a small size; the plane-stones at the Cross and the passages under the pillars however formed exceptions. The footpaths at the south extremity of the Candleriggs were the first that were flagged in Glasgow: this took place in the year 1776. At this time the guard-house stood at the south-west corner of the Candleriggs, and encroached about ten feet upon the street. It had an open flagged piazza, the upper portion resting upon four Ionic pillars,

but otherwise was a common-place two-story building. Its piazza, however, was well guarded, for the soldiers on duty suffered no civilian to traverse their station, or to walk upon the guard-house plane-stones. This building was taken down in 1786, and with the old stones was rebuilt in the Candleriggs nearly opposite to Messrs. Campbell's warehouse; and again in 1810, it was demolished and a new guard-house built on the east side of Montrose Street near its south extremity. The south-east corner of the Candleriggs was at this time occupied by Dunlop and Wilson, booksellers. These gentlemen were then the fashionable *west-end* booksellers, (as our present Buchanan Street and St. Vincent Street *libraires* now are) and they were the only booksellers who dealt in new publications—the old Saltmarket Street biblioplists confining themselves mostly to religious works, and to the interesting pamphlets and histories of Jack the Giant Killer, Valentine and Orson, Leper the Taylor, and the Seven Wise Men of Gotham, and such like.\* Dunlop and Wilson had one of their shop windows fronting the Trongate, and another fronting the Candleriggs. In the inside of these were displayed stucco busts of Adam Smith, David Hume, and other celebrated literati; also, a goodly set-out of handsomely bound and gilt new publications of the times; while the unfortunate Saltmarket Street booksellers were prevented from making any display at their shop windows, in consequence of their premises being situated in the dark recesses

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\* The following advertisement was attached to the books sold by James Duncan (father of Andrew Duncan, printer to our University). Mr. Duncan was one of the principal booksellers in Glasgow in olden time, and his catalogue of books on sale will show the taste of our Glasgow citizens in literary pursuits at that period:—

1783.—“Books sold by James Duncan, printer, at his shop, a little below Gibson's Wynd, viz.:—

Psalm Books in 18mo and 24mo.  
Bible Psalms for 12mo and 8vos.  
Confessions of Faith in 12mo and 24mo.  
Cloud of Witnesses.  
Irish Psalm Books.  
Durham on Subtile Self.  
Allan's Catechism.  
Vincent's Catechism.  
Child's Guide.  
Aristotle's Master-piece.

Aristotle's Midwife.  
Culpepper's Midwife.  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Book of Knowledge.  
Donald Bane's Art of the Sword.  
Music Books, and many other History and  
Divinity Books too tedious here to  
mention.  
All sorts of Ballads and Pamphlets.

“N.B.—He makes and sells white paper, blew paper, callender, and gray paper, white or brown—~~and~~ and gives money for all sorts of linen and harn rags—and buys lintseed, old or new, or after sowings with rape seed, runch seed, and all other seeds fit for oyl—and gives a reasonable allowance for the same.”

under the pillars; they therefore rested satisfied with decking out their establishments by exhibiting splendid assortments of half-penny prints, and gold-foull'd children's books, such as "Goody two Shoes," "Babes in the Wood," "Puss in Boots," "Robinson Crusoe," &c. The most striking article of their display, however, was the celebrated painted penny print of Paul Jones shooting a sailor who attempted to strike his colours; and the miserable countenance of poor Jack when the pistol was being presented to his head, never failed to attract a fair assemblage of window gazers.

The streets of Glasgow at this time were seldom swept, and were full of ruts, in which water lodged and formed puddles of mud. Ladies, therefore, who were obliged to go out of doors always sallied forth in pattens; and as there was no such article in those days as an umbrella,\* they were protected in wet weather by duffle cloaks and black silk calashes, which last-mentioned habiliment, like a huge floating balloon, inclosed the whole of their head-dresses. Old dowagers, however, contented themselves with the simple protection of scarlet duffles and hoods. Such, then, was the appearance of matters upon our streets within my remembrance.

Whether it arose from the want of flagstones on our streets, or otherwise, I cannot say, but certainly no such game existed here in olden time as we see daily played upon our pavements now-a-

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\* Dr. Jamieson was the first person who introduced the umbrella into Glasgow; this was in the year 1782. He brought it from Paris, and when he commenced unfurling it on our streets, crowds of people followed him in amazement at the spectacle. About the year 1786 an attempt was made to manufacture umbrellas by Mr. John Gardner, father of the present Mr Gardner, optician. I have had in my hands the first umbrella that ever was made in Glasgow. It was indeed a very clumsy article. The cloth was heavy oil or wax-glazed linen, and the ribs were formed of Indian cane, such as shortly before this time ladies were accustomed to use as hoops to extend their petticoats. The handle was massy and strong, and altogether it was a load to carry. Mr. Gardner was obliged to give up his manufacture, as the Manchester people had been able to make a lighter article and at a cheaper price. Nearly about the same period Mr. Gardner made an attempt to manufacture piano-fortes, which then were coming into fashion in Glasgow, and displacing the old spinnets; but here Mr. Gardner failed in his first trial, for the instrument that he had made was so defective in some of its parts, that he did not even complete it; and the importation of highly-finished piano-fortes from London made him despair of being able to compete successfully with the makers in the metropolis. When piano-fortes came to be in common use in Glasgow, it was curious to see the fate of the old spinnets and harpsichords. These I have seen in great numbers knocked off by the hammer in our auction rooms for a few shillings each, and were generally purchased by farmers, who made them answer the double purposes of musical instruments and of sideboard tables.



days by our little misses—I mean the game of “pall-all.” When it was first introduced into Glasgow it formed the amusement of boys as well as of girls, but the former have yielded up the pastime to their little female playmates. I never saw this game played upon our streets before the year 1785. It was in that year the celebrated Warren Hastings returned from India. He, for the sake of exercise, amused himself along with his suite, on board of the ship, by playing at pall-all upon the deck of the vessel, to the no small merriment of the jacky tars, who could not keep their gravity on seeing the Governor-General of India hopping about their quarter-deck upon one leg, and kicking his peevor from square to square of the pall-all.

Although we have thus acquired a new game in Glasgow, we have on the other hand lost one of the oldest of our Scotch games, viz., the golf, which used to be regularly played upon the Green of Glasgow,\* not only by boys but also by many of our first-class citizens; and some of your readers will remember the names of Cunningham Corbet, William Clark, John Craig, William Bogle, John Buchanan, Laurence Craigie, James Spreull, David and James Connel, James Crum, and Dr. James M’Nair, writer, amongst our fashionable golfers. These gentlemen were always attended by boys to point out the spot where the golf-balls fell, and, when their games were finished, their clubs and balls were placed in custody of the keeper of the herd’s house, then situated on the Upper Green, near where Nelson’s Monument now stands. Dr. James M’Nair, the last-mentioned gentleman of my list, was rather a remarkable personage in Glasgow in his day. He was the first person who erected a villa on the top of the Woodlands, which then was quite in the country; but which now bids fair to be very shortly in the centre of our city. Unfortunately for the Doctor, he commenced his villa operations by erecting the out-offices in the first instance; but finding them likely to turn out a great deal more expensive than he expected, he altered these half-finished offices into a curious chateau, which being rather patch-work, the public very unceremoniously nick-named it, “M’Nair’s Folly.” But had the doctor lived to the present time, he would probably

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\* In the reign of James the II., anno 1457, the games of foot-ball and golf were prohibited, as tending to take away the attention of people from the weapon-schawings, “And as to tuiching the fute-ball and the golfe, to be punished by the Barronnes un-law; and gif he takis not the un-law, that it be taken be the King’s Officiars.”

have beheld his villa honoured with the title of "M'Nair's Foresight." The doctor was editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, and was long looked up to as a sort of oracle on meteorological subjects and atmospherical phenomena; for no sooner did the *Courier* make its appearance in the Tontine coffee-room upon publishing days, than a general query arose among the subscribers of "What does the doctor say to day? What kind of weather are we going to have now?" In like manner as, at a latter date, was said of a certain editor of a twice (now thrice) a week broad sheet—"What is Samuel saying to day? Any pithy sayings agoing?" But Samuel was merely a narrator of bygone facts, to which he only added some short opinion that went at once to the root of the question; whereas the Doctor was a prognosticator of events that were to come to pass, and for a long time he was considered to possess all the foreknowledge of another Samuel of more olden times. The Doctor prided himself upon being "weather-wise," and used to publish his predictions regularly in the *Glasgow Courier*. I must say that for a considerable length of time, his prophesyings of the coming state of the weather proved substantially correct, so that people began to think that the Doctor really, by some occult science known only to himself, had discovered the great arcanum of foretelling the future state of the weather. The Doctor becoming bold by his success, like many fortunate climbers near the top of a tree, ventured to take rather a dangerous step in advance, and so met with a most unlucky fall, for he now prognosticated with great self-confidence, *iterumque iterumque*, that Glasgow was to be visited by a six weeks' hard frost; and this intelligence set all our good folks a looking out for their skates, bavaries, dreadnoughts, comfortables, lamb-wool mitts and stockings. But, alas, for the prediction, the six weeks in question proved by far the mildest hebdomadals of the season, there not being a single night's frost during the whole period. As the time passed on, and the prophecy still appearing to be unfulfilled, the Doctor got nearly ashamed of showing his face in the Tontine coffee-room; for if he ventured there, every one made up to him with a smile on his countenance and a query on his lips, "Well, Doctor, what's become of the frost?" This was a death-blow to the Doctor's "weather wisdom."

The Doctor rather astonished our worthy folks here, by taking the title of LL.D.—he being the first of our plain citizens who was honoured with that dignified appellation. Before he was so

honoured, he was known only by the name of *Courier M'Nair*, from his being the editor of the *Glasgow Courier*.

Having taken notice of the game called the "pall-all," played by our little misses, I may now mention another of their games, which seems to have become obsolete, or to have fallen into desuetude, as the lawyers say—I mean the game of the "Lottery Book." This was quite a gambling affair, although the stake at issue was not of a deadly character, for to the unfortunate it only amounted to the loss of a brass pin. In olden time, little misses might have been seen upon our streets holding a small book in their hands, and bawling loudly out for customers, with as much vivacity as we now see the touters of our auctioneers inviting all passers by to step in to the sale. The cry of these little damsels was, "Dab, dab, dab at the picture book, yin in every four leaves and four for the prize," and this cry they iterated, and re-iterated incessantly until a customer appeared. Now let us take a peep at this picture book, for the sight of which, I am sure none of your readers would grudge to pay a pin. It consisted generally of one of their school-books; in every fourth leaf of which there was deposited a small picture, and in the centre part of it was placed the great prize of four pictures, finely coloured and of superior magnitude. This last prize, however, being of great value, was carefully guarded by having the two leaves which immediately enclosed it, cut about one-eighth of an inch narrower than the other leaves of the book, thereby making it a difficult matter for the dabber to reach the wished for treasure. When a customer appeared with his or her pin, ready to try the effect of fortune, the book was displayed in all its glory, and the pictures clearly exhibited, to show that everything in the lottery was fair and honest on the part of the lottery mistress. The book was then slowly and deliberately closed, the dabber all the while anxiously watching the position of the leaves which contained the prizes, and he or she then thrust their pin into that part of the book where it was supposed one or other of the prizes lay, the head of the pin being the only part of it which remained visible. Now approached the time when the turn of fortune was to be declared in favour of one side or the other. Accordingly, the book being cautiously opened, the pin slid in, either to a prize or to a blank. If to a prize, the fortunate dabber got the picture for his pin; if to a blank, the lottery mistress acquired a right to the pin so

risked. The great object however of almost all the dabbers was to gain the great prize, but this was no easy matter. Some of these little lottery misses might then have been seen on our streets, with their arm sleeves stuck full of pins, the gains of their lottery books. The pictures generally consisted of small squares having various figures and devices upon them. Some of these pictures were painted, and others of them were plain. The demand for such diminutive pictures was sufficiently great to command the attention of old Mr. Lumsden (the father of our much respected *cidevant* provost, James Lumsden, Esq.), who had copperplates engraved containing about sixty figures on each plate. When thrown off, these sheets were sold in retail at a halfpenny per sheet, and if painted at one penny. The little misses generally cut them up into small squares about the size of our postage stamps, for the small prizes, and several of them combined more cuts for the great prizes. I do not know what old Mr. Lumsden's wholesale price was; but I dare say he gave the Saltmarket Street booksellers a very liberal discount.

At this time there was a game very much in vogue amongst boys, and which was peculiar to them; for little misses never interfered in the pastime. This was the game of the butts or buttons. The game in question, although it has not become obsolete amongst us, has ceased, nevertheless, to interest our present youngsters as it did the generation of boys seventy or eighty years ago. The introduction of cloth, horn, and basket buttons to our dresses, was a fatal blow to the game of butts, for boys could then no longer obtain a sufficient supply of old brass metal to gamble for at their mugs, and at pitch and toss. They did not play the game for mere pastime, for it absolutely became a game of skill and hazard for money; and I have seen many a clever boy, by so gambling, acquire strings of brass butts as long as himself, beautifully tapering upwards, from the farmer's large brassers, to the gentlemen's diminutive waistcoat studs. These gains he turned into money, by selling them as old metal to Graham\* and Wardrop, coppersmiths, or to Stephen Miller, brassfounder, Saltmarket Street, (now Miller Place), and then he came exultingly away with some 3d. or 4d. in his pocket. So far

\* It used to be reported of Mr. Graham, that at one time there were only three individuals between him and the dukedom of Montrose.

as came within my observation, there were no regular pawnbrokers in Glasgow at this period who took goods in pawn, or purchased old metal, although there were some petty rag-dealers who, in addition to the business, trafficked in old iron and brass. Not a single Jew was then to be seen in our city. The opportunity of turning brass butts into current coin tempted many a boy to become a rogue, and induced him to watch the farmers, while busily engaged at the markets on Wednesdays, and then to snib off one of the large brassers from their ample drab bavaries. Many a chase and many a flogging took place on these occasions when the little rogues were discovered at this work. A farmer's large brasser counted four; a gentleman's coat button counted two; and a breeches knee-button, or coat-wrist button, was reckoned as number one; but, as for all lesser sizes, they were carefully examined and valued according to what Graham and Wardrop, or Stephen Miller was likely to appreciate them at. But, with regard to mool pitchers loaded with lead, these sometimes were valued so high as eight or ten of number one. Whenever old clothes were thrown aside as useless, they were instantly deprived of their brass buttons by these little gamblers, and then the stript garments were taken possession of by the servants for kitchen dusters or scouring cloths to scrub up the floors. Old clothes were almost never sold at this time in Glasgow; but, if not used for kitchen purposes, were given away in charity to some needy person.

The game of cricket is not an ancient Glasgow game. The first time that I played this game was some sixty odd years ago in the College Garden along with the late Richard Alexander Oswald, Esq. of Auchencruive, and I believe he was the person who first introduced it here; at any rate I do not remember of seeing it played in Glasgow before the time that Mr. Oswald attended our University.

There was a game formerly played in Glasgow, which has been completely thrown in the back-ground, and has totally disappeared from amongst us. This is the French game of "tennis," or the game of "fives," as it is called here. In my younger days we had a tennis court, which was built by subscription. I have played the game in that court, but I played it so very ill that I soon gave up the sport; and my memory is now so much at fault, that I feel a difficulty in remembering the exact locality where the said tennis court stood; but I think it was somewhere about

Mitchell Street. It was a plain building of a single large room, lighted from above, being about thirty feet high, and the like dimensions in breadth; the length of it might, perhaps have been some sixty feet or thereby. There were no articles of furniture in the room, except rackets and tennis balls. As the exercise was a very severe one, the players were generally dressed in light flannel jackets, and otherwise enrobed with loose easy garments. The marker or *paumier* of the court was a capital player, and could give odds to any of our Glasgow players. I understood that he had at one time been in the employment of Douglas, the handsome Duke of Hamilton of sporting memory.

With regard to the game of billiards, there was but one public billiard table in Glasgow seventy odd years ago. This table was placed in a small ill-lighted back room in M'Nair's Land\* in King

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\* Having in a former article—(see *Pagan's Glasgow, Past and Present*, vol. ii., p. 14)—taken notice of M'Nair's Land, and given some anecdotes of Mr. M'Nair himself, I now annex a copy of the advertisement to which I alluded on that occasion. It was inserted in the *Edinburgh Courant* of 28th October, 1758, and was as follows:—

“Glasgow, 23d October, 1758.—We, Robert M'Nair and Jean Holmes, having taken into our consideration the way and manner our daughter Jean acted in her marriage, that she took none of our advice, nor advised us before she married; for which reason we discharged her from our family for more than twelve months; and being afraid that some or other of our family may also presume to marry without duly advising us thereof, we, taking the affair into our serious consideration, hereby discharge all and every one of our children from offering to marry without our special advice and consent first asked and obtained; and if any of our children should propose or pretend to offer marriage to any without, as aforesaid, our advice and consent, they in that case shall be banished from our family twelve months; and if they should go so far as to marry without our advice and consent, in that case they are to be banished from the family seven years: but whoever advises us of their intention to marry, and obtains our consent, shall not only remain children of the family, but also shall have a due proportion of our goods, gear, and estate, as we shall think convenient, and as the bargain requires. And, farther, if any of our children shall marry clandestinely, they, by so doing, shall lose all claim or title to our effects, goods, gear or estate. And we intimate this to all concerned, that none may pretend ignorance.”

In 1736, as appears from M'Ure's *History of Glasgow*, page 210, the firm of Robert M'Nair, Jean Holmes, and Company was placed on the list of Glasgow shopkeepers. At this period, and for some time afterwards, all our great manufactories were carried on by joint stock companies: and the partners of these companies generally consisted of from five to ten of our high-class citizens, such as our Provost, Bailies, and Deans of Guild, with a “Sir John” or a “Sir George” scattered here and there among them. About the period in question, the partners of the four Glasgow sugar-houses consisted each of them, of five or six of these aristocratic gentlemen. The partners of the Eastern Sugar-house, lying on the south side of the Gallowgate, near Charlotte Street, then were—Provost Pedie, Bailie George Bogle, Bailie John Luke, goldsmith, John Graham of Dougalston, and Robert Cross, treasurer of the city. It was with no little astonishment,

Street, and was kept by a person of the name of Faulds, whose wife assisted him in the management of the establishment. The table was old fashioned, and of considerably less dimensions than our present billiard tables; indeed it had all the appearance of having been originally a private billiard table, which Mr. Faulds had purchased at some auction. After Mr. Smart had leased the Tontine Hotel, he fitted up two very handsome billiard tables in the large attic of the said hotel. The accommodation there was exceedingly comfortable. In winter there was always a cheerful fire in the room, and the tables were well lighted with oil burners. It was a place of considerable resort amongst our young men, and, like others, I sometimes whiled away an idle hour at these tables. We seldom played for money; the stake at issue being generally the hire of the tables, viz.,—two pence per game, or one shilling per hour. I seldom saw what could be called deep gambling at these tables, although on some occasions I have seen bank notes and gold pass from hand to hand. Amongst our best players was the late John Maxwell, Esquire of Dargavel, who was conspicuous not only as a capital player, but also by his holding his cue with his left hand. The lookers on were sometimes much amused to hear this gentleman stammering out his anathemas whenever he unfortunately happened to pocket his own ball in place of his adversary's. Mr. Maxwell was the last of the list who attended these tables sixty years ago. About the beginning of the present century, Mr. Maxwell, along with William Dunlop, surgeon, and James Monteith (Douglas), purchased the lands of Kingston from the city of Glasgow for £600 per acre. Mr. Maxwell afterwards

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therefore, that the public heard of plain Robert M'Nair, Jean Holmes, and Company buying up the great concern of the Eastern Sugar-house which had required the joint stock of five of our wealthiest merchants to carry on.

On the occasion of Mr. M'Nair making this purchase, a satirical song was composed and handed about, which began thus:—

“ You're welcome to the sugar-house,  
     Robin M'Nair;  
 You're welcome to the sugar-house,  
     Robin M'Nair.  
 How is your sister Boll?  
 And how is Jean Holmes herself?  
     Robin M'Nair, &c.

*From Scots Magazine, June, 1779.*—Died, at Glasgow, aged 76, Mr. Robert M'Nair, merchant in that city.

acquired the shares of Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Monteith, and so became sole proprietor of the said lands. After Mr. Maxwell's death his heirs sold the entire property of Kingston, including all the feus, to James Monteith Douglas, Esquire of Stonebyres, who had been one of the original purchasers.

I am not aware that any chess clubs existed in Glasgow seventy years ago. The game was by no means generally played here at that time; and I believe that few of our old folks are able even at this day to take a part in that difficult and complicated pastime. I have my doubts if a set of chess men could have been purchased in Glasgow, ready-made, at the period in question. Backgammon and draughts were the usual two-handed games most in vogue in those days, and they still keep their exalted position, notwithstanding of the great changes in society which have taken place in our city. As for cards, we had our card clubs in olden time as we have at present, and at these clubs the play was sometimes pretty deep; but not having been a member of any card club where the stake was above sixpence, I am unable to unfold the secrets of the dens where hundreds of pounds were lost and won; but according to public report there was one of our Glasgow underwriters who calculated his average annual gains at cards to have been £300 per annum. This gentleman, it may be remarked, was a teetotaler.

Amongst the minor games and sports played by the youngsters of Glasgow in the good old times, there are many which, though they still linger amongst us, nevertheless are not now gambolled and frolicked with that life and spirit which they used to be in the days when almost every one of our streets was a playground, little interrupted by the passage of carts, coaches, or omnibuses. Such were the games of—"Wully, Wully Wastle, I'm upon your Castle," "Robbers and Rangers," "Scotch and English," "Smugglers and Gaugers," "I Spy," "Tig, tow, touch wood," "Through the needle, &c.," "Leap frog," "Keep the house," "Dance cow-cuddy," "Blind man's buff," "Tumble the wul-cat," "Round about, round about merrimaytansy;" to say nothing of pitch and toss, marbles, dragons, tops and peeries, skipping ropes, trindling hoops, penny stanes, shintys, hand-ball, and fifty-other sports of the like kind. But of all the amusements of children in olden time, the prettiest by far was that of little misses making cheeses with their petticoats; a frolic which was



said to have been performed before Louis the XV. of France by the ladies of his Court, for his special entertainment.

"The times are altered: trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp our land, and dispossess the swain;  
Along our lawns, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;  
Those healthful sports, that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;  
But these, departing, seek a kinder shore;—  
Thus former mirth and manners are no more."—*Goldsmith.*

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THE COLLECTOR OF EXCISE DRAGGED FROM A BED OF SICKNESS,  
AND PUT IN PRISON.

MOST of our citizens will remember a substantial mansion of the Glasgow old aristocratic school, with its massive outside stair, which lately stood on the east side of Jamaica Street, some ten or twelve feet back from the lining of the street, having an entry on the north into Adam's Court.

This family seat was erected about 85 years ago by one of our great foreign merchants, during the halcyon days of the tobacco trade.\* It was purchased in my boyish time by Duncan Campbell, Esq., Collector of Excise, who resided in it till his death. It was subsequently sold to Mr. Robert Jeffray, wine and spirit merchant, who turned the lower floors into shops and places of business; the upper floors, however, still continued to be occupied as dwelling houses. The late steamboat firm of Messrs. Thomson and M'Connell for a number of years rented part of the under floors as shipping premises. The whole fabric (including the back offices) was pulled down in 1849, and upon its site the present large tenement has been erected, which is now occupied by the extensive haberdashery establishment of Messrs. Arnott, Cannock, and Company.

At the time when Collector Campbell resided in the above-mentioned palatial mansion, Jamaica Street was merely a suburban by-street, and but partially built upon. On the north, the present Union Street was garden grounds, extending up to Enoch Bank

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\*I think it was built by Mr. Buchanan of Silvercraigs, at the time when Jamaica Street was first opened.

and Sauchiehall (or Sauchiehaugh) Street, through which grounds rippled the clear waters of St. Enoch's Burn. On the west lay the Dumbarton turnpike road, leading through Anderston, with a stray house erected here and there upon what was called the Anderston Walk. On the south side of this walk lay the lands, 1st, belonging to the Delftfield Company; 2d, to Brown, Carrick, and Company, now Brownfield;\* and 3d, to my uncle on the west, now Washington Street.† These lands were enclosed by quick-set hedges.

The south side of our river at this time exhibited a large blank space, through which ran the Greenock and Paisley high road, by the way of Norfolk Street and Morrison Street. Tradeston and Laurieston were not then in existence, and almost the only building of that district was the celebrated Windmill, the site of which is at present covered by the waters of the Clyde. On the east of Jamaica Street the Westergate (now Argyll Street) still exhibited some remains of the old thatched barns and malt kilns of former days. Howard Street was an open rope-walk, extending from Jamaica Street to the Rope-Work Lane in Stockwell Street, the eastern part of the walk being under cover. The bottle-work, with its extensive offices and dingy brick outside walls, occupied the south-east corner of the street, which work, like the famous Upas tree, poisoned the whole neighbourhood with its offensive and noxious volumes of smoke, affecting even the value of the building steadings in St. Enoch Square, just then in the market for sale.

\* Brownfield at one time was the bleachfield belonging to Brown, Carrick, and Co.

† In 1814 the river trustees wishing to purchase the lands of Washington Street for the purpose of making docks, deputed Henry Monteith (then Lord Provost) to apply to Robert Grahame, writer, acting as agent for the heirs of my uncle, to ascertain what price would be accepted for the said grounds. Mr. Grahame said that the lowest price was £10,000, upon which Mr. Monteith, who remembered the *ville pretium* of the grass fields about Anderston in his juvenile days, turned up his eyes in astonishment, and could scarcely believe Mr. Grahame to have been serious; but finding himself mistaken, he reported decidedly against making any further attempts at negotiation. The river trustees, however, after various communings, at length (though greatly against Mr. Monteith's opinion) agreed to offer £8000 for this property. Accordingly Mr. Monteith again waited on Robert Grahame, and made the said offer of £8000 for the lands of Washington Street, saying that this offer was made by the river trustees quite against his wishes, and added that if Mr. Grahame did not accept it, he might rest assured no such offer would ever again be received by his clients for their property in that quarter. Mr. Grahame, however, answered that he could not advise his clients to make any abatement of the price of £10,000; and thus the river trustees missed the finest situation in the vicinity of the harbour for erecting spacious docks. Very soon after this time, my uncle's heirs feued off these grounds at a rate which yielded them a price of £30,000.

In short, so long as the bottle work was in operation, all hope of Jamaica Street becoming an improved locality appeared like a grim and empty shadow. When the great cone of this work fell, my father waited upon the magistrates of Glasgow, and strongly pressed upon them the necessity of buying up the bottle work property, which was then offered for sale at a very small price. I believe it could have been bought for about 7s. 6d. per square yard. At a later period Mr. Alexander Oswald, of Shieldhall, purchased the large open field which stood between the bottle work and the Roman Catholic Chapel in Great Clyde Street, for 10s. 6d. per square yard, which was considered a very high price. (This field of old formed part of the western common). The magistrates, however, declined to entertain the proposal of my father, and then the Bottle Work Company erected a new cone, in consequence of which Jamaica Street remained for many years afterwards a forlorn and neglected street. But it happened fortunately for the public that the bottle work was not a thriving concern, and the Company, after continuing for a considerable space of time to manufacture common black bottles, gradually contracted their establishment, and ultimately ceased to work. The property remained for some time in the market for sale, and at last was purchased on speculation at, I believe, two guineas per square yard. Extensive new buildings, including the Custom House, were then erected on part of the bottle work grounds. From this period may be reckoned the rise of Jamaica Street, at present one of the great trunk lines of our city, and for the extent of traffic upon it, perhaps now exceeding our ancient Trongate. No doubt, however, Jamaica Street has got a great *fill-up* by the extension of the harbour, and the erection of the terminus to the Glasgow and South-Western and Greenock Railways, and it will be still further improved by the splendid buildings now in progress of erection [1853] upon the remaining parts of the bottle work grounds in Howard Street and Dixon Street.

On the west side of Jamaica Street, and nearly opposite to Collector Campbell's manor house, was built the Royal Circus or Riding School as it was called; and here, sixty years ago or thereby, I used to attend drill as a member of the "Royal Glasgow Volunteer Light Horse." We were trained by old Serjeant Major St. Clair (who fought in Germany during the seven years' war), to walk, trot, and gallop round the Circus,

"toes firm in the stirrups, and heels down;" and then to perform the like deeds, "*stirrups up.*"

The old dragoon was delighted to see us making a clean leap over a four feet bar, although he never attempted the feat himself, alleging that he was then too old; and our Captain, John Orr of Barrowfield, also got off from executing these flying leaps by pleading hereditary gout; but his nephew, Serjeant Gilbert Kennedy, was always the foremost man of the troop in showing off his dexterity, by glidely springing over the bar, and by forcing an unruly horse belonging to any member of the corps, to take the leap *volens volens*. Alas! there are only five members of our troop now alive. [Since the above was written, Mr. Kennedy has also paid the debt of nature.]

The Royal Circus was subsequently turned into a place of worship, and was well known under the name of the Tabernacle; the Rev. Greville Ewing being the pastor.

But enough of this prologuing: I must therefore get to my story of how the Collector of Excise came to be put in limbo, a circumstance that made no small noise in Glasgow at the time. As an old saying runs, "There are always two ways of telling a story," but in this case there happened to be three parties concerned, each party giving his own narrative of facts, to which may be added that there was a clashing of jurisdiction between the Justice of Peace Court and the Court of Exchequer; two of the parties holding by the judgment of the Lanark Justices, while the third rested upon that of the Court of Exchequer; and all the three litigants ultimately making their appeals to the magistrates of Glasgow, and then to the Court of Session. Though not a lawyer, I greatly suspect that the whole proceeding from first to last, was a piece of legal bungling, both by the law agents and by the different law courts.

On account of the length of the proceedings in this case, and of their being a little complicated, the present narrative, by being condensed, is necessarily less circumstantial than it otherwise would have been; but I trust that there is sufficient given to enable your readers to understand the outs-and-ins of the whole transaction.

It appears that Andrew Arneil, a farmer at Bonington, near Eaglesham, had been in use to deal with John Fairley, a distiller at Inchinnan, in the purchase and sale of cattle, &c. About the end of January, 1787, Arneil being accidentally in company with

were standing at the Cross of Glasgow, in an afternoon, about five or six o'clock of a day in the month of July, 1787, and on a Friday in the Glasgow Fair-week, John Fairley and John M'Ewan happened to pass them, and one or other of them, but which he cannot say, came back, and took Daniel M'Aulay aside for some time: that M'Aulay having returned, informed the deponent that he had been employed to execute a caption against Collector Campbell, and desired him to go with him as a concurrent. He also said that the caption was at the instance of John Fairley, and that he wanted a *stout porter* to act as another concurrent, upon which the deponent recommended John Anderson." In fact, there were no less than four stout concurrents employed on this occasion. But we must stop here for a moment, in order to see what the Collector had been doing all this while.

On the 19th of March, 1787, the military commanding officer at Glasgow applied by letter to the Collector, to have the soldiers' moiety of the seizure paid up, as the regiment was in daily expectation of being ordered to march from that place. This letter was immediately transmitted by Collector Campbell to the Board of Excise at Edinburgh, for direction how to proceed, and the result was an order, founding on a report of the solicitor of Excise, that the Collector should proceed to get the seizures condemned before the Justices, and the six persons mentioned in the solicitor's report to be prosecuted before them for penalties; but that Andrew Arneil was directed to be prosecuted for the penalty before the Court of Exchequer. Here the Collector appears to have made a sad blunder; for notwithstanding that the proceedings before the Justices were clearly incompetent, the action having been brought before them by a trader and not by the Excise, the Collector, nevertheless, in place of forfeiting the goods seized in Arneil's possession before the Justices, and prosecuting him for the penalties before the Exchequer, misunderstood the order to be that both Arneil and the goods were to be followed out in the Justice of Peace Court. This mistake was the more remarkable, as soldiers, by law, had no claim to a share of British spirits when seized by the Excise officers; but they were entitled to one half share of such articles as tea and vinegar when condemned by the Justices of the Peace.

As already mentioned, Fairley had refrained from extracting the decree made in his favour by the Justices for a period of three

months, during which time he had been endeavouring in vain to obtain a friendly restoration of his aquavitæ from the Collector. Mr. Campbell, however, was not resting idle with his arms akimbo during this truce, for all the while he was carrying on a strong correspondence with the solicitor of Excise at Edinburgh, in order to get the said aquavitæ condemned by proceedings before the Court of Exchequer. On the 2d of July, 1787, the Collector received a letter from Mr. Bonar, the solicitor of the Excise at Edinburgh, saying that the spirits should be immediately returned into the Court of Exchequer for condemnation, in order to put a stop immediately to the incompetent proceedings going on before the Justices under the illegal decree of the 12th of March, 1787. Mr. Bonar further transmitted to Mr. Campbell a certificate and writ of apprisement, to be executed in Glasgow, which was accordingly done, and returned next day to Edinburgh. On the 12th of July, Mr. Bonar transmitted to Collector Campbell, by post, a subpoena against Arneil for treble value, and he added—"No claim having been entered, the 236 gallons of aquavitæ, seized of Andrew Arneil, have been condemned in the Court of Exchequer; so that if any further steps are attempted to be taken under the sentence of the Justices, either in that case or in the matter of Steel's tea, you will immediately let me know." This letter was received in course of post on the morning of next day, the 13th, and upon the evening of that day, Collector Campbell was dragged from a bed of sickness and incarcerated in the Tolbooth, at the Cross of Glasgow, in the manner to be noticed in the sequel.\*

It may be here remarked that Fairley had received no notice of the private proceedings carrying on by the Collector in the

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\* The old Tolbooth of Glasgow was built in the year 1636, and consisted of five floors. The windows of the rooms where prisoners were confined were strongly barricaded by massive iron stanchions. The ground floor was occupied by the town clerks, and the entry to their office was below the great outside stair. The entry to the prison wards was by a narrow turnpike stair in the steeple. During the day, the outer door of this entry was only a half door wicket, but was guarded by a janitor, who kept his seat constantly in the passage, and amused himself by looking over the half door at what was passing on the street. Besides this outside wicket door, there was a strong inside door, securing the entry up the narrow staircase to the prison wards. The janitor kept this inner door constantly locked; but he readily admitted through both doors any respectable person (whom he knew) who wished to visit a prisoner confined for debt. Close to the above-mentioned entry there was placed a sentry-box, and a soldier constantly kept guard there. The guard-house was removed from the Candleriggs to Montrose Street in 1786.

Court of Exchequer, so as to have enabled him (Fairley) to have made appearance in that court and to have claimed restitution of his whisky; neither was he warned nor aware that his case had been taken to Exchequer till after the Collector had been put in prison on the 13th. Mr Fairley, therefore, considered himself justified in putting his caption into execution, deeming the proceedings before the Justices to have been regular and competent; more especially as Collector Campbell himself had appeared in that court in order to obtain a forfeiture of the whole articles seized, viz., the tea, vinegar, and spirits. It may be further noticed that, by deposition of Mr. Walker, attorney in Exchequer, it appeared, "That though the goods seized were liable to condemnation, and might still be condemned, yet that in truth the goods were at present *only under seizure*—the condemnation in Exchequer on the 3d of July being *irregular and good for nothing*." Mr. Walker's opinion was confirmed by the opinion of Henry Mackenzie (the celebrated author of the *Man of Feeling*). The proceedings before the Justices by Fairley, and the steps taken in Exchequer by the Collector, seem therefore to have been equally irregular.

After the caption had been placed in the hands of the messengers, Mr. Fairley met Colin Fairfoul, officer of Excise, who made the following deposition:—"Depones that he did meet with John Fairley upon the day mentioned (13th July) and as he thinks before dinner—that is, before four o'clock in the afternoon—when they having adjourned to a public house, John Fairley informed him that he was to have Collector Campbell into the Tolbooth that night; upon which the deponent observed that, in his opinion, it was not in John Fairley's power: That after the meeting with Mr. Fairley, and within an hour after that, or thereabout, he went to Collector Campbell's office, and told the people who were in the office at the time, and he thinks that Duncan Campbell, (Mr. Campbell's acting clerk) was present, that the aforesaid communing had taken place betwixt Fairley and him: That all the people in the office laughed at this information, and held it as a joke."

Mr. Fairley was fully persuaded that the Collector would deliver up the whisky rather than go to prison, and, therefore, had brought his carts to Glasgow in order to carry it away; but here he was mistaken.

John Anderson, one of the messengers, depones as follows:—

"That on getting into the lobby of Collector Campbell's house, John Fairley told him (the Collector) that it behoved him to give back his spirits or go to jail; to which Mr. Campbell answered, that he could not restore the spirits, and that he would give bail for £1000 or £2000 to answer, which Mr. Fairley refused." Archibald M'Adam, also messenger, depones, "That upon coming into the lobby Mr. Campbell said, 'What do you want Mr. Fairley? I'll give you caution for £1000 or £2000.' To which Mr. Fairley replied, 'I want none of your caution; I want my spirits or money for them.' Upon which the Collector said, 'That is what you cannot get.' Mr. Fairley then said, 'But I can get your person.'" The messengers asked Collector Campbell if he had any sist to the execution of the diligence, to which the Collector answered, "That it was no matter to them what he had." The caption was then immediately executed. The Collector now asked liberty to write a letter, and was allowed a quarter of an hour for that purpose; after which he inquired at Mr. Fairley if he had any objections to his taking a sedan-chair to carry him to prison. "None at all, sir," replied Mr. Fairley, "you may take a coach and six if you please." Agreeably to the Collector's request, a sedan-chair was sent for, into which he entered, and was safely conveyed to the prison at the Cross, attended by the messengers and concurrents. This happened upon the 13th of July, 1787, being the Friday of Glasgow Fair. When the messengers arrived at Collector Campbell's house to execute the caption, it was between ten and eleven o'clock at night. He was then in bed, wrapt up in flannels, but rose and dressed to meet the messengers. There was a strong and general impression upon the minds of all classes in Glasgow, that the Collector had been acting a part on this occasion, and that in reality there had been nothing the matter with him except a touch of the toothache. Somehow or other, although we all acknowledge the propriety of lending our assistance in aid of those having a charge of revenue matters, nevertheless, in spite of ourselves, we feel a sort of pleasure at a mishap falling to the lot of an exciseman, and involuntarily lend our sympathy to the smuggler, except in grossly fraudulent cases. Fairley's case was a hard one, and the feelings of the public were altogether on his side. As soon as the Collector was safely incarcerated, he went to bed, which he kept during the early part of next day. The circle at Glasgow at that time was



not so large but that an incident of this unusual nature would be immediately blazed about in every corner of the city. Accordingly, next day (being Saturday) a number of the Collector's friends, hearing the report, came to the prison on purpose to visit him, and to comfort him in his day of distress. The Collector himself sent a message to Thomas Grahame, writer (father of the late Robert Grahame, writer), to call upon him as soon as possible, in order to have a consultation regarding the best mode of obtaining a speedy deliverance from his miserable abode, which was a scantily furnished double-bedded room—a Mr. Samuel Stalker, a prisoner for debt, occupying one of the beds.

By the advice of Mr. Grahame, Mr. Campbell signed a petition to the Magistrates of Glasgow for liberation from prison, upon finding caution, on the ground that his health was in such a precarious state, that his life would be in danger if he were detained a prisoner in the Tolbooth. While Mr Grahame is arranging the necessary steps to make this petition effectual, let us see how the sick Collector spent the afternoon of Saturday the 14th. Upon this occasion a nice dinner is ordered to be brought into the prison from the Tontine Hotel, *all piping hot*, and a large party of Mr. Campbell's friends invited to partake of the good cheer. After dinner the punch-bowl was introduced, and so frequently replenished by additional fillings, that crystal glasses came to be flying about in all directions and smashed to pieces; and at any rate that one of party went home "roarin' fu'."

On Sunday morning the 15th, at three o'clock, Mr. Grahame came to the prison attended by Mr. William Scruton (a brother of the late Dr. John Scruton), then a very young man, and not even admitted a surgeon. Mr. Scruton having examined the state of the Collector's pulse, signed a certificate upon oath that Mr. Campbell was "feverish." The above-mentioned petition, accompanied by Mr. Scruton's certificate verified upon oath, being presented to the Magistrates of Glasgow on the same day (Sunday), an order of liberation was obtained and the Collector set free. A sedan-chair was then again put in requisition, and the Collector carried home in triumph, to the great delight of Mrs. Campbell. The following is the deposition of Mr. Stalker, the fellow-prisoner with Mr. Campbell:—"That upon Mr Grahame's return with the warrant, the deponent who was then lying awake in bed, suggested the impropriety of a *sick man* going through the streets at that

time in the morning; therefore advised him (the Collector) to call a sedan chair, which was accordingly procured and brought to the jail door; and the deponent added that they should send for a *chair* in order to *complete the farce*."

Upon Monday morning, the 16th, Mr. John M'Ewan, writer, having returned to Glasgow from his country residence, called at the prison door to make inquiry how matters were going on with the Collector, but to his astonishment he learned that the "bird was flown" and its nest was "forsaken." In utter amazement at this intelligence, he hurried away in quest of Mr. Fairley, whom he readily found, and who was no less "dumfounded" at the Collector's escape. These gentlemen being excessively mortified at the Collector having so "cannily" out-manceuvred them, set their wits to work in order to get him again into the messenger's hands, and sent back to prison. But as this was a rather delicate affair to handle, Mr. M'Ewan thought it proper to take the opinion of some of his brethren of the Glasgow Faculty, how he should proceed. The following is deponed to by the late William Wilson, writer:—"Depones, that about eleven o'clock of the said Monday, he called at Mr. M'Ewan's office, and informed him of what he had heard. Depones, that at this time the deponent gave it as his opinion to M'Ewan, that he should apply for a new nomination of surgeons to inspect the pursuer (Campbell), that it was not only the deponent's opinion, but the opinion of every person in business whom he heard talking on the subject that day, that such an application should be made."

A similar opinion was deponed to by John Bennet, of the City Chamber.

Mr. Fairley, accordingly, by the advice of Mr. M'Ewan, presented a petition to the Magistrates of Glasgow, of which the following is the tenor:—"That Duncan Campbell, who was only put in prison upon Friday evening for the non-performance of a fact, has lived in a more than ordinary manner of eating and drinking, particularly on Saturday afternoon, and from that time to his liberation at *three o'clock*, Sabbath morning, the glass underwent a brisk circulation—your Honours will judge whether this might produce a momentary quickness of pulse; but whatever may have been the case, I do now maintain, that the said Duncan Campbell's life is in no sort of danger, and that he is in perfect health. I now request your Honours to name some respectable

gentlemen of the Faculty of Surgeons to visit Mr. Campbell, who, by the terms of the bond, must be in his own house. Further, I do aver and maintain that Scruton who gives the certificate, is not a surgeon admitted by the Faculty of Glasgow, and is only under trials at this present time for the purpose of being allowed liberty to practise; and therefore I demand the person of the said Duncan Campbell *to be immediately restored to prison.*"

The Magistrates of Glasgow found "that Mr. Fairley was entitled to have him (the Collector) visited by people of medical profession and abilities, so as to ascertain the present state of his health; and therefore authorise and require Alexander Dunlop, William Hamilton, James Monteith, and Robert Wallace, or any one or more of them to visit and report," &c.

That the public of Glasgow took Fairley's part in this matter is evident, from a speech made by Charles Wilson, Esq., one of the most eminent surgeons in Glasgow.\* Mr. Thomas Grahame (father of Robert Grahame) depones, "that on Sunday, the day on which the pursuer (Campbell) was liberated, Charles Wilson, surgeon in Glasgow, made up to the deponent and told him that he had heard that he, the deponent, had got the pursuer out of prison upon a pretence of bad health, which was altogether affected, and *was a shameful piece of business.*" That Mr. Wilson's making up to him as above was at the Cross; and as he *spoke loud*, and as the Collector's imprisonment had made a great noise, a number of gentlemen began to make up to him, and some of them came forward, upon which the deponent, apprehensive of a crowd being gathered, which he thought would be indecent, was *glad* to be quit of them, and accordingly left them." At a later stage of this affair, Alexander Park depones, "that when the surgeons left the pursuer's (Campbell's) house, Mr. M'Ewan, Mr. Bennet, and the deponent, came down the street together; that he observed a number of people there, and several people in the street opposite; that the foresaid persons had assembled in order to see the pursuer carried back to prison; that one of these persons came up to the deponent and asked him what the surgeons had said; that it was William Richardson,† son of James Richardson, yarn

\* Mr. Wilson was father-in-law of our active fellow-citizen, William Brown, Esq. (late) of Kilmardinny.

† Mr. William Richardson was father-in-law of the eminent west coast medical practitioner, Dr. Campbell of Largs.

merchant, opposite the Old Vennel, with whom he had the fore-said conversation; that William Richardson said he would rather than five guineas the Collector had been carried to prison.

The four medical gentlemen named by the Magistrates to report upon the state of the Collector's health, appear to have been unwilling to mix themselves up in this affair, which circumstances being stated to Mr. Orr, the town clerk, he sent for Mr. Thomas Grahame, and desired him to search for them, and try to prevail on them, or some of them, to visit the Collector, as it was disagreeable to compel them to act against their wishes. But before Mr. Grahame returned, Mr. Orr had thought proper to join four other surgeons and Dr. Taylor of Paisley in the nomination. Mr. Grahame, on his return, was highly offended at this, and proposed to go in search of William Scruton and Ninian Hill, surgeons, that they might go along with Dr. Taylor and John Cree,\* two of the surgeons last named; but Mr. M'Ewan having objected to this step, the result will be shown by the deposition of Mr. Grahame:—"The deponent immediately repaired to the pursuer's (Campbell's) house, and informed Mrs. Campbell that it would be proper Mr. Hill should be present when Mr. Campbell was visited by the other surgeons, or Mr. Scruton at least, or Dr. Wright, or the first of them that could be got, in order that they might *explain* the symptoms and nature of Mr. Campbell's trouble to the other surgeons; and he therefore desired Mrs. Campbell not to give these surgeons access to her husband's apartment till such time as one of the three gentlemen before named could be got to attend." And Mr. Thomas Grahame's son (the late Robert Grahame, Esq. of Whitehill) depones:—"His father was apprehensive that Mr. M'Ewan would proceed to the inspection before they could get a *confidential surgeon* to attend. That upon this the deponent went up to the pursuer's (Campbell's) house, and informed Mrs. Campbell of what had happened, and desired her that if any surgeon came to the house, not to give him admittance

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\* Mr. Cree had only lately entered the Faculty. To the best of my recollection he taught an English reading school in 1779 in a back court in the Candleriggs, at Wilson Street. Wilson's Charity School was also in this court, from which circumstance the street received its present name. The old corner tenement on the north, which then formed the front land of the court, is still in existence. When the late James Ewing, Esq., was an accountant, he had the charge of this old tenement for behoof of some maiden ladies of the name of Pagan.

to the pursuer's apartment until such time as *such confidential surgeon*, whom his father was then in quest of, could be found."

In consequence of these orders the surgeons who had at last been got to attend after a great deal of trouble, were refused admittance. Upon this Mr. Grahame, who had returned from the search of Hill, Scruton, and Dr. Wright, applied to Mr. Orr for a stay of procedure till five o'clock afternoon, by which time he expected to get Mr. Hill to attend; but this Mr. Orr refused, as he and Mr. M'Ewan had been kept waiting and in attendance on Mr. Grahame's operations for four hours.

The following is Mr. Graham's deposition:—"Depones that the deponent applied to Mr. M'Ewan and Mr. Orr for a stay of procedure till four o'clock on the afternoon, by which time he expected to have Mr. Hill present; but upon Mr. M'Ewan's refusing this, Mr. Orr also refused to indulge him with delay, and Mr. Orr added, that if access was not immediately given to the surgeons, he would grant a warrant to *break open the door*; and at this time Mr. Orr appeared to be in a heat, and the deponent did everything in his power to appease him, and said he would advise immediate access to be given; and he accordingly sent a message by his son to Mrs. Campbell to that purpose."

In consequence of this message, Dr. Taylor of Paisley, and John Cree of Glasgow, went to the Collector's house, and then after visiting him they reported that he was "*feverish*," which report, being in accordance with the certificate of Scruton as to the state of Mr. Campbell's health at the time of his liberation from prison, Mr. Fairley's petition, "*That the said Duncan Campbell be immediately restored to prison*," was dismissed.

During these proceedings a report had gone abroad that the Collector would jump out of a back window, and fly to Edinburgh, there to place himself under the protection of the Crown officers. This report reaching the ears of Fairley, he immediately employed a messenger and three stout concurrents to watch night and day round the Collector's house, till a visitation could be made by the surgeons. There was no occasion, however, for their services, as the Collector made no attempt to escape.

The Collector being now released from all terror of limbo, immediately brought an action in the Court of Session against Fairley, complaining of his diligence being illegal, cruel, oppressive, and unwarrantable, and therefore concluding for £500

of damages, and £100 of expenses of process. There being no doubt that the decree of the Justices had been incompetent, the Lord Ordinary thereupon found Fairley liable in damages. On this taking place, poor Fairley declared himself a bankrupt. The Collector, seeing that there was no hope of levying damages from Fairley, now turned round on John M'Ewan, the Glasgow agent, on Mr. Dallas, W.S., the Edinburgh agent, who had signed the letters of horning and caption, and on M'Aulay, the messenger who had put the caption in execution; and he moved that the process in court should be sisted till the above-mentioned persons were called as parties to the action, concluding against them conjunctly and severally, for the same sums, in name of damages and expenses.

It is unnecessary to enter fully into the legal proceedings which took place on this occasion; it is sufficient to say that M'Ewan, Dallas, and M'Aulay were assoilzed, and the Collector subjected to expenses; so that Mr. Campbell, in place of pocketing damages, was himself left in the lurch.

Fairley's case was a hard one. He had sent his spirits to Bryson with a legal certificate and a permit; but Bryson having refused to take delivery, the spirits became liable to seizure, whether left at Eaglesome or returned to the distillery at Inchinnan. The Justices gave a decree in Fairley's favour, ordering the spirits to be restored to him; but here there appeared to be a one-sided law, by which it was incompetent for a trader to bring an action in the Court against the Excise; but it was quite competent for the Excise to bring an action in it against a trader. Again, Fairley, in his endeavour to put the decree of the Justices in execution, was ruined by being subjected in damages for acting illegally, while the Collector, in the same Court, obtained a decree of forfeiture of the spirits. Still further, the spirits were condemned in the Exchequer without Fairley having any notice of his case being before that Court; and, lastly, the condemnation in Exchequer was irregular, and at the time incompetent; but as the Crown neither took nor gave expenses, it would have been in vain for Fairley to have sought redress in that Court, as the expenses would necessarily have tripled the value of the spirits seized.

The members of the Town Council visited the prison in rotation once a week, in order to report to the Magistrates whatever appeared to them proper, either to be rectified or altered, with regard to the state of the jail.

When the Tolbooth was built in 1636, there was a defect in the original plan; the entry to the Council Chamber, then on the floor immediately above the street, being too small and contracted, in consequence of which it became necessary to erect the large outside stair, which many readers will remember, from the circumstance of our Magistrates here annually celebrating the birth-day of his Majesty George III., by drinking his health and then throwing their empty glasses amidst the surrounding crowd. The platform of this stair was also the place of execution for criminals, and on it were exhibited those condemned to stand in the pillory.

On the occasion of building this stair, the following doggerel lines were handed about to the great amusement of the populace:—

“ In architecture there are mistakes for ever mair,  
But seldom so great as a house without a stair,  
Nine windows in front, and three of them blin’,  
But when the Council are met, there’s light aneuch within.”

#### THE EASTERN AND WESTERN COMMONS.

“ REMOVE not the old land-marks,” sayeth Solomon, the son of David. But where are now the land-marks of the outskirts of Glasgow of the olden time? I am absolutely bewildered now-a-days when I take a stroll along our new streets, squares, and crescents, and endeavour to recall to memory the ancient localities of our environs. Solomon, however, adds, “ Through *wisdom* is an house builded,” and by “ *knowledge* shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches.” I must, therefore, conclude (notwithstanding of our old border marks having been obliterated) that the good folks of my day have shown both *wisdom* and *knowledge* in turning our ancient kail-yards and corn-fields into substantial erections of stone and lime, and in filling these buildings with all precious and pleasant riches.

Casting my eye upon the present map of Glasgow, and looking there at the surrounding districts of our ancient and venerable North Quarter, I see nothing but huge masses of buildings of all descriptions occupying the sites of what I remember to have been open fields. To the west of the Bell o’ the Brae, and upper portion of the High Street, the large area of gardens and corn-fields, extending as far as Kelvin Grove and Sandyford, was a

continued range of cultivated grounds. The prolongation westward of the Rotten Row (then through grass fields) was interrupted only by the Deanside Brae, running north from Bun's Wynd. The Deanside Brae Road, however, was unbuilt upon, and was merely an uncaused footpath, confined between two dikes. Dobbie's or Love Loan was then a solitary promenade through agricultural grounds and rows of hedges. On its south side it was adorned by the then clear and purling stream of St. Enoch's Burn. Here in my boyish days I have gone a bird-nesting; but now I know not the place. Again, to the east of the Bell o' the Brae there was a continued track of garden grounds and corn-fields extending to Slatefield, and it might be said to Parkhead, for with the exception of a scattered farm-house here and there, the whole space was unbuilt upon. This great area, of old, formed part of the extensive Eastern Common belonging to the City of Glasgow; and it appears by the following paragraph that some improper sales of these lands had taken place in favour, no doubt, of certain members of the Council:—"2d June, 1576, an Act of Council was passed to the effect that no further part or portion of the common muirs, should, in time coming, be set or given in feu to any person or persons, but that it shall be still in communie to the weil of the hail township." This Act of Council, however, seems to have been little attended to in after times, as the sale of Blythwood Holm, to Campbell of Blythwood, and the sale of Cowcaddens and Bell's Parks, to Bell of Cowcaddens, can testify.

The citizens of Glasgow have never been informed by any of their historians what were the dates and terms of sale of this large portion of our Western Common, nor of any particulars regarding a like sale of Barrowfield (including Bridgeton), to Mr. Walkinshaw, this last being a part of the Eastern Common; but, perhaps, we may guess that the prices paid for these estates were not very extravagant, if we take a peep at the constitution of the Glasgow magistracy about two centuries ago\* :—

1655 John Bell, Dean of Guild.

„ William Walkinshaw, Bailie, related by marriage to the Bells.

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\* The Bells and Campbells were Provosts, Bailies, or Deans of Guild in the following years:—1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1621, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1631, 1632, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1640, 1641, 1643, 1644, 1646, 1647, 1651, 1656, 1659, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1669, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1686, 1687, and here ends the reign of the Bells and Campbells.



- 1656 John Bell, Dean of Guild.  
 1657 James Campbell, do. do., brother of Blythswood.  
 " Donald M'Gilchrist, Treasurer, related by descent to Blythswood.  
 1658 John Bell, Provost.  
 " Frederick Hamilton, Bailie, related by descent to the Bells.  
 " James Campbell, Bailie, brother of Blythswood.  
 " James Colquhoun, Treasurer, related by descent to both Bell and to Blythswood.  
 1659 John Bell, Provost.  
 " James Campbell, Bailie, brother of Blythswood.  
 " James Colquhoun, Bailie, related by descent to both Bell and to Blythswood.  
 " Colin Campbell of Blythswood, Treasurer,  
 1660 Colin Campbell of Blythswood, Provost.  
 " John Walkinshaw, Bailie, related by marriage to the Bells,  
 " Frederick Hamilton, Dean of Guild, related by descent to the Bells.  
 1661 Colin Campbell of Blythswood, Provost.  
 " Patrick Bell, Bailie, (supposed 1st of Cowcaddens).  
 " Frederick Hamilton, Dean of Guild, related by descent to the Bells.  
 " Hugh Nisbet, Treasurer, related by descent to Blythswood.  
 1662 John Bell, Provost.  
 " James Campbell, Bailie, Blythswood's brother.  
 " James Colquhoun, Bailie, related by descent to both Bell and to Blythswood.  
 " Robert Campbell, Treasurer, brother of Blythswood.  
 " John Bell, Bailie of the River Clyde and also Lord Provost.  
 " John Orr, master of work, related by descent to the Bells.  
 1663 The above notable set of Magistrates voted themselves to continue in office for this year, and consequently no election took place.

It may be remarked that the two families of Bell and Blythswood appear to have ruled the city from 1635 till near the end of the seventeenth century. Even in the year 1635, Patrick Bell was Provost, and Colin Campbell of Blythswood was eldest Bailie. The first of the Bells that I have found to take the title of Cowcaddens, was Patrick Bell, Bailie in 1661, as above. John Walkinshaw was Bailie in 1658, 1660, 1665, and 1673; and Dean of Guild in 1666, 1667, 1671, and 1672.

The mother of the Duchess of Albany was Miss Walkinshaw of Barrowfield. The Duchess was daughter of Prince Charles, the Pretender, and died worth upwards of £20,000.

Hugh Tennent, the grandfather of our liberal and public-spirited citizen, Hugh Tennent, Esq. of Wellpark, was one of the feuars of the Eastern Common, and Alexander Williamson was his next neighbour, being a feuar of the lands of Petershill—also a portion of the Eastern Common. In the year 1769, a dispute arose between these two gentlemen regarding mutual boundaries, and regarding right of roads, Mr. Williamson claiming a privilege of passing and repassing through Mr. Tennent's grounds at his pleasure. This led to a protracted law suit,

which commenced before the Sheriff and ended in the Court of Session.

I possess a statement of this case, drawn up for Mr. Hugh Tennent; and as it discloses some interesting circumstances respecting the state of the Eastern Common in former days, I now proceed to give a narrative of facts, &c., in the words of Mr. Hugh Tennent himself, and who, by the by, was a fair and honourable purchaser.

*Statement of Facts, &c., by Hugh Tennent, 10th February, 1772.*  
—Showeth, "That to the north-east of the town of Glasgow there is a considerable extent of ground, which originally belonged to the town, and was possessed *pro indiviso* as a common by the different inhabitants of the borough. At the east end of this common, at that corner of it furthest removed from the town there is a stone quarry called the Sheep Quarry belonging to the borough. A number of years ago the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow, considering that this ground so long as it remained a common or undivided waste, was of little advantage to the borough, resolved to divide and parcel it out among individuals, who might cultivate and enclose it, and who would be willing to pay a price for the same. The Magistrates did, therefore, first grant leases to persons willing to take tacks of certain parts of the common, and afterwards they granted feus thereof to different persons, who agreed to become purchasers; with this reservation only, that the town should still have right to the stone and coal within the ground, and the necessary roads to and from the same. Mr. Hugh Tennent purchased the lands of Eastern Common, being part of the forementioned common, from the Magistrates of Glasgow; the same having been exposed to public roup in the year 1755, and he obtained a feu contract from them in the year 1763. The quarry above mentioned, the right to which the Magistrates reserved, and to a road to and from the town thereto, lies at the east end of the said Hugh Tennent's property, and at the time of his purchase, the road from the town to the quarry went through the middle of his property; nay, it appears from the proof which has been led in this process, that persons going to and from the quarry did not observe one uniform road, but sometimes followed one track, sometimes another, across the ground (now the said Hugh Tennent's property), as humour or inclination directed. Mr. Tennent's property was much lessened in value

by these roads running through the middle of it. They not only encroached upon a great part of his ground, but put it out of his power to enclose it. Mr. Tennent contended that the roads in question running through his property were solely on account of the Sheep Quarry, and that no person who had not a right to this Quarry had any right to a road through his grounds. Upon this understanding, the following agreement was entered into between Mr. Tennent and the masons who had the privilege of roadway to the Sheep Quarry. It is dated the 5th December, 1756, and proceeds upon the narrative:—‘That Hugh Tennent has now belonging to him these lands lying within the royalty of Glasgow, called the Easter Common, or Easter Moor, and that the saids Robert Muir, David M’Arthur, and Robert Tennant, and some others, have for some years past had the privilege from the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow to quarry stones out of these quarries belonging to the town commonly called the Sheep Quarries, and to lead the stones from thence to Glasgow, or otherwise, by the south side of the lands belonging to the said Hugh Tennent. And it is agreed, That the road or roads formerly made use of for carrying away the said stones to Glasgow should be altered, and that a new road should be made on the north side of Mr. Tennent’s lands, betwixt his lands and the lands of Alexander Williamson, on the north (24 feet broad) in the direction above mentioned.’”

The new road was accordingly made in terms of the agreement, and the old roads were abandoned.

When the new road was made in 1756, Mr. Williamson did not object to the shutting up of the old roads; on the contrary, he himself was employed to make a feal dike upon Mr. Tennent’s grounds upon the south side of the new road. Thus matters rested for about ten years, when Mr. Williamson commenced opening up slaps in the dyke between his property and the new road, maintaining that the said new road was a public road, and that he had a right to make use of the same; while on the other hand, Mr. Tennent insisted that the new road was a private road to the Sheep Quarries, and that no person but such as had the privilege of using the said quarries had any right to traverse the new road in question.

In order, therefore, to prevent Mr. Williamson from acquiring by possession any right to this new road, Mr. Hugh Tennent, in July, 1769, brought an action before the Sheriff of Lanark, narrat-

ing facts, and craving him to find that Mr. Williamson had no right to any such road, and to prohibit the defender and all others who had joined him in the action, from using the same in all time coming.

The Sheriff gave a judgment in Mr. Tennent's favour; but Mr. Williamson having complained by advocacy to the Court of Session, the decision of the Sheriff was reversed—the Court finding “that the defenders have a right to use the new road in question, as coming in place of the old road, and decerns and declares accordingly.”

The depositions of some of the witnesses in this action are interesting, as showing the state of the Eastern Common in Mr. Hugh Tennent's days:—

John Scot depones—“That from the time the deponent first knew the lands mentioned in the complaint, and until about the year 1742 or 1743, the march betwixt the pursuer's land of Eastern Common and the lands of Petershill, on the north thereof, was a feal dike, which was faced up with stones on the south side thereof about that period. That the east end of the said feal dike terminated where there is now an entry towards the Sheep-craigs; and the rest of the lands of Petershill as they lay eastward were open and unenclosed. Depones, that those parts of the lands of Petershill eastward to the termination of the foresaid dike, now belong to John Maitland, and that from the year 1742 to 1743 these parts of the lands of Petershill now belonging to the defenders were from the foresaid termination of the said faced feal dike. Depones, the lands lying to the north-east from the last-mentioned dike of the defender's property were also enclosed long before the time deponed. Depones, that from the time deponed, at least from the time that the foresaid dike was made, the possessors of the lands of Ballernock and Balgray were barred from the use of any cart or other road, excepting a *foot road only*, through the Sheep-craigs, and through the pursuer's lands of Eastern Common, downwards to the present time. Depones, he never knew any opening or entry in the foresaid feal dike, now faced up with stones.”

James Henderson depones that “he has known the pursuer's and defender's lands since the year 1737, when the lands of Petershill and Eastern Common were marched by the feal dike mentioned in the former oaths; which feal dike was faced up with stones in the year 1743, or thereabouts. That about twelve or

thirteen years ago he first observed the stone dike mentioned in John Scot's oath running from the east corner of the foresaid feal dike northward, and dividing these parts of the lands of Petershill now the property of Maitland, from these parts thereof now the property of the defender. Depones, during the time deponed on, and till the pursuer enclosed his lands of Eastern Common, *there were many roads* passing through the same from east to west; and he observed that there were *feal and divots* cast at different parts of the said Eastern Common."

David Kirkland depones, that "there were roads *every airth* through the said Easter Common, till the same was feued and enclosed by the pursuer."

Robert Tennant depones that, prior to the contract with the masons, there were several roads through the said lands.

John Scot, being interrogated—If, or not, there were many different roads running from the east to the west, and from the north to the south, in the lands of Easter Common?—If, or not, he has known clay and stones digged forth of the moor, and feal and divot cut thereon, which were carried to different places, by different roads?—depones *affirmative*.

James Miller depones that the lands called Eastern Common, till such time as they were enclosed, were all used as a common, and for casting feal and digging clay by the burgesses of Glasgow, and he never knew any body quarrelled for so using thereof.

It appears that the Magistrates of Glasgow exhibited a map or plan of the lands of the Eastern Common, at the public sale in 1755, when Mr. Hugh Tennent purchased the property within mentioned. [*Query*, Is this map or plan still in existence, lying snug in the Council Chamber?] Mr. Hugh Tennent had also a map or plan of his own lands, and of Mr. Williamson's drawn by Mr. Barry, land surveyor, which was produced in the process before the Court of Session. [Perhaps this document may be in the hands of the present Mr. Tennent of Wellpark, and if so, it would be one of great interest to our antiquaries.]

I have mentioned in the foregoing part of this article, that the lands lying to the westward of the upper portion of the High Street were mostly unbuilt upon in my early days; but from the annexed narrative, it appears that in ancient times there must have been buildings of some kind or other in North Albion Street or its neighbourhood.

In the year 1820, in the course of levelling the ground for the Rev. Dr. Dick's church, in North Albion Street, about 250 to 300 complete human skeletons were found in good preservation, embedded in a fine loam about six feet from the surface of the ground. They were uniformly placed with the head to the west and the feet to the east. In some cases the bodies lay respectively on one side. There was no instance of more than one corpse being in a grave, nor any bones there except those apparently belonging to the body. There was one instance where three bodies lay by the side of each other. No vestige of a coffin or of clothing was to be seen; nor was there the least discrimination of rank or condition visible. There were no children's bones, nor those of half-grown persons, found among them; neither were there discovered any bones of the lower class of animals. Every skull had a case of excellent teeth both in the upper and under jaw. A medical person examined at least fifty of them, and could not discover any traces of toothache, and many of them were so young as to want the *dentes sapientiæ*. Are we not to infer from this that they were young persons in the vigour of life? One skull had a cleft in the forehead four inches long. These bones appeared to have owed their preservation to the close nature of the mud in which they were found; and it is remarkable that although there were two feet of rich black soil above this mud, there was no visible trace of it down to the bodies, so that these graves must have been made previously to the formation, or deposition, of the black soil. The bodies were all of an age; that is to say, they were all in the same state of preservation, and seem to have been buried all at one time.

The following letter appeared in the Glasgow newspapers in the year 1820, when the above discovery was made:—

"I am an old citizen, and as such feel interested in anything relating to the history of the town. I beg leave to state, that when I was a young boy, and walking past the ground in Albion Street, which was then an orchard, with my father who too was also an old citizen, and much given to accurate observation, he pointed to the place as we passed, saying, 'There is the spot where the Greyfriars' Kirk once stood, with a burial ground beside it, and Bun's Wynd was lang syne called the Greyfriars' Wynd, because it led down to it.' This at least is partly corroborated by what I find in *M'Ure's History of Glasgow*, pages 66 and 67. It is a well-known fact that in olden times in this country, except such as died in affluent circumstances (who in time of Popery were very few), the greater part of the dead were carried to the grave in the parish dead sheet, the bottom of which, when suspended over the grave, was unsarked, and the corpse let fall down into the grave, the sheet being carried back, and laid in a corner of the kirk till again needed. However incredible this may appear in the present day, yet my father

has often seen the Barony shirt after its use had been discontinued, lying in the old Barony kirk, and he saw the last Govan shirt laid in the grave with the corpse of a poor person, to be used no more. (Signed) A."

The skeletons mentioned, as having been found in the course of levelling the grounds for Dr. Dick's church, were most probably those of persons who had died of the plague; but of this, however, there is no evidence on record.

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BROWN, CARRICK, AND COMPANY.

I BELIEVE that most of your elderly readers remember the manufacturing firm of Brown, Carrick, and Company, which sixty to eighty years ago was considered the leading house in that line in the city of Glasgow. The partners in this concern were Jolin Brown of Lanfin, Robert Carrick, banker, and Alexander Macalpine: the latter, being a first-rate accountant, was book-keeper. These gentlemen manufactured a great variety of loom-wove goods, suited to both the home and the foreign markets, such as linens and lawns, plain and figured, of all descriptions; checked Bengals; handkerchiefs of linen warp and cotton woof; tantareens; cravats, plain and spotted; muslins, in imitation of India muslins; stripes, composed of linen and cotton warp, and cotton woof; pullicates of linen and silk; aprons of linen, silk, and cotton; gauze, composed of silk in the warp, and silk and linen thread time about in the woof; fancy gauzes, striped, spotted, and figured; Valenciennes; figured and brocaded patent nets; striped brocades; chained gauze; French nets; mail nets, &c.; besides which they manufactured a great variety of the more common loom-wove cloths, viz., blue and white checks and stripes, dambroads, &c. At this time all goods which required the process of bleaching were stored up during the winter months, and reserved till the opening months of spring, so as to have the benefit of the powerful rays of the sun over the grounds of the bleachfield. There was no such operation in those days as house bleaching.

The bleachfield of Brown, Carrick, and Company was then situated near the banks of the river, between our modern harbour and the Anderston road; and it is curious, now-a-days, to look at this then rural spot, at present overwhelmed with huge piles of

stores, public and other buildings, and darkened by volumes of smoke from foundries and steamboats. Brown Street, Carrick Street, and Macalpine Street, however, will carry down the names of this manufacturing firm to the latest posterity, and will exhibit a specimen of the site of one of our ancient bleachfields to generations yet unborn. The warehouse of Brown, Carrick, and Company was situated in Bell Street, on the first floor above the street of that tenement directly facing Wallace Court: it is now a tavern.

## JOHN BROWN OF LANFIN.

Mr. Brown's dwelling house was at the north extremity of the narrow close immediately west of the present new police erections in Bell Street, and was up one stair; the front windows looked down this long narrow close, and the gable windows commanded a view of the Bowling Green, now the Bazaar. The entrance to this close by Bell Street was through a pen about nine feet in height.

Mr. Brown was Bailie of Gorbals in 1772, and Bailie of Glasgow in 1785. He had a family of two sons and two daughters: the latter died early in life. The eldest son, Nicol Brown of Lanfin and Waterhaughs, succeeded to the manufacturing concern of Brown, Carrick, and Company, and also to his father's large share in the Ship Bank. Mr. Nicol Brown was Bailie of Glasgow in 1807, and, as a public man, is so well remembered by most of your Glasgow readers of middle age, that I need not say anything further regarding him, only that he was succeeded in his large estates by his cousin, the late eminent Dr. Thomas Brown of Langside. With regard to Mr. Brown's youngest son, Andrew, he was my school companion about 70 years ago; but he was such a rough, boisterous, self-willed chap, that I never could become very intimate with him; for to be on good terms with Andrew it was necessary to give him always his own way, and to yield every disputed point to his entire satisfaction. He had a great antipathy at getting his school lessons, and although not at all deficient in abilities, he nevertheless cut but a sorry figure as a scholar. But although rather behind at his learning, he possessed great dexterity at manufacturing nick-nacks; and amongst these he made a neat little four-wheeled carriage, in which he placed an elevated seat for driving; and it was his highest delight to seize upon any dogs that might be wandering about the streets, and to harness them to his carriage, and then, mounting on his coach-box, to act the



part of Jehu along Bell Street and the Candleriggs, never sparing the lash. When he got over his school days, his father endeavoured to get him to settle to some business; but Andrew kicked at all restraint, and therefore ran away from home, and entered himself on board a ship of war as a common seaman. His father, seeing him so obstinate a youth, resolved to let him get his full swing, at least for a time; and accordingly made no exertions to release him from his engagements as an ordinary man-of-war'sman. I cannot say how long Andrew served on board our ships of war; but Colonel Moore of Rothsay, when a young man, informed me that he happened to be at Portsmouth in the early part of the French war, and having a curiosity to visit a ship of the line, he went on board of a 74-gun ship at anchor in that harbour. He was politely received by the officers of the ship, and a sailor was directed to show him whatever was curious regarding the interior arrangements of this man-of-war. Accordingly, my informant, having visited all parts of the ship, was about to depart, but before going away he presented the sailor who had been his guide with half-a-crown; but he had scarcely done this when a herculean-looking sailor, with broad shoulders, and upwards of six feet high, came up, and, rudely snatching the half-crown from the guide's hand, told him in an insolent, domineering manner, "Nobody on board here, sir, shall take money from visitors except me"—and so walked leisurely away with the gift. My friend, Mr. Moore, then turned round to his late attendant, and inquired of him, "Who was that who had so unceremoniously carried off his present?" "Oh," said the sailor, "he is a son of Bailie Brown of Glasgow, and has fought and thrashed all the stoutest men on board of the ship, and no seaman here now dares to contradict him." What a capital czar of Muscovy Andrew would have made! I am not sure of the time of the death of this promising young gentleman, but I rather think that it was shortly after the above occurrence took place.

#### ROBERT CARRICK AND THE SHIP BANK.

Various little anecdotes of this public character, and of his *sombre boutique* at the corner of Glassford Street, have been in print, and are probably familiar to Glasgow readers; but the following gossiping stories have not as yet been typographed, so far as I know.

Most people who have made a purchase of land, or even of

burgage property, have an irresistible desire to add a little to their newly-acquired properties, by getting hold of some odd corner or other of their next neighbour's domains, which they think quite necessary in order to render their own possessions complete, and they generally pay a high price for their whistle; but Carrick was by far too knowing a personage to act under such feelings. He was a great speculator in land; he, however, paid no regard to where it was situated, neither did he make much inquiry whether the land was rich or poor; his rule of purchasing was—"Is it certain to pay five per cent. in perpetuity?"—and when he ascertained this to his satisfaction, he made the purchase without any regard to proximity. In consequence of this, Mr. Carrick held a great many farms, scattered here and there throughout the country. All these purchases, however, without exception, turned out well and carried *premia*.

When I was a boy there was a great scarcity of silver coinage in Glasgow; and it was considered quite a favour on the part of a shopkeeper to give change for a bank note even to his own customer. On the Saturday, bakers, butchers, and grocers hoarded up the smaller drawings of that day in order to oblige their customers the ensuing week, by granting them silver in exchange for notes. As for the banks, one and all of them set their faces against giving silver for their own notes, if they possibly could avoid doing so; and they held out (at least so the public then said) threats of keeping in remembrance any attempt of a mercantile house presuming to drain them of their silver by seeking change. In order to save giving silver in change, the Ship Bank at this time issued both guinea notes and twenty-shilling notes. Supposing, therefore, that a person was to have received £20 18s., he received 18 guinea notes and two notes of twenty shillings each, but not a sixpence of silver. I remember when a little boy of being sent out by my mother to get change for a pound note, and having in vain tried to obtain it from our own baker and grocer, and also having made the like attempt at various shops without success, I found myself at the head of the Stockwell, opposite the Ship Bank, and it then occurred to me that I would try the bank, the note being a Ship Bank note. Accordingly, in I stepped, and, presenting my note on the counter, asked for change. Upon doing so, I was interrogated as follows:—"What's your name, sir?" I answered, "My name is *Senex*." "Who is your master?" I replied, "I have

no master." "Who told you to come here, then?" I said, "Nobody told me to come here; I just came of myself." "But who gave you the note to change?" I told them my mother gave it to me. The teller then, with a humph, gave me the proper change. At this time, when silver was demanded for a guinea note from any of our banks, it was often refused to be given, and a gold guinea tendered instead thereof—the banks well knowing that gold was not wanted. In fact, our banks tried all shifts to stave off giving silver for their notes. The Royal Bank in Glasgow peremptorily refused to give silver for their notes, except by way of especial favour to customers of their own. A stranger then seeking change of a Royal Bank note at the branch in Glasgow, was told in the most cavalier manner to go to Edinburgh, where the notes were made payable! This I know to have been done. Although more than seventy years have passed over my head since my first bank transaction took place, as above mentioned, nevertheless so vivid an impression of it has been left on my mind by the haughty reception which I received on that occasion, that to this day I never get change of a pound note from a bank without almost expecting the Ship Bank salutation of, "What's your name, sir?" to be popped to me.

I must here make a little digression from my stories, and take notice of the state of the silver and copper coinage then in circulation throughout the realm, but more particularly in so far as regards the coins in common circulation in Glasgow towards the close of the 18th and at the beginning of the 19th centuries. We are very apt to speak of coin and money being synonymous terms; but in reality they are very different. Coin is always made of metal, whereas money may consist of any matter—whether metal, paper, wood, leather, glass, horn, fruits, shells, or kernels. At present, however, my lucubrations are confined to the consideration of the silver and copper coins then in common circulation. As for the gold coin, it was seldom seen in Glasgow at that time, and when seen was greatly disliked, and exchanged as soon as possible for paper money. At the period in question, crown pieces were little in circulation,\* but half-crowns were pretty common. These

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\* I possess an old family punch spoon, manufactured from a crown piece of Charles II. Although much worn, the original words of the coin, "Anno Regni Septimo," are still legible on the rim of the spoon.

were nearly all of the reign of Charles II., and although much worn and defaced, nevertheless they formed the favourite coin of circulation, owing to the certainty of their being genuine. The shillings' coinage at this time was in a most miserable state—few of the shillings being worth more than ninepence, and nearly one-fourth part of these coins was counterfeit, without even the vestige of a stamp upon it. A large proportion of the shillings then in circulation consisted merely of plain silver tokens, like wafers, struck off from a thin sheet of silver, and could have been manufactured by any person with the greatest ease. The genuine shillings of Charles II. and of William and Mary, with the double face, were rare, and greatly worn and defaced; in fact, few even of those coins were intrinsically worth more than ninepence. As for the sixpennypieces, they were almost as thin as our postage stamps, and a child who possessed a thin plate of silver might have made it into sixpences at his pleasure, merely by cutting it into little circular pieces, and then bending those pieces in opposite directions. Few of the sixpences in circulation were worth more than fourpence, and the largest proportion of them not worth threepence each. So much for our celebrated "crooked sixpence."

While the commerce and the manufactures of the nation were extending at a rapid rate, and required an additional supply of the circulating medium, no steps were taken by Government to remedy the evil of scarcity of coin; but the Bank of England, seeing the necessity for an additional supply of silver, took upon itself the burden of giving the public a partial relief by issuing 3s. tokens. These were very coarsely executed (I think by Bolton and Watt), but were well received by all classes, seeing that they approached nearer to the value of unmanufactured silver than the shillings and sixpences of the day. In addition to this supply, it so happened that the Bank of England had received a large deposit of Spanish dollars, which dollars being stamped with a small head of George III., were sent into circulation as coins of the realm; and this addition to the old coinage, and to the 3s. pieces, made change tolerably easy for a time; but as our commercial and manufacturing prosperity, as well as our population, continued steadily to advance, it soon became evident that the supply given by the Bank of England was totally inadequate to meet the increasing evil of scarcity of silver, and our banks felt this evil to be so crying that they commenced issuing 5s. notes. Most

undoubtedly the circulation of these small notes gave great satisfaction to our shopkeepers, and at the same time relieved the banks from the necessity of giving change for their larger notes. I must confess, however, that a general laugh was raised at the expense of the banks, the issue of such petty notes being considered rather *infra-dig.* of the said banks. Even the supply of these small notes was found to be insufficient to remedy the evil of a scarcity of silver coin, seeing that such notes could only have a local circulation. Therefore, some of our Glasgow firms, who were proprietors of cotton mills and other large works at a distance from Glasgow, followed the example of the Bank of England by procuring stocks of dollars, stamping them with the names of the respective firms, and thereafter by putting the same into circulation. These dollars were issued at a trifling advance in value, for the purpose of keeping them upon the circle in the neighbourhood of the public works in question. Some millowners went the length of cutting the dollars into two equal parts, and stamping the names of their firms on each half. With these mutilated half dollars they paid their workers' wages, but took them back in exchange for goods purchased at the mill stores.

It was not till the year 1816 that Government set about in right earnest to place our silver coinage upon a proper footing both as to quantity and as to quality. In that year, and also in 1817 and 1818, an extensive coinage of silver was made at the Mint in London, and I believe likewise at Birmingham. It consisted of crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. These coins were well executed, and are in extensive circulation to this day. Government having thus provided a sufficient supply of silver coinage for the realm, called in the old depreciated silver coins then in circulation, to be exchanged for the new coinage. A large supply of the said new coinage was forwarded to Glasgow to replace the old worn-out coinage; and I must do our Government the justice to say that, in the mode of making the exchange of coins, the greatest liberality was shown to all classes who made application for an exchange of their old coins. Of this, I have only to give an example of what occurred to myself. At this time I was in possession of twenty-six shillings of the old depreciated coins, few of which had the remains of the original stamp upon them; most of them being perfectly smooth; indeed, several of them were merely circular pieces of unstamped silver, and to all

appearance counterfeits. I called personally with my 26s., to get them exchanged for the new coinage. Upon being examined, eighteen of them were accepted, and for these I received the new coinage in exchange. The other eight of my shillings were refused as being counterfeits. Having heard that Government had issued instructions to deal in the most liberal manner towards poor people who might apply for an exchange of coin, and not to be very strict as to the examination of their old coins, I desired one of my workmen (rather a ragged, dirty fellow) to go back with my eight shillings which had been rejected, and to get them exchanged if he could, seeing that they had been considered quite current coin only a few days previously. In a short time my workman returned, and to my great surprise handed me eight new brilliant shillings in exchange for the very same coins which, when presented by me, had been rejected as counterfeits. By calling in and exchanging the old silver coinage through the realm, Government lost upwards of £800,000.

When I was a very little fellow, the copper coinage\* of the realm was in a worse state even than the silver coinage. Glasgow at that time was inundated with counterfeit halfpence of all descriptions, viz., of the old Scotch halfpence of George II., of Irish harps, and of various others, all of them deficient in weight, and many of them base in metal and without stamps. The genuine old Scotch halfpence with the thistle had become much worn, and a great proportion of them were wasted away to perfect smoothness, the stamps on both sides being obliterated. These got the name of *lumbies*. At this time the increase of counterfeit

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\* *Glasgow Mercury*, 17th February, 1780.—Advertisement.—“FIVE GUINEAS REWARD. —As there has of late, and seems still to continue, to be brought into this country by some persons of bad principles, large quantities of *counterfeit halfpence*, which have been circulated by people in this town (undoubtedly enemies to the public), for by the circulation of such wretched coin, the public hath of late been most egregiously imposed upon, especially brewers, bakers, butchers, gardeners, grocers, and other shopkeepers: Therefore, we, the people concerned to the foresaid trades, beg leave to declare, in this public manner, that we are determined for the future to give all the aid in our power to detect, and bring to punishment such as are concerned in those villanous practices; and hereby offer a reward of five guineas to any boatman, carter, carrier, porter, or any other person who can inform where any of these halfpence are lodged, to be paid immediately upon conviction of the offender or offenders, by applying to Mr. Peter Corbet, Officer of Excise. And we hereby take this opportunity of returning our thanks to the gentlemen of the Customs and Excise, who have been so active in detecting this base coin; and are determined to give them all the aid in our power in prosecuting any of the offenders which they may or can detect.”—Glasgow, February 16th, 1780.

copper coin, constantly arriving from Ireland, had become quite a nuisance in Glasgow, in consequence of which the shopkeepers, hucksters, and spirit dealers of the city laid their heads together to refuse taking any copper coin whatsoever (*lumbies* excepted) unless of a certain weight. As it would have been rather a tedious affair to have weighed each halfpenny in common scales, an instrument for weighing halfpence in a quick manner was invented, called a *tumbling Tam*. It was formed somewhat in the shape of the capital letter T, and was fixed to the counter of the place. The upper part of the machine was a moveable balance, loaded at one end with the requisite weight of a mint halfpenny, and supported in position. When a halfpenny was placed upon the other end of the balance, if the said halfpenny was good, it lowered the balance and fell upon the counter: but if *Tammy* was obstinate and would not deliver up his charge, the *bawbee* was declared a counterfeit. It is curious to think that in my younger days every retail shop in Glasgow was furnished with a *tumbling Tam*, and yet if the whole city is now searched from end to end, I doubt if a single *Tammy* could be found in it *except one*, and that one is deposited in the Andersonian Museum as a relic of Glasgow in olden time.

The *lumbie* halfpence, being supposed to have been the genuine old Scotch coin with the thistle, were not subjected to the ordeal of *Tammy*, but were readily taken as *mints* without being weighed, notwithstanding that they were all evidently deficient in weight, and quite smooth on both sides. When but a little chap at the reading school, I had sufficient *gumption* about me to take advantage of this state of matters, and to contrive a method of manufacturing *lumbies*. There happened to be an old mug in our kitchen filled with rejected halfpence and counterfeit Irish coins, which were considered of no value, and therefore were thrown aside as mere lumber. It was to this mug I always resorted in the course of my necessities. Upon these occasions I was accustomed to take out some of the counterfeits from the mug, and to subject them to the operation of the grindstone, and afterwards to the polish of the water of Ayr stone, by which means I soon converted them into smooth *lumbies*. The only difficulty was to give them an old appearance, but this I contrived to get over by wearing them for a day or two in my shoes; and what was curious enough, my *lumbies* were readily and freely taken, without even a challenge.

I cannot call to my recollection whether or not Government

ordered the old copper coin to be sent in for exchange when the new copper coin of George III. was issued; but I remember of a shopkeeper telling me that he had £24 of bad copper coin at the period in question, which he sold for old copper. The retail dealers in Edinburgh at this time appear to have been in pretty much the same situation as our Glasgow shopkeepers with regard to the depreciated copper coinage in circulation, in consequence of which Messrs. Thomas and Charles Hutcheson of Edinburgh issued a very elegant copper token of the value of a halfpenny, and their example was followed immediately afterwards by Messrs. Gilbert Shearer and Company of Glasgow, who issued an equally handsome copper token of like value. At this time several other companies in Scotland commenced issuing copper tokens; and in England the practice was almost general throughout that kingdom: but since Government made the issue of the new copper coinage, these tokens have gone almost entirely out of circulation.

I have already mentioned that, in consequence of the scarcity of silver, our banks commenced issuing notes of the value of five shillings. Although no bank in Glasgow had hitherto issued notes of such trifling amount, nevertheless in the year 1761, our banks made an issue of notes of the value of ten shillings, payable to the bearer on demand. But as for the £1 and £5 bank notes they were made payable either on demand, or in the option of the bank *six months* after being presented, with six months' interest. The reason for our banks reserving this option was peculiar, and not very creditable to the great banks in Edinburgh, as the following narrative will show:—

“December 20, 1761.—Archibald Trotter brought an action against Cochrane and Murdoch,\* and other proprietors of one of the Glasgow banks (Glasgow Arms), setting forth—‘That he had applied to the bank for payment of about £3000 of their notes, that they had offered him payment *in sixpences*; but in making payment their servants had proceeded in a way designedly evasive and slow; that they had miscounted the money on purpose to have a pretence of counting it over again; had quitted him in order to pay other people, and by many other arts had protracted his payments, on which account he had taken a protest against them, and

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\* Andrew Cochrane was Provost of Glasgow in 1770-1, and John Murdoch was Provost in 1758-9.



he concluded for payment of the sum with interest from the date of the protest, cost of suit, and damages.'"

The defence pleaded for the banking company was:—

"That Trotter was sent *to*, and settled *at*, Glasgow, by the directors of the two public banks at Edinburgh, as their agent, in order to pick up the defenders' notes, and then to make a sudden run upon them in order to ruin their credit. That in such a case it was their right to defend themselves by every legal method against so invidious an attack. That payment in sixpences was a legal tender. That they were not obliged to keep all their servants employed in making payment to him only, and that therefore they could not be liable for anything further than payment of the notes. 2d, Supposing there had been an absolute refusal to pay, they could not be liable for damages; because, being only a private banking company, though thirty in number, they were in the case of any private debtor by bill or note, who, if he refuses payment, can only be sued for the debt, interest, and expenses, but not for damages."

The Lords found the action relevant for payment of the principal sum, interest, and expenses of process.

N.B.—As the defenders did not reclaim against the interlocutor, it became final *quoad* the pursuer's demand for interest and cost of suit. But the pursuer having reclaimed and insisted for damages, the Lords ordered his petition to be answered. This point, however, never came to a discussion, as the suit was carried out of court by a submission.

It may be remarked that in tendering payment of silver for the £3000, the teller of the Glasgow Arms Bank twice kept back a sixpence on purpose, to force Trotter to count the amount a third time.\*

But from this long digression I must now return to our friend Robert Carrick and the Ship Bank.

There is an old Scotch proverb—"Better to put your hand twice to your bonnet than ance in your pouch;" and no person in Glasgow of olden time could touch his bonnet with more grace and dignity than Robin Carrick. The expression of his refusal—

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\* It may be further remarked regarding the hostility of the Edinburgh banks to our Glasgow banks that, having complained of the optional clause in the Glasgow notes, they obtained an Act of Parliament prohibiting it.

"*Not convenient, sir,*" was inimitable. It was pronounced with the greatest affability and politeness, but with such a degree of firmness that the person receiving the refusal saw in a moment how vain it would be to press the subject any farther. The feelings of Scott Moncrieff of the Royal (notwithstanding of his growl) might have been influenced by importunity; but those of Carrick were impenetrably buttoned up in his well-lined pouch. One day when Mr. Carrick was sitting in his private room at the bank, a gentleman (said to have been Thomas Stewart of the Field), who was upon intimate terms with him, called to transact some trifling bank business. This matter being arranged, these gentlemen sat down to a sober two-handed crack, which Mr. Carrick enjoyed very much when he met an old acquaintance. All of a sudden Mr. Carrick rose up, and proceeded to his iron safe, from which he extracted a piece of paper, carefully folded up, which, having spread out, he laid it before his visitor, saying—"Here is a bill made payable at the bank; will you be so good as to give me your opinion of it?" The gentleman, having examined the bill, returned it to Mr. Carrick, saying—"I am greatly surprised, Mr. Carrick, at your having discounted that bill." "How so?" said Mr. Carrick. "Because," said the gentleman, with an emphasis, "it is a forgery!" At this Mr. Carrick merely gave a gentle smile, calmly folded up the bill, and on rising to restore it to his iron safe, simply remarked with a nod—"It is a very good bill." In fact, Mr. Carrick had a shrewd guess that the bill was a forgery when he discounted it, but he also knew that it was sure to be regularly paid when due: he, however, was desirous of ascertaining from another person if his suspicions were likely well founded.

Nearly fifty years ago the following notice appeared in some of our papers:—"Glasgow, 5th June, 1805. David Scott, engraver, from Edinburgh, and Hugh Adamson, potter in Glasgow, were executed at the Cross, for making and uttering notes in imitation of those of the Ship Banking Company. These young men were respectably connected, and their fate much lamented."

When the above-mentioned individuals were taken up and imprisoned, the partners of the Ship Bank were impressed with the idea that the said prisoners formed merely part of a gang of forgers, and that some person of a higher station of life was concerned along with them in the manufacture of Ship Bank notes. In order to discover if possible whether this was the case or not,

Mr. Carrick visited the accused in prison, and as no person knew the effect of the *suaviter in modo* better than our Ship Bank cashier, he spoke to the poor men with such affability and kindness, and seemed to take so deep an interest in their favour, that they unbosomed themselves to him without reservation, and told him everything regarding the forgery, and the mode of their accomplishing it—conceiving that they were speaking to a friend anxious to save them. Mr. Carrick, however, having now learned that the prisoners had no associates in the forgery of the Ship Bank notes, rested satisfied with his information, and used little or no exertion to save the lives of the unhappy culprits, but left them to their fate.

The following anecdote was communicated to me by James Brown, Esquire (the father of William Brown, Esquire, late of Kilmardinny):—Mr. Brown and his brother John happened one forenoon to be standing at the foot of Glassford Street, near their business premises, when they were surprised at observing a number of ragged pieces of paper floating in the air above their heads, and carried along the Trongate by the wind. One of these torn and dirty papers happened to fall on the pavement at their feet; when Mr. James Brown said to his brother, "John, look what that is!" Accordingly, John stooped down and took up a nasty rag of paper; but no sooner had he beheld on it the well-known figure of the ship, and the great R of Robert Carrick, than he hastily exclaimed—"By jingo, it is a shower of Robin's notes—let's after them!" Accordingly, the two gentlemen instantly scampered along the Trongate at their full speed in pursuit of the dirty pieces of paper, to the no small amusement of the passers-by, who could not understand what they wanted with these little ragged scraps. After having picked up about half-a-dozen of them, and seeing no appearance of any more floating about, they resolved to carry their prize into the Ship Bank for an explanation. Accordingly on arrival there, they learned that Mr. Carrick was engaged in an adjoining room; but on their expressing a wish to see him, he made his appearance. The gentlemen then exhibited the dirty ragged Ship notes, and stated the odd way of their finding them; upon which Mr. Carrick thanked them in the politest manner, and explained the mystery by saying that the bank clerks had been burning the worn-out notes of the firm; but that a puff of wind must have rushed in during the operation, when the room door happened to be opened, and by its sudden passage up the vent

must have carried some of the notes fairly out of the chimney top to the open air. Mr. Carrick, however, after again thanking them, added that he would now stop the burning of the worn-out notes until he had got a safety wire screen placed in the vent of the room where the process was carried on. Since that time there was always a safety wire screen or sieve placed on the vent of the room where the worn-out notes of the Ship Bank were destroyed.

It is pretty well known to most of your elderly mercantile readers that Mr. Carrick was very partial to transact business with respectable Highland drovers, believing that Ship Bank notes circulated in the Highlands would not come quickly back. Once, upon a Tuesday, a Highland drover came into Mr. Carrick's private room with a bill having three days to run before becoming due, and requested cash for it; Mr. Carrick readily agreed to take the bill, remarking, however, that there was sixpence of discount to be taken off. "Na, na," said the Highlandman, "she maun hae a' te siller!" "I can't do that," replied Carrick, "the discount must be deducted." "Hout, tout," exclaimed the drover, "she'll get it all hersel on Friday; shust gie me te siller!" Carrick, however was obstinate in his refusal, and so, carelessly handed back the bill to the Highlandman; he then put on his spectacles and commenced writing. The drover walked slowly away to the room door with the bill in hand, expecting to be called back; but Carrick continued writing without taking the least notice of him. The Highlandman having got outside of the door, kept it a little while upon the jar, but still grasping firmly the handle of the door. He then popped in his head at the jar, and called out to Carrick—"She'll gie't for te groat!" "No, no," replied Carrick, "it must be sixpence!" "Weel, weel," cried the drover, "if it maun be sae, it maun be sae,"—and so the sixpence being deducted, the bill was discounted.

In the disastrous year 1793, three of our Glasgow banks failed, and the Royal Bank itself trembled at the pressure of the times. William Simpson and Gilbert Innes, from Edinburgh, and David Dale and Scott Moncrieff, from Glasgow, were then accustomed to meet weekly at half-way between the respective cities, and there to discuss the position of bank matters; indeed those times gave the Royal Bank such a fright, that it shortly afterwards increased its capital, by adding to it half-a-million sterling, thereby making surety sure, as the saying goes.

Amidst the general panic which took place in the above-mentioned year, the Ship Bank stood as firm as a granite rock. Mr. Carrick regarded not the effects of the storm upon the mercantile interest, except in so far as his pouch was concerned, and upon this pouch he now placed an additional button, and anxiously guarded its contents. He was much blamed for want of liberality, and for narrowing his discounts almost to a point. But he secured the bank from all danger; and if it was true (as then reported) that there were nearly £600,000 sterling of deposits in the said bank in 1792, perhaps his caution was absolutely necessary, even for the sake of the public itself. As an instance of the state of mercantile matters at this critical period, I may mention that it was in the year 1793 that I commenced business, and the fall upon goods was then so great that I got 45 per cent. discount for cash upon my first transaction. The gentleman from whom I purchased the above-mentioned goods is still alive [1854], and walks the boards of our Royal Exchange.

The Ship Bank was first established in Glasgow in January, 1750, and their office was opened in the Bridgegate. In the year 1775 a change took place in the affairs of the Bank, a new company having been formed in consequence of the old partners retiring. Amongst the new partners were Robert Carrick, Bailie John Brown, and his brother Dr. Thomas Brown of Langside, then residing at Aitkenhead,\* Thomas Buchanan of Ardoch, and several others. The new firm removed the Ship Bank office from the Bridgegate, in 1776, to its late site at the south-west corner of Glassford Street. This property originally formed the west wing of the celebrated Shawfield mansion; and its prototype, the east wing is still to the fore, forming the south-east corner of the said street. These wings were used primarily as stables and out-houses, or offices to the mansion. Upon the change of Ship Bank partners in 1775, Mr. Carrick became manager and cashier of the establishment, which situation he held till his death in 1821.

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\* Dr. Brown realised the principal part of his fortune in India, but on his return from that country he settled first in London, and afterwards in Glasgow. He purchased the Langside property from Mr. Crawford of Possil. Although that estate is now so well covered with planting, it was not so when Dr. Brown made the purchase. I remember, in 1778, when the present mansion-house was building, of my father pointing out the spot to me, and remarking what a bleak place it was. Dr. Brown, in 1779, was the first president of Wilson's Charity.

Although a partial alteration took place in 1783 by the retirement of two or three of the partners, and by the adoption of a new firm (viz., Carrick, Brown, and Company), nevertheless, Mr. Carrick still continued the head of this, the oldest Glasgow bank. Mr. Carrick's dwelling house was the flat and attics immediately above the bank, the entry to which was either by the front lobby of the bank during bank hours, or by the back court from Glassford Street at other times. Mr. Carrick was eldest bailie of Glasgow in 1796, and Dean of Guild in 1802 and 1803. He was never married, but his domestic concerns were superintended by his cousin, a respectable maiden lady. At the period of his death, he had no relations very nearly connected with him, and the public therefore expected that he would have bequeathed considerable legacies to our public institutions; but in this the public were mistaken.

When the Ship Bank was first opened in 1750, the usual dinner hour in Glasgow was one o'clock, and at that hour the bank was shut in order to allow the bank clerks an hour for dinner. At two o'clock the business of the establishment was resumed. Notwithstanding of the usual dinner hour in Glasgow having altered in the course of time, by gradual succession, from one o'clock to two, three, four, and five o'clock, nevertheless Mr. Carrick still kept up the old fashion of closing, or at least of partially closing, the bank for an hour at one o'clock. A clerk, however, was always left there during that hour, in case of payments being tendered for bills that were then due. When the dinner hour in Glasgow had become later, the clerks in the bank who were relieved from duty at one o'clock usually spent an hour in amusement. It was the practice of Mr. John Marshall, the head book-keeper of the bank, to spend the vacant hour above-mentioned by a stroll round the Green of Glasgow, and if he happened to be fatigued with his walk, he sometimes indulged himself by taking a "meridian." Now, it occurred one day, when John had been spending the said hour with his usual walk, that Mr. Carrick, in his absence, had taken a fancy to look into the bank books; and when John returned at two o'clock to his duty, Mr. Carrick was sitting at the desk upon John's stool quite intent upon examination of Mr. Marshall's ledger. Mr. Marshall, upon arrival, seeing some one sitting at his desk, occupying his very stool, and busily engaged examining his entries in the bank ledger,

did not perceive that it was Mr. Carrick, and so in a playful mood he went quickly forward, and, giving the old gentleman a sound slap on the back, exclaimed, "All right, all right, my cockie!" Mr. Carrick, in amazement, pushed up his spectacles to his brow, turned round and stared John in the face, who was in greater amazement than Robin himself. Mr. Marshall then made a thousand apologies to Mr. Carrick for the liberty he had used, saying that he had mistaken him for Archy Calder. Mr. Carrick never said a word in reply, but merely replacing his spectacles as before, proceeded with the examination of John's ledger, which he found quite satisfactory.

As I have already mentioned, Mr. Marshall was accustomed sometimes to take his "meridian" after a fatiguing stroll round our public Green, and this meridian generally consisted of a glass of real Ferintosh, strongly savouring of John Highlandman's handywork. Mr. Marshall, however, was very anxious that no one should observe the smell of peat reek about him, and in order effectually to prevent such an occurrence happening, he, after his "meridian," always took a mouthful of oat-cake toasted brown almost to blackness, and this he thought was likely to overpower all smell of the Ferintosh; but still he did not feel quite sure of the entire efficacy of his *succedaneum*. One day Mr. Marshall happened to meet Dr. Towers in the Trongate, and the two gentlemen having stopped together for a few minutes for a social crack, Mr. Marshall thought that this would be a good opportunity of ascertaining from the Doctor if he knew of a specific which was certain to overwhelm the smell of whisky; and accordingly, he put the question direct to Dr. Towers. The Doctor readily answered, "Oh yes, I can tell you," and tapping Mr. Marshall gently on the shoulder, said, "Johnny, my man, if you take a glass o' aqua, and dinna want ony body to ken o't, just take twa glasses o' rum after it, and the deil a ane will ever suspect o' your ha'ing tasted a drap o' whisky!"

Of the old assistants of the Ship Bank, there are still two alive, viz., Messrs. John Aitcheson and Michael Rowan—the latter the successor of Mr. Carrick. I remember Mr. Aitcheson in the Ship Bank seventy years ago, and he is now the oldest member of the *gens de banque* in Scotland, or perhaps in the kingdom. At the above-mentioned period, the Shawfield Mansion was occupied by John Glassford of Dougalston, and the Ship Bank office, as

formerly mentioned, was in the west wing or out-house, of the said mansion. Glassford Street was not opened till 1796. John Glassford was married to a daughter of the Earl of Cromarty, as may be seen by an inscription on his tombstone, situated at the south-west corner of the Old Ram's Horn burying ground. The inscription may be read from the pavement in Ingram Street.

## ALEXANDER MACALPINE.

Mr. Macalpine was the youngest partner of Brown, Carrick, and Company, and was cashier of the firm. In the year 1783, he, in conjunction with Provost Patrick Colquhoun, Provost William French, John Glassford, William Cunningham, and some others of our leading merchants, formed themselves into a society for the protection and encouragement of trade and commerce; and, under the title of the "Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures in the City of Glasgow," they obtained a Royal charter on the 9th of June of the above-mentioned year. Their example was afterwards followed by some merchants in Edinburgh, who also obtained a like charter for that city. The late Dugald Bannatyne, Esquire, was the last survivor of the original members of our Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Macalpine was better known amongst his acquaintances by the familiar name of "Sandy Macaupin." He was a shrewd, clever man, and sharp as a needle. One day, in the course of paying a farmer a small account, there happened to be a half-guinea among the change. The farmer did not like to receive gold in payment, in case of its being of light weight, and therefore, after carefully inspecting the half-guinea, he asked Mr. Macalpine if he was quite sure of its being good weight. Mr. Macalpine, taking the coin back from the farmer, placed it on tip of his elbow, and then poised it as if he had been weighing it, after which he returned the piece to the farmer, saying "Yes, yes, I'll warrant it to be good weight!" The farmer, however, was not satisfied with Mr. Macalpine's mode of weighing gold, and after again carefully examining the half-guinea on both sides, said, "I dinna ken, sir; but I think it lukes unco bare!" "Bare, bare!" exclaimed Sandy, "Od's my life, man, would you have hair upon it?" The poor farmer was quite dumfounded at this sally, and so pocketed the half-guinea without uttering another word. After Mr. Macalpine's death, his family removed to London, and were not



supposed to have been left in very affluent circumstances. His two grand-daughters (as I was informed) having shown great theatrical talents, resolved, under the advice of their friends, to adopt the stage as a profession; but as Macalpine was not a good play-bill name, the young ladies took the name of Tree; and many of your readers who have sat enjoying the performance of Miss Helen Tree and her sister were quite unaware that they were beholding "Sandy Macaupin's" grand-daughters.

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#### THE SHAWFIELD MANSION.

IN looking at the above title, I am afraid that your readers will think that I am now palming on them a sop of "cauld kail het again," instead of giving them a turreen-full of genuine "hotch-potch;" and truly I must say that the subject is very stale—having already passed through the hands of Denholm, Chapman, Cleland, Pagan, J. B., and nearly a dozen others. Still, however, I am going to present the dish once more, having seasoned it with a fresh "cut," which I hope will render it somewhat palatable to those who are not over-squeamish.

The citizens of Glasgow are much indebted to the late Mr. Robert Stuart, to Mr. Pagan of the *Herald* office, and to Bailie Bogle, for their industry and care in preserving neat sketches and memorabilia of various public and private buildings of our native city. Many of these are sketches of the lordly dwellings of our aristocratic citizens of olden time, which dwellings once adorned our principal streets, and were the pride of our city, but which have now been swept away by modern improvements, while others of them are still in existence, though threatened with a similar fate at no great distance of time. We have had maps of the City of Glasgow published again and again, but hitherto (with the exception of the Trongate and Argyll Street) there has been no publication shewing the general front elevation of our public streets. I have often deeply regretted that I did not attend to this subject in my younger days, when Glasgow might be said to have been in its infancy. Whole streets—such as Saltmarket, Candleriggs, and Stockwell—have, in my time, been renewed or totally altered in

appearance; while the Trongate, deprived of its pillars, and Argyll Street of its malt kilns, have been more than one-half re-built within my remembrance. The High Street, Bridgegate, and Gallowgate still keep up a venerable share of their ancient appearance; but yet ever and anon, we behold everywhere, here and there in these streets, some towering modern tenement of three or four stories occupying the sites of the low thatched dwellings of former days. As for the Rottenrow, the Drygate, and other ancient localities of the north quarter, there are octogenarians yet alive who could scarcely recognise the venerable spot of their younger days, so deeply associated with the recollections of Montrose's Lodgings—the Bishop's Castle—St. Nicholas's Hospital—and the Alms House, with its melancholy funeral bell.

Of all the princely dwellings of our former aristocratic merchants, there are none so distinguished as the Shawfield Mansion, on account of the memorable circumstances connected with its history. It stood at the south extremity of Glassford Street, and looked directly down Stockwell Street. I shall avoid prolixity of description, however, as the subject has been so ably handled by others.

Mr. Pagan, in his *Sketches of the History of Glasgow*, page 63, gives a very clear statement of the celebrated riot which took place in Glasgow in the year 1725, regarding the malt-tax. The mob on this occasion broke into the Shawfield Mansion, and destroyed all Mr. Campbell's furniture. These proceedings being reported to the Secretary of State, General Wade was ordered to march to Glasgow with a body of soldiers, and (sanctioned by the warrant of the Lord Advocate) he seized the Lord Provost and all our civic authorities, lodged them in the jail at the Cross, and sent them under a military escort to Edinburgh for trial, on the charge of not having performed their duty as magistrates. Mr. Pagan, (page 63) says:—"Mr. Campbell having applied to Parliament for indemnification for the loss of his furniture and furnishings, the community was ordered to pay him the sum of £6080, which, with other damage and expenses occasioned by the riot, amounted to about £9000. This sum was borrowed by the Town Council, and afterwards gradually paid off from the funds of the local impost upon ale." Mr. Pagan adds (page 68):—"It has often been stated that the compensation for the loss of his furniture was employed by Mr. Campbell in the purchase of the island of

Islay."\* In reference to this last quotation I have to mention in addition to it as follows:—*Scots Magazine*, November, 1798, page 738—"On the forfeiture of the Macdonalds, the islands of Islay and Jura were made over to Campbell of Calder, then a favourite at Court. Calder sold them to Campbell of Shawfield for £12,000." Now, a gentleman who is intimate with the Shawfield family, told me that the present Mr. Campbell of Islay † assured him that the money received from the city of Glasgow, as above, had actually formed part of the price paid to Calder for Islay. After the said purchase, Shawfield sold the Island of Jura to Campbell of Jura, at a considerable advance in price, so that, in point of fact, it may be said that the old furniture of one of our Glasgow aristocratic mansions purchased the island of Islay, lately sold to Mr. Mathieson by the Royal Bank, for £400,000!

The Shawfield Mansion is further remarkable as the place of residence of Prince Charles in the year 1745; and I have heard my mother mention that she stood so close to the Prince while he resided there, that she could have shaken hands with him.

The mansion-house in question passed into the hands of M'Dowall of Castlesemple, whose son sold it to John Glassford for 1700 guineas. In 1792 Henry Glassford sold it, and the garden attached to it, to Mr. William Horn, at the rate of 10s. 6d.

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\* From the following advertisements it appears as if Campbell of Jura had been put to some inconvenience in paying Campbell of Shawfield the purchase-money of Jura, and that so late as 1764 one of the principal farms of Jura was still in Shawfield's possession:—

*Glasgow Journal*, 12th April, 1764.—"Archibald Campbell, of Jura, who died in the month of January, 1764, named Archibald Campbell, his second son, to be sole executor of his testament; and also named some of his friends to be curators to his said son, with power to dispose of his moveables of all kinds, at Whitsunday next, for payment of his debts. These gentlemen have not yet determined whether they are to accept of the office, and wish to have a meeting of the creditors before they declare themselves, to concert measures for the sale of the defunct's moveable subjects, in-gathering of debts due to him, and for the management of their concerns thereafter; they, therefore, desire that the creditors would meet with them at Inverary upon the 27th day of April current."

10th May, 1764.—"Notice.—That the whole black cattle, horses, mares, sheep, and goats, which belonged to the deceased Archibald Campbell of Jura, are to be exposed to sale, by public roup, on Monday the 21st day of May current, and that upon the ground of the lands of Tarbert and Correnahora, in the foresaid island of Jura

"N.B.—The farm of Tarbert, in Jura, which is a spacious grazing, and the property of Shawfield, is at the same time to be set for fifteen years, being all the time to run from Whitsunday next of Shawfield's tack thereof to the said defunct."

† The last Campbell of Islay, a most amiable gentleman, has departed this life since the above was written. He died in France in the winter of 1854-5.

per square yard. Mr. Horn removed the main building, and opened Glassford Street about two years afterwards. The old Ship Bank, with Robert Carrick's dwelling-house above it, formed the west wing of the said mansion house, and this circumstance adds to the memorabilia of the place. It is unfortunate that hitherto we have possessed no authentic sketch of this, one of the finest of our old city mansions, but have been obliged to rest satisfied with a verbal description of it. I have often been applied to by some of our Glasgow antiquaries to furnish them with a rough sketch of the Shawfield Mansion; but, although I have a clear remembrance of the place, nevertheless I could not then undertake to give any drawing of it at all satisfactory to myself; in fact, it would have been a task almost as difficult as for a painter to delineate the likeness of a deceased person from a verbal description of his features.

Before proceeding with the object now in view, I must give a short extract from a contribution by J. B. to *Pagan's Glasgow, Past and Present*, page 170-175. The learned member of the Antiquarian Society says:—"William M'Dowall sold, in 1760, to the Highland Society, the westmost portion of the ground his father had last bought, on which that respectable body built the Black Bull Inn. Hitherto (1760) the Shawfield Mansion had stood quite detached, without wings; but about the time of his sale to the Highland Society, Mr. M'Dowall built, at the south-east and south-west corners of the property in line with the Trongate, two tenements of three stories each, harmonising with the architecture of the old mansion. The west wing he sold in 1776 to the Ship Bank. Some minor relics of this celebrated old Glasgow house are still preserved as memorials. The two sphinxes are to be seen at Woodend House, belonging to Mr. Barclay near Cathcart. Part of one of the busts which stood in the gateway is in the possession of the writer of this article. So far as the writer is aware, no complete drawing of this celebrated Glasgow house is extant."

I shall now proceed with my narrative. Some little time since, I happened to be passing along Great Clyde Street, when my attention was attracted to a book stall there, where I observed some old Glasgow newspapers laid out for sale. On examination, I found one of them to be the *Glasgow Journal*, printed by Andrew Stalker, bookseller, and dated "from Monday, 27th December, 1756, to Monday 3d January, 1757." Like our ships to our

shipping advertisements, there was an embellishment in it of a house prefixed to an advertisement of a roup of heritage on the premises of Andrew Armour (then the old Glasgow Coffee House, situated up one stair, at the north-west corner of the Saltmarket and Trongate). It struck me immediately that this woodcut was a correct representation of the original Shawfield Mansion, (I therefore purchased the old newspapers); and upon a closer examination, and comparison of dates and of circumstances, aided by my own recollections, I feel satisfied that such is the fact.

I now annex a copy of the said woodcut.



At the date of my newspaper (1756-1757), there were only four other great mansions in Glasgow of a similar kind to that represented by the cut, viz.—Dreghorn's in Great Clyde Street; Murdoch's (Buck's Head), Dunlop's (Rae Wilson's), in Argyll Street; and Buchanan's, at the head of Virginia Street (now the Union Bank). It appears to me that the above cut is not a fancy sketch, but a real representation of a building existing at the time when the said sketch was taken. Had it been merely a piece of fancy, the roof (as usual in fancy cuts) would have been prominently shown; but the object of leaving it in rough outline only, was to exhibit the elevation to advantage. It may be further noticed that the outlines of the roof appear to have been worn away by frequent printing. Your antiquarian readers are called upon to examine particularly the four vents in the cut, as they clearly shew that the said cut is not a representation of Dreghorn's, Murdoch's, or Dunlop's houses, the vents in all these houses being placed in quite a different manner. The house which came nearest to that represented by the cut was Mr. Buchanan's, at the head of Virginia Street; but the outside stair was different, and the vents in Mr. Buchanan's house were all in the centre of the roof.

In my opinion the present cut is a correct representation of the Shawfield Mansion, as it stood, when it was gutted by the mob in 1725. The *Glasgow Journal* of 1756-1757, from which I have taken the foresaid cut, was first published in Glasgow in the year 1729 (by Andrew Stalker, bookseller), just four years after the

great riot of 1725, and during the agitated times which followed, when Glasgow was compelled by Parliament to make compensation to Shawfield for the loss of his furniture. The populace of Glasgow were then enraged at the imposition of the ale and beer tax. I, therefore, think that the cut in question of the Shawfield Mansion was first published in the *Glasgow Journal* at its commencement in 1729, as an appropriate embellishment to the newly established newspaper.\* As Prince Charles resided in the Shawfield Mansion in 1745, and the cut in question was taken from a paper dated 1756-7, just eleven years afterwards, and was without wings or railings, I conceive that the said cut shews the state of the mansion at the period of Prince Charles's residence in it. From the quotation above given from J. B.'s sketch of the Shawfield Mansion, it appears that the two wings were not erected till 1760, by Mr. Glassford. Of course, these could not be exhibited in the cut now given, as they did not then exist; and, as for the parapet and railings, ornamented with busts and sphinxes, I conceive that these also were erected by Mr. Glassford, when he built the two wings.† M'Ure, in his *History of Glasgow*, published in 1736, takes no notice of these conspicuous busts and sphinxes, which he certainly would have done had they been then in existence. M'Ure merely says as follows (page 151):—"And on

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\* [On receiving the above communication from our friend *Senex*, we became, from various circumstances, impressed with the opinion that the little print transmitted to us, and of which we have had the above copy made, was an ordinary newspaper embellishment. We can agree with *Senex*, however, in thinking that the rough design may have been taken from the Shawfield Mansion, and there is no doubt that it resembles it. We can speak authoratively on this point; for most fortunately since the above was put in type, we have been permitted access, by the influence of our antiquarian friend J. B., to an authentic and beautiful plate exhibiting the front elevation and internal plan of the Shawfield Mansion. This is contained in a magnificent folio volume, entitled *Vitruvius Britannicus; or, the British Architect: containing Plans, Elevations, and Sections of the regular Buildings, both public and private, in Great Britain*. It was published at London in 1717. The editor of this fine old book is Colen Campbell, the architect of the Shawfield Mansion; and the plate in question is thus inscribed:—"The elevation of Daniel Campbell, of Shawfield, his house in the city of Glasgow in Scotland, to whom this plate is most humbly inscribed." The building is actually of a much more ornate character than the above woodcut would lead us to believe; but a transcript from the veritable plate will be found in another part of this volume. Meanwhile, it is most fortunate that *Senex* has called attention to this subject; for the consequent inquiry has given us access to this fine old architectural work, of which there is not, in all likelihood, another copy in the West of Scotland.—Ed.]

† These appeared to me to be newer and more recently erected than the mansion house itself.

the north side of the Trongate, the great and stately lodging, orchard, and gardens, belonging to Colonel William M'Dowall, of Castlesemple." It may be here remarked that M'Ure commences his account of the north side of the Trongate with the Shawfield Mansion, which stood next to the West Port.

When the Shawfield Mansion was occupied by Mr. Glassford, in 1756-7 (the date of my newspaper), it was an isolated building (see J. B.), standing considerably back from the line of the Trongate, with a carriage road leading up to the hall door, and was surrounded to the north and to the west by gardens and open ground, as the following advertisement shews:—

"To be sold, in whole or in parcels, that piece of ground on the west of Mr. M'Dowall's lodging, fronting the Trongate Street of Glasgow on the south, and Virginia Street (opened in 1756) of the west. The above ground very properly and finely situated for buildings, and will admit of several lodgings or tenements. Any who incline to purchase may betwixt and the first day of March next, give in their offers or proposals to Robert Barclay, writer,\* condescending on such quantity of said ground as they would choose to purchase."—*Glasgow Journal*, 28th February, 1757.

The Highland Society, in 1760, purchased the above-mentioned ground, and upon it erected the present Black Bull Buildings. This ground being vacant in 1756, it is probable that the vacancy had been caused by the removal of the West Port in 1751.

In conclusion, I have to remark that, combining dates and circumstances, in conjunction with my own recollections, I feel quite satisfied that the cut now given is a correct representation of the original Shawfield Mansion of 1725; but as the said mansion was taken down only sixty years ago, there are many of our old citizens who remember it, and I believe that the present Messrs. William and George Stirling resided in it in their early days, so that if I am wrong in my conjectures I can easily be set right by the recollections of others.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Shawfield Mansion is still further remarkable, as its erection in the year 1711 commenced a new epoch in the architectural history of Glasgow. Before that time no similar style of

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\* Query.—Is Mr. Barclay of Woodend, who, (as stated by J. B.) is in possession of the two Sphinxes, a descendant of Robert Barclay? [We are authorised by J. B. to state that the gentlemen alluded to in the above advertisement was Robert Barclay of Capelrigg, an eminent practitioner in Glasgow about the middle of last century. He was not in any way connected with the family of Mr. Barclay of Woodend.—Ed.]

manorial building existed in Glasgow. The oldest style of buildings for the dwellings of our great folks was the baronial style, such as the Archbishop's Palace, and Sir George Elphinstone's mansion in Gorbals (old Baronial Hall). The next style was the French or Flemish style, embracing Silver Craig's Land in the Saltmarket (where Cromwell resided when in Glasgow two hundred years ago), Blythswood's House in the Bridgegate (still to the fore), Montrose's Lodgings in the Drygate (lately taken down), and two tenements in Stockwell Street. There were also built in the same style the old Merchants' Hall in the Bridgegate, and Hutchesons' Hospital in the Trongate. I shall say nothing of the Dutch style of street buildings, having triangular gables with corbie steps, as these houses were generally erected in flats, with common stairs, and do not come under the denomination of mansions. The third style of manorial buildings was the Shawfield Mansion style, commencing in 1711. This style of building continued for near a century to be quite the rage in Glasgow. Your old readers who remember the princely structures of our tobacco lords and great foreign merchants of last century, cannot fail of recollecting that every one of these mansions (almost without exception) was more or less a copy of the Shawfield Mansion, such as Dreghorn's, Murdoch's, Dunlop's, Buchanan's, M'Call's, Ritchie's, Crawford's, Cunningham's, and others; indeed to such an extent had this imitative rage extended, that whole streets in Glasgow aped the Shawfield Mansion style in their structures, as was the case in regard to Charlotte Street and Miller Street. Others of them again, viz., Virginia Street, Queen Street, Buchanan Street, and St. Enoch's Square, followed in part the same style of building self-contained houses. The Shawfield Mansion style of building was certainly dignified and handsome, but it is unsuitable to the present times in Glasgow. About a hundred years ago building ground in Glasgow was worth little more than sixpence per square yard; this enabled our great merchants to keep their mansions insulated; but when the price of the square yard of ground in the city was counted in guineas, it became too costly to have reserved vacant ground at each gable of their mansions. In fact, the whole effect of a Shawfield Mansion is lost if it is not kept detached. Under the above-mentioned change of circumstances, there arose in Glasgow the fourth style of architecture, viz., houses in streets and squares linked to each other,



gable to gable, such as we see in St. Vincent Street, Blythswood Square, &c., &c. An attempt was made on the east side of George Square to unite the two styles of building, but it turned out a complete failure. Now that the price of the square yard of building ground in Glasgow bids fair to be counted in ten-pound notes in place of guineas, I see looming in the distance the coming in of a fifth style of building mansions, which I shall dignify by the name of the plate-glass style; and who knows but by and by we may have our houses built wholly of beautiful coloured and painted plate-glass?

#### ISLAY AND JURA.

Having been kindly presented by the author, William M'Donald, Esq., A.M., M.D., with a copy of a pamphlet entitled, *Sketches of Islay, &c.*, I beg leave to make a short extract from this publication, illustrative of the Shawfield family, which family has been so conspicuously noticed by our Glasgow historians and annalists, on account of the celebrated riot of 1725:—

"In 1616, the Earl of Argyll took possession of Islay in virtue of the royal charter obtained from the Crown at that date. The island was then, and is now, burdened with a feu duty of £468 6s. 2d. to the sovereign. Argyll's rents were badly paid, and his men were wasted in enforcing his title, in consequence of which he made over the island in 1726 to his cousin, Sir John Campbell, for £5000 sterling. This Sir John having betrothed the heiress of Calder, but being afterwards refused her, he was obliged to take her by force. Her friends concealed her under an inverted cauldron, alleging that it merely covered a quantity of cheese; he, however, guessing how matters were, applied the force of the military company which he commanded, upset the cage, took away the bride, and became 'Campbell of Calder,' in consequence thereof.\*

"In the year 1662, James Butler, the celebrated Duke of Ormond, who occupied so distinguished a position in the royal council, was forced by stress of weather, when on his way to occupy the honourable and responsible situation of Lord Lieu-

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\* This may appear irreconcilable with the quotation from the *Scots Magazine* given above; but it appears to me that Campbell of Calder was acting under the Earl of Argyll, and as the lands of the Macdonalds were given to Argyll and the Campbells, the magazine has mixed up Argyll and Calder as one concern.

tenant of Ireland, to take shelter in Lochindaal, in Islay. This nobleman, in order to kill time, made a journey through the island, and took up his abode by invitation at the house of a certain minister of the gospel residing in Conispie, named Joseph Beaton, who did all that he could to amuse and gratify the Duke. At his departure, his Excellency asked the clergyman if he could do anything for him at Court. The parson modestly replied that if it were agreeable to his Grace to promote his usefulness in the church by recommending him to the King's favourable consideration, he would take it as a very kind act. The Duke there and then proffered the exercise of his patronage and influence to Joseph. After his Grace entered into his new sphere of duties as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he found them so very arduous that he utterly forgot his kind host of Islay. Joseph was animated with the hope of promotion—yet hope deferred maketh the heart sad. He, however, eventually determined to proceed to Dublin, with the view of again soliciting the influence of the Duke. After arriving there he was favoured with an opportunity of preaching before his Excellency, and took for his text Genesis xl. 23—'Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.' Butler being the surname of his Grace of Ormond, the preacher made the most of his subject; and, being a man of considerable abilities, he made a wonderful impression on the minds of his audience, but more especially on the mind of the Duke, who now recognized his kind host. The result of this interview was that Joseph was soon afterwards promoted to a benefice of £400 a-year."

From this digression the author returns to his principal subject, viz., the island of Islay and the Shawfield family:—

"In the year 1719 Islay was disposed of (by Calder) to Daniel Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, for which, with Jura and Mackairn, he agreed to pay £12,000, together with the feu-duty.\* It is

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\* [If the above statement be correct, it would thus appear that Islay, &c., were acquired by the Shawfield family before the Glasgow riot in 1725. Should this be the case, it may be not the less true that the price of the estates were *paid*, or partly paid, from the compensation money granted to Campbell. On calling the attention of *Senex* to these matters, he says:—"I think it is improbable that Shawfield had £12,000 of ready cash lying past him to pay for Islay and Jura at the date of purchase, more especially as he must have laid out a large sum in building the Trongate mansion in 1711. I therefore suppose that he paid Calder only £6000 at the date of the purchase, and gave a mortgage upon Islay and Jura for the other £6000; but that having received £6080 from the city of Glasgow, he paid up the mortgage with that money. Mr. — (here *Senex* mentions the name of a gentleman intimately connected with the Shawfield family)

worthy of remark that, with one exception, all the proprietors of this family were succeeded by their grandsons respectively—the son of each proprietor having died before his father. The first Daniel, who was for some time collector of Customs at Port-Glasgow, is said to have died in the year 1724. The second Daniel, and second proprietor, who succeeded to his grandfather, was the son of a Daniel who was eldest son of the purchaser of Islay. It was this Daniel who represented Glasgow in Parliament, and whose house and effects were destroyed by the mob in 1725, and for which he was recompensed by a Parliamentary grant levied from the inhabitants. This proprietor died in the year 1750, and was succeeded by his grandson Daniel, whose father was also of the same name: this third Daniel died in the year 1779, and, leaving no issue was succeeded by his brother Walter, who passed Advocate in the year 1763, at the age of twenty-one, and died in 1816. This Walter was succeeded by his grandson, the late Mr. Campbell of Islay, who attained his majority in 1821; his father, the late Colonel John Campbell of the Guards, having also died before Walter his father.

#### ANOTHER SHAWFIELD RIOT.

Concluding my extracts from this very interesting pamphlet, I now add to them a few of my own reminiscences regarding certain members of the Shawfield family.

I remember Colonel John Campbell, mentioned in the above extract, very well before his marriage. He was a remarkably good looking person, upwards of six feet high, and possessed a fine figure, with the commanding military carriage of a soldier. At the time of his marriage he was only a captain in the army; but was well known in London, in the circle of its bucks, by the name of "Handsome Jack of the Guards." In the year 1796 he married the celebrated Lady Charlotte Campbell, daughter of John Duke of Argyll, and uterine sister of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. Their eldest son, Walter of Shawfield (late of Islay), was born in the year 1800, and succeeded his grandfather in 1816.

I may here relate a ludicrous scene which I witnessed upon our streets shortly after Lady Charlotte Campbell had married

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was the gentleman who told me that the present Shawfield mentioned to him the circumstance of the Glasgow money having been applied in the payment of Islay; so that if Campbell of Jura paid £6000 for Jura, the island of Islay was in reality paid for by Glasgow cash."—Ed.]

"Handsome Jack of the Guards." Her ladyship at this time was about twenty-one years of age, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and replete with life and sprightliness. She was said to possess the handsomest limbs of any lady at Court, and she was not sparing of exhibiting them, both there and elsewhere, to the greatest advantage. It was reported that Queen Charlotte desired one of her ladies in waiting to tell Lady Charlotte Campbell to take a tuck out of her petticoat the next time she appeared at Court.

One day I was passing the foot of the Candleriggs, when my attention was arrested by seeing crowds of people surrounding two ladies and a young gentleman, apparently about seventeen years of age, who were walking eastwards towards the Cross along the Trongate.

Like others, I ran forward to see what was going on, and then I beheld Lady Charlotte, dressed in the height of the then Parisian fashion, with petticoats almost as short as a Highlandman's philabeg, which dress exhibited the pretty little ankle and the beautiful contour of the calf of the leg to admiration. In an instant the word passed from mouth to mouth of the crowd, "It's Lady Charlotte Campbell! it's Lady Charlotte Campbell!" and then might have been seen a scampering of all classes from the four streets of the Trongate, King Street, Candleriggs, and Gallowgate, to get a sight of this celebrated beauty. The crowd now became so dense that her ladyship and party could no longer proceed along the Trongate, every one of the mob eagerly pressing in upon them to have a sight of Lady Charlotte, who then became greatly alarmed lest she should be attacked by the mob, which was constantly increasing in numbers. Her ladyship and party having in vain attempted to proceed along the Trongate, at last, in a state of great alarm and terror, rushed into a shop nearly opposite to the Tron Church, and begged the shopman instantly to shut his door till the mob dispersed, which he not only did, but also put up the shutters of his shop window. The mob, however, so far from dispersing, became greater and greater, for the word had passed on all sides amongst the crowd, that Lady Charlotte Campbell, dressed nearly half-naked, had taken refuge in the shop, and so every one remained on the spot, expecting to get a peep of the half-naked beauty on her exit from the said shop. The shopman now became alarmed for the safety of his goods, as well as for the safety of his guests, and therefore jumping out by the window

of his back shop, he ran at full speed to the guard-house (then situated in the Candleriggs, opposite to Campbell and Company's warehouse), and procured the attendance of a serjeant and a party of soldiers, who took their station at the shop door, which was still kept closely shut. In the meantime, Lady Charlotte, being at her wits' end how she was to escape the attack of the rabble, who were not disposed to disperse, resolved to follow the example of the shopman, and accordingly jumped out of the back window of the shop, which brought her into a throughgoing close, leading into the Candleriggs, and (without the crowd having observed her escape) she entered an adjoining house, where upon explaining her situation, a carriage was sent for, which safely conveyed her ladyship to the Black Bull Inn. As soon as the shopman had seen Lady Charlotte fairly out of all danger, he communicated the fact to the military who were guarding the shop-door, and then, under the protection of the soldiers, he threw open his door to allow the remaining lady and young gentleman to pass on their way. The crowd were sadly disappointed at seeing only the lady and young gentleman coming forth, as the lady was dressed in the usual fashion of the day like others, and not at all remarkable. I must, however, say that the mob behaved to them with great politeness, for the instant that they made their appearance from the shop the crowd voluntarily separated, and left a clear lane upon the pavement, so as to allow the lady and young gentleman to walk westward without molestation, the mob neither hooting, hissing, nor behaving in any respect rudely to them, so that the military had no occasion to escort or protect them; in fact, the mob was not a riotous assembly, but merely a gathering of people from curiosity to behold so celebrated a personage as Lady Charlotte Campbell appearing upon our streets in what they thought a stage dress, fit only for an opera girl.

The times are now sadly changed. "Handsome Jack of the Guards" has been gathered to his fathers, and Lady Charlotte no longer bears the ancient name of Campbell. The beautiful and fascinating belle, whose name resounded throughout every corner of our island in her early days, is now the old, faded, and decrepid Lady Bury, bending under the load of fourscore years, and nearly forgotten by the world; while the princely estates of Islay and Woodhall have passed away to creditors. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity."

## PUBLIC AND CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

THE following article was written in 1849, but accidentally fell aside. As the allusions in it regarding the state of various libraries have reference to the above-mentioned period, it must be kept in remembrance that six years bring about many great and important changes in the city of Glasgow, and amongst these changes must be enumerated the extension and improvement of our public libraries.

Next to the institution of parochial schools, nothing has contributed more to the general diffusion of general knowledge throughout Scotland than the establishment of circulating and public libraries, which must be regarded as the great auxiliaries of national education, and which so powerfully tend to elevate the moral and intellectual condition of our population. A free and easy access, however, to *all* public libraries is still greatly wanted; for the greatest proportion of public libraries in Scotland have very strict rules with regard to the loan and free use of the books upon their shelves. There can be little doubt that the erection of libraries freely open to the public originated in the high price of books; and we have only to look at the early lives of many of our illustrious countrymen who have raised themselves from obscurity to a high rank in literature and science, to see with what difficulty they procured a sight of even common works during their state of poverty.

At an early period, the four Scotch universities and several incorporations in this country possessed valuable libraries, but they were not of easy access to the public; the free use of them being confined, in a great measure, to the members of their own bodies.

It is not known at what date circulating libraries originally came to be established in Glasgow: but as the first regular circulating library in Britain was established by Allan Ramsay the poet, at Edinburgh, in the year 1735,\* and the second in London, by a bookseller in the Strand, of the name of Bathoe, in the year

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\* Allan Ramsay's library was established in Creeche's Land, High Street, Edinburgh. It was transferred to James M'Ewan, and from him it passed into the hands of Alexander Kincaid, who died in 1777 while filling the office of Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Creeche's Land was pulled down in 1813.

1740, it is probable that one or more circulating libraries were established in Glasgow previous to the middle of the last century. Indeed, there is some reason for believing that circulating libraries upon a limited scale, were not uncommon in Glasgow before the establishment, by Allan Ramsay, of the one in Edinburgh; for Wodrow the historian, who was born in Glasgow in the year 1679, and studied at the university of this city, of which he afterwards became librarian, and died in 1734, thus writes:—"Profaneness is come to a great height. All the villanous, profane, and obscene books of plays, printed at London by Curle and others, are got down from London by Allan Ramsay, and lent out for an easy price to young boys, servant women of the better sort, and gentlemen, and vice and obscenity dreadfully propagated." The first regular notice which I have found regarding a circulating library in Glasgow, is contained in an advertisement by the grandfather of the late John Smith, Esq. of Crutherland, as follows:—

*Glasgow Journal*, 23d June, 1763.—"John Smith, Bookseller, Glasgow, has removed his circulating library from the head of the New Street (King Street), to a commodious shop in Mr. Donaldson's land in Trongate,\* opposite to the Tron Church, where he continues his circulating library as formerly, and at the usual terms: viz., ten shilling per year, five and sixpence per half-year, three shillings per quarter, one shilling and sixpence per month, and one penny per night. Catalogues, consisting of near 1500 volumes, to be had at the library, price fourpence. Every new performance on amusing or instructive subjects will be added to the library immediately upon its publication. N.B.—A considerable number of new books is lately come to hand."

By the following advertisement, Mr. Smith appears to have assumed his son (father of Mr. Smith of Crutherland) a partner:—

*Glasgow Mercury*, 19th November, 1778.—"Glasgow Circulating Library, opposite the Tron Church. Books lent out to read by John Smith and Son, Booksellers and Stationers, at 1d. per night, 1s. 6d. per month, 3s. per quarter, 5s. 6d. per half-year, and 10s. per year. Just come to hand, a fresh parcel of Rowly's Herb Snuff and Tobacco, noted for curing headaches, weak eyes, deafness, and all nervous complaints. Sold in boxes at 6s.; a few cannisters at 1s. 3d. The tobacco in 1s. 3d. and twopenny papers. Also, Swedes tea, being a general strengthener, at 2s. the half-pound cannister."

The first notice that I have found of Coudbrough's circulating library is contained in the following advertisement:—

*Glasgow Mercury*, 23d August, 1778.—"New Circulating Library.—By Archibald Coudbrough, Bookseller and Stationer, above the Cross.—To be lent to read, books, at one penny per night, one shilling and sixpence per month, three shillings per quarter,

\* About 16 feet by 14!

five shillings and sixpence per half-year, and ten shillings per year." (Then follows a list of ordinary stationery articles on sale).

Before the opening of Stirling's Library in 1791, there were only the above-mentioned two circulating libraries in Glasgow to which free access could be got. Mr. Smith's library was contained in the once well known small and dark shop, by the police regulations named No. 72 Trongate, and directly opposite the Tron steeple. It was situated "below the pillars," as the piazzas were then called, and till of late had undergone little change. It was taken down in 1854. Mr. Smith's shop was the last remaining vestige of the celebrated "shops below the pillars," which in my younger days were considered the great ornaments of the Trongate of Glasgow. The books in Mr. Smith's library consisted, for the most part, of books of history, voyages, travels, plays, and novels, but principally of the latter class. There were few works on scientific subjects. All the books, however, were in a sad state of "delapsion," being generally torn and scribbled all over; but what the subscribers complained most of was, that when a reader had commenced the perusal of a work consisting of several volumes, it very often happened that one of the volumes was said "to be out," in more correct words "it was lost," and so the reader had to begin reading some other work until the said volume "came in," but here again he ran the same risk of being once more stopped in the course of his reading by the loss of a volume of a second series unless he was contented to take out a work complete in one volume.

The other circulating library, viz., Mr. Coubrough's, was conducted in that shop No. 45 High Street (still to the fore) a little to the south of Bell Street. It was in all respects a counterpart of Mr. Smith's library, only the books in it were considered rather old fashioned; but, in particular, there was a want of the novels of the day, which were more readily found in the library of Mr. Smith.

The first public library (strictly so called) established in Glasgow, was that founded in the year 1791, under the deed of mortification of the late Walter Stirling, Esq., and in regard to which reference is now made to the luminous and interesting report of that library drawn up by Messrs. Liddell and Fleming, in June, 1848.

Stirling's Library, without exception, has the most liberal constitution of any library in Europe. Mr. Edwards of the British



Museum, in his "remarks" on the paucity of libraries freely open to the public says, that "Manchester possesses the most easily accessible library in Great Britain, to which any person is admitted on writing his name and address in a book;" but Stirling's Library is still more easy of access, for any respectable inhabitant of Glasgow, or even a stranger, may walk into the library in Miller Street, and call for and receive for consultation what book he wants, and no questions are asked at him as to who or what he is. Again, in the British Museum no person under 18 years of age is admitted into the library, while in Stirling's Library a babe at its mother's breast may become a life subscriber on payment of five guineas being made for him. A father who has a numerous family may subscribe in the name of any one of his children, and while he and that child remain in the same house he gets the privilege of borrowing books in his child's name. From the first opening of this institution nothing could be more accommodating and obliging than the conduct of its directors towards the subscribers and their respective families; in consequence of which many numerous families obtained the free use of the library upon possessing each of them merely the right of a single subscription, and some of these families have enjoyed this privilege for upwards of half a century, amongst which number I must class myself.

When Stirling's Library was first instituted, no annual subscriptions were permitted, in consequence of which the life subscribers of the library for many years, being few in number (comparatively speaking), had a more unlimited use of the books than they have at present. The late Dr. William Taylor, being librarian about forty years ago, was always glad to give out a load of books at once, as it saved him the trouble of frequent application to the shelves. The Doctor in particular was very reluctant to take the ladder and mount aloft to the upper shelves of the library in search of old, dusty, cobwebbed volumes, so enticing to our antiquaries—this operation causing the necessity for the application of a clothes brush to his clerical blacks. I have known the Doctor to give out books by armfuls, and he was not very particular about the period when they were to be returned; for the longer they were kept out so much less trouble was it to him. I must say, however, that Dr. Taylor was a polite and obliging librarian, which is a great deal more than could be said for the first librarian, the Rev. Mr. Peat. This gentleman's growl, upon

observing a dog-eared leaf or the smallest scribble upon a book when returned, was most tremendous. I have seen young ladies subjected by their conduct to his reproof turn pale, shake, and tremble, and almost faint away. Mr. Peat, by his strictness, however, kept all the books of the library quite in apple-pie order, for before putting back a returned book upon the shelf, he turned over and examined every leaf of it from beginning to end: woe to the scribbler! Mr. Peat always kept a pot of paste beside him in the library (then situated in Surgeon's Hall, St. Enoch Square), for the purpose of repairing damages done to the books; and, if the volumes of his time are examined there will be seen to this day in several of them upwards of a hundred of the rev. gentleman's careful patchings and mendings; indeed few of the old books in Stirling's Library are without symptoms of Mr. Peat's provident handiwork—no books bound or unbound being allowed by him to go into disrepair or into tatters. There was one thing at the early period of the institution which retarded its general usefulness, viz., before the late change, the directors seldom advertised in the newspapers, and when they did so they never adverted to the liberal clause in Mr. Stirling's deed of settlement, that the librarian "allow all proper persons to consult and read the books three hours each lawful day." In consequence of this want of publicity, very few persons except subscribers ever resorted to the hall of the library to consult or read the books. In the course of the first forty years from the commencement of the institution, I doubt if a hundred non-subscribers took the benefit of the above liberal clause. Indeed, until the late change, the inhabitants of Glasgow seem to have been generally quite unaware of the valuable privilege conferred upon them by Mr. Stirling.\* About the time when Mr. Coubrough first established his circulating library, an attempt was made by Montgomerie and M'Nair to set up an

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\* Mr. Stirling was a man of pleasing address, and of gentlemanly manners, but he was deformed in person, being hunchbacked. He was extremely sensitive with regard to any allusions as to his personal appearance. Mr. Stirling was merchant bailie of Glasgow in the year 1780. I remember him, with the cocked hat, powdered hair, with ear curls, and a respectable pig tail.

*Glasgow Mercury*, 5th October, 1780.—"On Tuesday, the following gentlemen were chosen magistrates of this city for the ensuing year:—John Campbell of Clathie, Lord Provost; Patrick Colquhoun, Walter Stirling, Merchant Bailies; Alexander Buchanan, Trades' Bailie.

opposition circulating library in Glasgow, but, from the following advertisement, it appears to have existed only for a short period:—

*Glasgow Mercury*, 22d November, 1781.—“Glasgow, 22d November, 1781.—The gentlemen subscribers to Montgomerie and M’Nair’s circulating library will take this information, that the two years reading ended this day. Also, the copartnery under the firm of Montgomerie and M’Nair ended the 27th of August last; but they continue their circulating library till Whitsunday next, at their shop, Buchanan’s Land, Trongate (corner of King Street), where they are selling off their stock of books on hand at the lowest rates.”

In the same year the dissolution of the copartnery between the grandfather and father of the late John Smith, Esq. of Cruthersland, took place, as is shewn by the under-mentioned advertisement:—

*Glasgow Mercury*, 8th March, 1781.—“The copartnery between John Smith and Son, Booksellers and Stationers, was dissolved on the 1st instant, and is now carried on by John Smith, jun.

“John Smith, jun., takes this opportunity to return his most grateful thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have favoured the Glasgow Circulating Library with their orders, and assures them that no expense nor pains will be spared to render this library still worthy the protection and patronage of the public.” (Mr. Smith, sen., first established his circulating library in 1753).

With regard to the Glasgow University Library, the following observations which Mr. Edwards, of the British Museum, makes as to its present state, were applicable to it at the period when Stirling’s Library was opened in 1791. Mr. Edwards says, “that the University of Glasgow has a library which enjoys a compensation grant of £320. No precise information is easily obtained respecting the regulations or management of this library, and both greatly need to be inquired into. Admission to its use appears to be hampered with many restrictions, and there seems to be no adequate responsibility.” At present all students attending the university are obliged, at the commencement of each session, to pay 7s. for the support of the library; and they are compelled to disburse this sum annually during their attendance on the classes, whether they make use of the library or not; but if they do make use of the library, they must further respectively deposit a sum of 20s. with the librarian, by way of security, which is repaid to them at the conclusion of the session. This is a great grievance, and a very unfair regulation affecting the students, many of whom are poor, and find difficulty even in paying the usual class fees, which *alone* ought to give them free access to the books in the library. In point of fact, a very great number of the students

never deposit the security sum of 20s., and consequently have no access to the library. The University library is in a very considerable degree confined to the benefit of the professors and lecturers themselves, who make *free use* of it. It is generally understood that a great many entire works, and some of them *very valuable*, have been abstracted from the library, regarding which *defalcation* the professors either know, or ought to know, how it has arisen. As to the public of Glasgow, they have never felt much interest with regard to this library. It must be confessed that the donation of £320 annually bestowed by Government in support of the University library ought to be regarded in the light of a compact, for the reciprocal benefit of the country which gives and of the university which receives; but if the advantage is to be so narrowed as to become almost altogether upon one side, then the public have surely a right to complain of the implied contract being broken. A nationally endowed library, or scientific corporation, has a character to maintain and a public good to serve, and it will find it a difficult matter to fulfil the one without also fulfilling the other.

Shortly before Stirling's Library was opened, Professor John Anderson, in conjunction with a large body of the students of the University of Glasgow, petitioned Parliament for a royal visitation, to inspect and to report upon the then state of that University, and to suggest what reforms might be thought necessary for its future regulation. This attempt to open up the arcana of the University was most violently opposed by the other professors and lecturers, some of whom carried their opposition so far as not to be on speaking terms with Professor Anderson, and they even expelled certain of the students for having taken an active part in this matter. It was in consequence of the dispute between Professor Anderson and the other heads of our University, and of the mutual irritation which followed thereon, that the city of Glasgow is indebted for the foundation of the Andersonian University and its library—the object of Professor Anderson being to erect a university upon more liberal principles than the University of Glasgow. This institution was incorporated by a charter from the magistrates of Glasgow, dated 9th June, 1796.

The Robertsonian Library was formed in Glasgow in 1814, and contained upwards of 4000 volumes. It consisted originally of the library of the late James Robertson of Kilmarnock, which had

been long distinguished as one of the first collections of theological literature in this part of the country, and as containing many rare, curious, and valuable works in almost all departments of science, to which an extensive collection of books of the first celebrity was made after Mr. Robertson's death. It was formed upon liberal principles—open to the public at large; terms of reading, 10s. 6d. per annum without any extra charge. Some years ago this library was removed to Edinburgh, and incorporated with a theological library established in that city.

The Glasgow Foreign Library was established in 1820. The object of this institution was to form a collection of books of general literature in the principal European languages, and also, of transactions of foreign societies. The terms of admission—first year, were 21s.; and 12s. every subsequent year—life subscription, £7 7s., including £1 1s. of entrance fee. This library never met with much encouragement in Glasgow, for after languishing for about a dozen of years it was finally dissolved, and the books of the library sold off by auction. Since that period many foreigners have settled in Glasgow, and a library of a similar description, and under the same designation, was established in this city in the year 1844.

The congregational libraries in Glasgow are pretty numerous, and contain in all about 50,000 volumes of books and pamphlets, mostly upon theological subjects.

The ragged schools have a small library of about 2000 volumes; but there are few rare or valuable works in that collection.

The Maitland Club has a small but very valuable library. This club was instituted in 1828 for printing MSS. and rare works, illustrative of the early history, antiquities, and literature of Scotland, of which nearly 100 volumes quarto have been published. It is only open to members of the club, about a hundred in number.

There is a library at No. 41 Stirling Square, called "The Glasgow Rationalists' Library;" but the managers of this library, on being applied to, declined to give any information regarding its constitution, or concerning the number of volumes in the institution. It does not appear to be a large library.

By a Parliamentary return, it appears that there are at present (1849) in the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, 148,000 volumes of printed works, and 2000 manuscripts. Although the property is vested in a body of lawyers, it is for all practical purposes a

public library, and is the most accessible of all the *great libraries* in the United Kingdom. Any person of a decent appearance is allowed to consult books—a formal application being very seldom thought necessary.

The sum of £575 has been received out of the consolidated fund, on account of the Edinburgh University, or £6900 in all from 1837 to 1848. Since that time, however, there has been expended in the purchase of books a sum of £7453, being an average of about £46 more than was yearly received from Government. The total number of printed books at present (1849) in the library is 51,265, and 63 manuscripts. Literary gentlemen, or others who have occasion to consult or to borrow books, on application to the curators, or to individual professors *willing to be responsible for them*, are allowed every practical facility.

The library of St. Andrews got £1260 out of the consolidated fund in 1838; and since then a yearly allowance of £630, in lieu of the privilege previously enjoyed of receiving gratuitous copies of all newly published books.

The total printed volumes in the library at present (1849) are about 50,000, and the manuscripts 60. All students attending the university have the use of the library free of expense. Free access to the library, for the purpose of consulting books, is granted to any respectable person.

The library of Aberdeen University and King's College receives £350 per annum out of the consolidated fund. The total number of volumes in the library is 33,284, and the manuscripts 74. All respectable persons are allowed to take out books if recommended by a professor of the University or of Marischal College. If the professor hold himself responsible for the books, no deposit is required; if such security is not given, the value of the books given out must be lodged.

The library of the Glasgow University has got £707 annually out of the consolidated fund since the passing of the Copyright Act. The printed volumes at present (1849) in the library are 58,096, and the manuscripts 242.

The ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans appear to have had numerous libraries; and we learn from Scripture that the Kings of Persia and of Babylon had also libraries attached to their

royal palaces; but we do not find it stated in the Holy Writ that the ancient Jews possessed any public libraries. 1 Esdras, vi. 21, 23, 26—"Now, therefore, if it seem good unto the king, let search be made among the records of King Cyrus. Then commanded King Darius to seek among the records of Babylon; and so at Ecbatana, the palace which is in the country of Media, there was found a roll wherein these things were recorded—'that the holy vessels of the house of the Lord, both gold and silver, that Nebuchadnezzar took out of the house at Jerusalem, and brought to Babylon (600 years before Christ), be restored to the house at Jerusalem.'" (See also Ezra vi.) As there is no mention made that any Jewish records or books were to be restored, it may be inferred that none were taken away by Nebuchadnezzar; and, further, that no public library existed in Jerusalem at the Babylonish captivity, otherwise so valuable a prize must have been noticed in some shape or other, either by sacred or profane writers.

In Scotland neither the ancient Druids nor the early race of our Picto-Scottish monarchs possessed any public libraries; in fact, few of them could either read or write. It is to Christianity that we are indebted for the first establishment of most, if not all, of our bibliothetical institutions in this kingdom, libraries being generally attached to our old abbeys, monasteries, and cathedrals; but these libraries contained few works unconnected with sacred and theological subjects. It was perhaps owing to the liberality and care of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, that the books of the Old Testament have been handed down to us. This prince died 246 years before the Christian era, aged 64. He procured the books of the Jewish law to be translated into Greek, and thus probably preserved them. He also set free 120,000 Jews who were slaves in Egypt. Josephus, vol. 3, page 3, thus writes—"Demetrius Phalerus, who was library keeper to the king, was now endeavouring, if it were possible, to gather together all the books that were in the habitable earth, and buying whatsoever was anywhere valuable, or agreeable to the king's inclination (who was very earnestly set upon collecting of books), to which inclination of his Demetrius was zealously subservient. And when once King Ptolemy asked him, 'How many ten thousands of books he had collected?' he replied, 'That he had already about twenty times ten thousand, but that in a little time he should have fifty times ten thousand.'" Subsequently Demetrius wrote Ptolemy

the following epistle, (page 7):—"When, thou O king, gavest me charge concerning the collection of books that were wanting to fill your library, and concerning the care that ought to be taken about such as are imperfect, I have used the utmost diligence about these matters. And I let you know that we want the books of the Jewish legislation, with some others, for they are written in the Hebrew characters, and, being in the language of that nation, are to us unknown. Now it is necessary that thou shouldst have accurate copies of them. (Page 8). If it then please thee, O king, thou mayest write to the high priest of the Jews to send six of the elders out of every tribe, and those such as are most skilful of the laws, that by their means we may learn the clear and agreeing sense of these books." Accordingly, Ptolemy wrote to Eleazar the high priest of the Jews, as follows (page 9):—"And as I am desirous to do what will be grateful to these, and to all the other Jews in the habitable earth, I have determined to procure an interpretation of your law, and to have it translated out of Hebrew into Greek, and to be repositied in my library; thou wilt therefore do well to choose out and send to me men of good character who are now elders in age, and six in number out of every tribe; these, by their age, must be skilful in the laws, and of abilities to make an accurate interpretation of them; and when this shall be finished I shall think that I have done a work glorious to myself." Eleazar answered the king (page 10):—"We have chosen six elders out of every tribe, whom we have sent, and the law with them. It will be thy part out of thy piety and justice to send back the law when it hath been translated, and to return those to us that bring it in safety. Farewell!" (Page 19.) And when the king had received these books from Demetrius, he adored them, and gave order that great care should be taken of them, that they might remain uncorrupted. He also desired that the interpreters would come often to him out of Judea, and that both on account of the respects that he would pay them and on account of the presents he would make them. For he said—"It was now but just to send them away, although if of their own accord they would come to him hereafter, they should obtain all that their own wisdom might justly require, and what his generosity was able to give them." So he sent them away, and gave to every one of them three garments of the best sort, and two talents of gold, and a cup of the value of one talent, and the furniture of the room



wherein they were feasted. He sent to Eleazar the high priest ten beds with feet of silver, and the furniture to them belonging, and a cup of the value of thirty talents; and besides these, ten garments, and purple, and a very beautiful crown, and an hundred pieces of the finest woven linen; also, vials and dishes, and vessels for pouring, and two golden cisterns. [Compare this liberality of a Pagan prince towards the Jews to the illiberal and disgraceful persecutions which have been inflicted upon God's people by the Christians of all ages.]

NUMBER OF BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, AND MANUSCRIPTS IN VARIOUS LIBRARIES. 1849.

Stirling's Library, .....	10,000	volumes,	12	MSS.
Andersonian University, .....	2,500	"	No	"
Glasgow Athenæum, .....	3,676	"	No	"
Faculty of Procurators, Glasgow, ...	4,500	"	No	"
Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, ...	7,000	"	No	"
Philosophical Society, Glasgow.....	3,600	"	No	"
Glasgow Sabbath Schools, .....	23,022	"	No	"
Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, .....	5,000	"	5	"
Glasgow Foreign Library, .....	813	"	No	"
Thom's Library, Govan, .....	1,100	"	No	"
Cowcaddens Mechanics' Institution,.....	1,450	"	No	"
Calton, Mile-End, and Bridgeton Mechanics',....	2,000	"	No	"
Port-Glasgow Public Library,.....	1,000	"	No	"
Cartsdyke Mechanics', Greenock, ..	2,100	"	No	"
Greenock Mechanics',.....	4,000	"	No	"
Perth Library, .....	8,000	"	No	"
Dundee Public Library, ...	7,000	"	No	"
Ayr Town Library, .....	4,500	"	No	"
Kilmarnock Mechanics' Institution,.....	800	"	No	"
Partick Public Library, .....	650	"	No	"
Glasgow Congregational Libraries, .....	50,000	{ volumes and pamphlets, }	No	"
Glasgow Ragged Schools, .....	2,000	volumes,	No	"
Maitland Club, .....	100	"	{ No return of MSS.	
Glasgow University,.....	58,096	"	242	MSS.
Glasgow Public Library, .....	15,000	"	No	return.
Edinburgh Subscription,.....	15,000	"	"	
Edinburgh Select subscription,.....	14,300	"	"	
Edinburgh Advocates' Library,.....	148,000	"	2000	MSS.
Edinburgh University,.....	51,265	"	63	"
St. Andrews do., about.....	50,000	"	60	"
Aberdeen do.,.....	33,284	"	74	"

## POPERY RIOTS IN GLASGOW.

BEFORE entering upon the subject of the Popery riot which took place in Glasgow in 1778, it may be proper to advert to the state of the laws of Scotland which were in force at that time against Roman Catholics.

Referring to Lord Kame's *Statute Law Abridged*, it will be seen that by various Scotch acts of Parliament—some of them so late as the year 1700—it was declared that “All seminary priests found in the realm, all recepters of these if found a third time in fault, all sayers of mass, and all wilful hearers of mass and concealers of the same, are subjected to the pains of death, and confiscation of their moveables. A Protestant servant, if he become a Papist, is to be punished, and must be dismissed his service. If a Papist purchase land, the deed of sale is declared null, and the seller is entitled to retain both the land and the price. No professed Papist shall be capable of succeeding to an estate;\* and if a Protestant become a Papist he forfeits his estate. Neither shall it be allowed to any professed, or even *suspected* Papist to teach any art, science, or exercise of any sort, under the pain of 500 merks; and the above penalties may be sued for by any Protestant subject for his own behoof as his reward.” (See Act, 1700-3). And the same act declares “that no adjudication or real diligence shall be competent at the instance of a Papist; neither shall a Papist be capable of becoming tutor, curator, or factor; and if any person or persons presume to employ a Papist, or *such as are suspected* of Popery in any of the above trusts, they must purge themselves of Popery, under the penalty of a year's valued rent, or a fine of 1000 merks. No Papist past the age of 15 shall be capable to succeed as heir, nor bruik, nor enjoy any estate by disposition or conveyance from any person to whom the said Papist is apparent heir, until he purge himself of Popery. The heir under 15 must purge himself of Popery before succeeding as heir, and if he refuse to do so his right shall go to the next Protestant

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\* *Scots Magazine*, 1774 (page 279).—“Died at Fetteresso, Peter Leslie Grant, Esq. of Balquhain, which estate was decreed about a dozen years ago to belong to him, as Protestant heir, after a keen litigation against him by Antonius and Charles Catejan Leslies, German Counts, against whom he pleaded their being *Papists* and *aliens*.”

heir. Presbyteries are appointed to summon before them all Papists, and those suspected of Papistry, in order to satisfy the Kirk; and if Papists do not produce sufficient certificates of their having given due satisfaction to the Kirk, they shall be declared rebels, put to the horn, and both their single and life rent escheated. Further, that whoever receipts, supplies, or entertains such persons after denunciation aforesaid, shall incur the penalty of single and life-rent escheat.”\*

Such, then, was the state of the law of Scotland regarding Roman Catholics in my own day, and at the period when the Popery riot of 1778 took place in Glasgow. In England, at the same date, the penal laws against Papists were nearly as severe, in consequence of which the Act 18 Geo. III., cap. 60, (entituled “An Act for relieving his Majesty’s subjects professing the Popish religion from certain penalties and disabilities imposed upon them by an Act 11 and 12 William III., *for the further preventing the growth of Popery*,”) was passed in Parliament, and received the royal assent on the 15th May, 1778.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland having met at Edinburgh in May, 1778, immediately after the above act had become the law of England, requested the Lord Advocate, who was then in the house, to give the Assembly some account of the said act, as the information hitherto received concerning it had been vague and uncertain. His Lordship then informed the house that the bill alluded to did not extend to Scotland; but that he did not doubt in some future session of Parliament a similar bill might be brought in for Scotland. Upon this explanation, Dr. Gillies, of Glasgow, made a most violent speech against such a bill; but, on the other hand, it was supported by Principal Robertson. On the 5th of July following, the General Session of Glasgow gave their cordial thanks to Dr. John Gillies for his admirable speech on this occasion to the Assembly, and for attempting to rouse their zeal for preventing any undue encouragement to priests and others of the Popish religion. The

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\* *Scots Magazine*, 1756 (p. 100).—“On the 1st of March, 1756, Hugh M'Donald, brother of M'Donald of Morra, was tried at Edinburgh, before the High Court of Justiciary, at the instance of the Lord Advocate, for refusing to purge himself of Popery. Being asked ‘whether he was willing to take the formula prescribed by Act 1700-3?’ he declared ‘that he was not at freedom of conscience to do it.’ He was then found guilty in terms of the libel, and sentenced to be banished the kingdom, never to return under pain of death.”

following notice and warning appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, 1778, p. 517:—"A fast is appointed to be observed by a western synod about Popery; I heartily wish that no indiscretions may appear in the sermons or prayers on that occasion. Again, I heartily wish that this fast, instead of doing service or honour to religion, may not be productive of outrage and violence." With regard to the above-mentioned fast, the following account is taken from the *Scots Magazine* of 1778, page 565:—"On Tuesday, October 13, the Synod of Glasgow and Air appointed the second Thursday of December to be observed as a fast within their bounds, which is thus expressed:—'The Synod having considered the awful signs of Divine displeasure which are visibly displayed at this time, particularly to the encouragement given to, and the growth of Popery, through the gross ignorance or criminal carelessness, or stupid indifferency of many, whereby they become an easy prey to Popish emissaries, and are seduced into that detestable superstition whose peculiar worship is idolatry, whose distinguishing doctrines and usages are according to the flesh after the working of Satan, in all deceivableness of unrighteousness—that cruel superstition which has often been drunk with the blood of the saints—that unjust superstition which the more it advances, the more powerfully it operates in pulling up the foundations of a Protestant state, and in withdrawing all security from those who differ from its professors: The astonishing progress of this detestable, cruel, and unjust superstition is so much the more alarming, as it appears not only in remote and uncultivated corners, but in the most populous and improved parts of the land,' &c. The Synod recommended the study of the Popish controversy to all the ministry within the province, and appointed dutiful addresses to be presented to the king, lords and commons, and a letter to be written to the Lord Advocate—all on the subject of Popery. Our reverend friends in the east, however, appear to have been a little more moderate than their anti-catholic brethren of the west; for at a meeting of the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, they passed very temperate resolutions regarding the subject of Popery, amongst which were the following:—"November 11, 1778.—Whereas, an alarm has been spread, not only within the bounds of this Synod, but through the whole country, of the danger to which our most important interests would be exposed should the laws against Popery be repealed: and whereas many apprehend the con-

sequences of the late Act being repealed, while others are of opinion that the above-mentioned repeal has no other effect than to set aside the several penalties contained in the said Act of William III., and to grant to persons certain civil privileges therein mentioned; Amidst these various sentiments, the Synod, while they declare their firm adherence to the principles of liberty and the rights of private judgement, [also declare] that they have no intention to interfere with the legislature in matters of civil right, and do by no means wish that any person should be deprived of his inheritance, or subjected to civil penalties for conscience' sake."

I leave it to my readers to judge which of the two Synods shewed the most Christian spirit.

Amongst the most violent of our Glasgow divines at this time against the Roman Catholics must be enumerated the Rev. Daniel M'Arthur, afterwards my teacher in our public grammar school, who seemed to have been almost out of his wits for fear of the ascendancy of priests, prelates, popes, and Antichrist, and quite horrified at the idea of any relief being granted to Papists. On this subject, Daniel was grieved in his spirit in the midst of his body, and the visions of his head troubled him, for on the 16th November, 1778, he preached in the College Kirk a most inflammatory sermon against Papistry and all its abettors, which sermon he afterwards published at the small price of a groat, so that all ranks might have the benefit of his cogent aspirations. (See *Glasgow Mercury*, 10th December, 1778)—"On Monday will be published, price 4d., *The Church of Rome, the Mother of Abominations*. A sermon delivered in the Black Friars' Church, on Monday the 16th November, 1778, by Daniel M'Arthur, Preacher of the Gospel."\* It must be observed that the above annuncia-

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\* The following advertisement may perhaps be amusing to Mr. M'Arthur's numerous pupils in Glasgow:—

*Glasgow Mercury*, 5th October, 1780.—"Education.—Daniel M'Arthur, second close west from the Exchange, continues to teach the Latin language. On Tuesday next he will begin a class in the rudiments of that language. At private hours he teaches the French and English languages. Accordingly, on the first of November, he will open two classes—one for French, the other for English Grammar, together with the reading and spelling of English. Those who shall be pleased to intrust him with the education of their children may assure themselves that he will use his utmost endeavours to hasten their progress in these branches of useful knowledge." [Mr. M'Arthur was elected teacher in our public Grammar School in the year 1782, and opened his first class on the 10th October of that year].

tion of the publication of Daniel's sermon was upon the fast-day itself, viz., 10th December, 1778.

None of the sermons which were preached at Glasgow on this memorable anti-Catholic fast-day attracted more attention than the one delivered that day (10th December, 1778) by Dr. William Porteous in the Wynd Church. Dr. Porteous was then in the height of his reputation as a star of the first order, and as the acknowledged clerical leader of the west. Notwithstanding of the miserable confined hole where the Wynd Church was situated, the abilities of Dr. Porteous filled his church to overflowing with the most fashionable congregation of our old Glasgow times; in fact, the Wynd Church in those days was all the go with our city gentles. Its congregation was removed to St. George's Church in 1807.

The Doctor's sermon on the occasion in question was professedly one of toleration and of liberty of conscience, but practically it contained passages of more cutting sarcasms against the Roman Catholics than any sermon preached on that day. His text was Luke ix. 55, 56—"But he turned, and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." The following short extract from the sermon will perhaps convey to my readers a fair specimen of the sententious and energetic style of preaching of this celebrated western divine. After having enlarged generally upon the right of every man to judge for himself in matters of religion, provided his opinions are not destructive to the State or dangerous to the community, the Doctor proceeds as follows:—"When Popery is considered as a false religion, we must inquire, What it is? Is it a religion which teaches men to make and worship images? Is it a religion which teaches men to make a god of a wafer, and then to eat the god which they had made? Is it a religion which has created a purgatory merely to have the pleasure and the profit of fishing souls out of it? Does Popery teach us that God cannot be worshipped properly without a wax candle, a dry stick, and a little bell?—that the baptism of water cannot be duly performed without a mixture of salt, spittle, and oil? Does it prescribe the exact number of bows to be made before one approaches the rail within which is the picture of a beautiful mother and a lovely infant? Does it require its votaries on certain occasions to walk many miles with a small stone in

their shoes?—to sleep without a shirt?—to eat no flesh on Fridays, and wholly to abstain from it for forty days in the spring, when the commodity is scarce and high priced? Does Popery inform us exactly and solemnly how many corners a cap should have?—what should be the length of a gown?—how many folds it should admit of, and what should be its fabric? Does Popery teach its disciples to kiss the toe of an old man, and to shave the head of a young man? Does it enjoin the numbering over a string of beads so many times a day, and making the figure of a cross with their finger so many times an hour? And do the Papists pretend *conscience* for all this? If Popery be nothing more than *this*, LET IT BE TOLERATED BY ALL MEANS; it ought to be tolerated upon the same principles, and for the same purposes, that *other jugglers and triflers* are tolerated, viz., for the amusement of fools, and as a new method of circulating money!" The rev. gentleman, however, towards the end of his sermon goes on somewhat less tauntingly against the poor Romanists. He says, "What then are we to do with Papists, if their religion is not to be legally tolerated? Are they to be extirpated? GOD FORBID that any such cruel wish should be found in the breast of any Protestant! Should they be deprived of their property, or driven out of the country? By no means; they have enjoyed the inheritance of their fathers, with a right to acquire and hold as much moveable property as they can, notwithstanding of our penal laws; they have also enjoyed the *private* exercise of their religion—let them enjoy all these. We would not have them persecuted or sent to the mountains; let them have everything that conscience can demand. It remains to offer my advice with respect to your conduct in our present situation. Let me entreat you not to disgrace so good a cause by a mobbish and seditious behaviour. It is not the *men* of this religion whom we *detest*; it is the *religion* of these deluded men. The professors of Popery we are bound to pity and to love; but if any violent methods are employed we will injure the best of causes, and do service to the worst. 'He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword;' and how grievous will it be if any, through misguided zeal, should be brought to suffer as evil-doers? You all know the reason of my giving you this advice. That unhappy and very criminal business (the Popish riot about to be mentioned) has been held up to the world by a Popish bishop (Bishop Hay) in very strong colouring, 'as a

sedition riot, in which *innocent* Roman Catholics were much insulted and *inhumanly* treated by a furious rabble.’”

It is curious to think that, amidst all the violence of feeling against Papists which at this time pervaded nearly every rank of our citizens, there were not then in Glasgow more than about a score of persons who professed the Roman Catholic religion,\* and these were merely a parcel of poor Highlanders with their wives and children who met in a quiet and inoffensive manner in a small back room in the High Street, close to the College Kirk. So innocent and harmless was the conduct of these humble people, that even the place of their worship was almost unknown in Glasgow till it was ferreted out by a disorderly and infuriated rabble. (It may be remarked that at this time the Irish Catholics had not yet made their inroads amongst us, and that there *was* not then a single Jew resident in Glasgow).

Your readers must keep in view that it was upon Tuesday the 13th of October, 1778, that the Synod of Glasgow passed their memorable resolutions against Popery, and appointed Thursday the 10th of December following as a solemn fast to be held within their bounds on the occasion; and further, that it was upon Sunday the 18th of October, being the very first Sunday following the meeting of the Synod, that the Popish riot in question took place in the High Street of Glasgow, close to the College Kirk, and in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city; and lastly, that Dr. John Gillies was minister of the College Kirk.

The following account of the said riot is taken from the *Scots Magazine* of 1778, page 685:—

“On the Sunday subsequent to the meeting of the Synod of Glasgow, during the time of morning service, a mob gathered round a house just by the College Church, where they understood that a few Catholics assembled for worship. The mob not only insulted, but terrified the poor people to the highest degree. The only person like a gentleman among the Papists escaped in a chair, amidst the curses and imprecations of the multitude. Some poor Highland women had their caps and cloaks torn off them, and were pelted with dirt and stones. In short, the rabble continued their outrages till night, when they broke all the windows

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\* There are at present more Roman Catholics in Glasgow than the entire population of the city in 1779.



of the house, breathing blood and slaughter to all Papists, and in every respect profaning the Lord's day in a grosser manner than ever was known to be done in Britain."

In the *Glasgow Mercury* newspaper of 22d October, 1778, the riot in question is thus noticed:—

"A few people of the Roman Catholic persuasion—the most part strangers—employed in the different manufactures carried on about this city, have for sometime met on Sundays for the purpose of worshipping after their own way: these two or three weeks past they have convened in a house in the High Street. Some idle boys last Sabbath, observing rather more people than usual going into the house (now called a Popish chapel) with a child that was going to be baptised, their curiosity was excited so as to ask admittance, which, not being readily complied with, they, in a tumultuous manner, forced their way into the house, and, being joined by a number of disorderly people, demolished several pictures that ornamented the room, and are supposed to be figures of saints and the object of their worship. The crowd increased, and behaved in a rude manner, by throwing stones, breaking the windows, &c., which caused the meeting to dismiss; and the people, in returning from the place of worship, were maltreated, particularly a venerable old gentleman, who was carried away in a sedan chair, was insulted in a base manner. The tumult lasted during the afternoon sermon, but consisted only of boys. After sermon, one of the magistrates, attended by the town officers, went and dispersed them."

The Magistrates of Glasgow at that time were—William French, provost, and Andrew Buchanan, Richard Marshall, and John Craig, bailies. These gentlemen had been elected into office only a few days previously to the riot (viz., 6th October), and it was probably from their inexperience of magisterial duties that the riot was not quelled in the early part of the day.

As the Lord Advocate had intimated at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in May, 1778, that it was the intention of the Government to bring in a bill for Scotland similar to the English Act 18 Geo. III., c. 60, relieving Roman Catholics from certain penalties and disabilities, the country became mightily alarmed for the safety of the Protestant religion, in consequence of which petitions from all parts of Scotland against any measure of relief being granted to Papists

were presented to Parliament in such numbers, and so strongly expressed, that the Ministry, who were then entangled by the unhappy contest with our American colonies, thought it prudent not to add to the public discontent by the introduction of a No Popery Bill for Scotland. Accordingly, on the eight of February, 1779, Lord Viscount Weymouth, Secretary of State, wrote a letter to Sir Thomas Miller,\* Lord Justice-Clerk, on the subject, in which, after expressing great concern for the alarms which had been raised in the minds of the people of Scotland upon the subject of an intended repeal of the laws against Papists, his Lordship gave the most positive assurances that no such bill was intended to be brought into Parliament by any member of Government, or by any other person known to him; and his Lordship desired the Lord Justice-Clerk immediately to take such course as he should judge most expedient to quiet the minds of all ranks of people on this subject, (*Scots Magazine*, 1779, p. 109). This intimation, however, came too late to prevent the celebrated Popery riot in Glasgow, which goes under the name of "Bagnal's Rabble," the particulars of which are thus narrated in the *Scots Magazine* of 1779, page 108:—

"Glasgow, February, 1779.—On Tuesday, February 9th, the fast day (king's fast), in the evening, a mob assembled at the east end of the Gallowgate Street, at a house possessed by Robert Bagnal, where it is said the Roman Catholics met sometimes for worship. The mob set fire to Mr. Bagnal's dwelling house, by which his house and several buildings which he occupied in manufacturing stoneware were consumed. They afterwards went to his shop in King Street, forced open the door, and destroyed all within. The magistrates, assisted by the Western Fencibles, did what they could without bloodshed to prevent the mischief; and a proclamation was afterwards published, giving positive assurances that the Popish Bill was dropt, and offering a hundred guineas reward for discovering the persons who were active in setting fire to Mr. Bagnal's house and breaking open his shop. A few of the rioters were seized and laid in jail; but to prevent worse consequences they were released. A letter from Glasgow of February

\* Thomas Miller, at this time Lord Justice-Clerk, was the Town Clerk of Glasgow in the year 1755. He was created a Baronet on being made Lord-President of the Court of Session.

12, says:—‘The scene of Tuesday was intended to be renewed on us all next day; but God in his goodness prevented it by the active measures taken by the magistrates. They convened all the deacons of the trades, and each deacon made choice of twenty men of his own trade, and patrolled the streets every night since—the military doing the same by themselves—so that order and quietness are again restored. Yesterday I went to the court and overheard the Dean of Guild\* and brethren in council say, that the town of Glasgow will cheerfully pay every farthing of Mr. Bagnal’s loss, though it were twenty times more than it is. The leading men and the clergy are ashamed of what has happened, and would do anything to regain their reputation from the charge of so foul a crime as persecution for conscience’ sake. Three of the ministers here are doing all the kindness they can, *under-hand*, to Mr. and Mrs. Bagnal, and rooms have been provided for the reception of their poor family till matters be settled.’”†

Dr. Cleland in his *Annals of Glasgow*, has given us no account of the Popery riot which took place in the city upon the 18th of October, 1778, but at page 37 he thus narrates the particulars of the riot of 1779:—

“In the year 1779-80, a bill was under discussion in Parliament for the repeal of certain penal statutes against the Roman Catholics. On this occasion a numerous body of the citizens determined to give the bill every opposition in their power. In a short time no less than eighty-five societies, consisting of at least twelve thousand persons, were formed to oppose the bill. These societies kept up a regular correspondence with Lord George Gordon, who was at that time at the head of the Protestant Association in London. While the bill was in progress, a mob collected on a Sunday during the time of divine service, and would have demolished the place of worship in which the Roman Catholics met, had not the Magistrates arrived in time to prevent it. On the 10th of February thereafter, being a day of fasting appointed by royal authority, a crowd of people met and destroyed the shop of Mr. Bagnal, a potter in King Street, for no other reason but that he was a Roman Catholic; and, having done all the damage they

\* Alexander M’Caul.

† Bagnal was a native of France. He imprudently on this occasion permitted his workmen, who were potters, to work openly and avowedly in contempt of the King’s fast.

could to his shop, they set out in great numbers to Tureen Street\* and destroyed his manufactory, notwithstanding the vigilance of the magistrates to prevent such an outrage. When this affair terminated, Bagnal instituted a process against the community, and obtained indemnification for his loss."

Deholm (page 85) gives a short and rather imperfect account of this riot; but he says, "So faithful were the instigators of this riot to each other, that, notwithstanding the magistrates next day by proclamation offered a reward of one hundred guineas for the apprehension of any one of the ringleaders, they all resisted the temptation, and none were ever secured." This, however, seems to have been a mistake, as we see by the *Scots Magazine* account that "a few of the rioters were seized and laid in jail; *but, to prevent worse consequences, they were released.*" It is not likely that the principal rioters could not be found out and indentified in such a city as Glasgow then was, containing only 38,000 inhabitants, who in general were well acquainted with each other. Perhaps also the magistrates had an eye at saving their hundred guineas, and were not over-anxious to probe the affair to the bottom.

It appears from the account given of this riot in the *Scots Magazine*, that the Roman Catholics in Glasgow had no public place of worship after the destruction by the mob of their room near the College Kirk in October, 1778. They seem after that time to have been alarmed for their personal safety, and to have met in a clandestine manner in the private dwelling of Mr. Bagnal in the Gallowgate. It was this house which the mob attacked and burned down; they afterwards proceeded to King Street to Mr. Bagnal's shop which was then shut up on account of the fast. The door was forced, and everything inside of the shop was destroyed. The number of Roman Catholics at this time in Glasgow must have been very small indeed, when a room in Mr. Bagnal's private dwelling was sufficient to contain them all as a place of worship. During this violent period Glasgow was kept in a constant state of agitation by the formation of no less than 85 societies, whose object was to oppose any relief whatever being granted to Papists. Their numerous resolutions, proclamations, advertisements, and notices of communications with Lord George Gordon, who was the leader of the Protestant Association in London, may

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\* The name of Tureen Street was given to this street by Bagnal.

be seen in the columns of the *Glasgow Mercury* of 1778 and 1779. There were upwards of 12,000 members belonging to these societies, who unanimously voted a handsome gold box to Lord George Gordon for his services in opposing the Popery Bill in Parliament. The answer of Lord George Gordon, acknowledging receipt of this gift is curious, and is a remarkable instance of fanaticism in a well-educated man.

"Letter from Lord George Gordon to the preses of the eighty-five societies in Glasgow.

"Sir,—I received the very handsome gold box from the eighty-five societies of Glasgow with the highest satisfaction, and also your obliging letter in their name which accompanied it. You will please acquaint the societies that I look upon the little services that I have hitherto been enabled to render to my countrymen as greatly recompensed and overpaid by the frequent tokens of approbation they have conferred on me. Such mean abilities as I am endowed with the people at large may depend upon being steadily exerted in their favour; and, as our views are honestly bent on promoting the glory of God and the happiness of mankind, so we may expect the blessing of the Divine Providence on our endeavours.

"As the present Parliament is likely to be dissolved in a short time, I think it my duty to acquaint my friends that I have no expectation of a seat in the next. Presbyterian principles are so old fashioned and uncourtly that I have not had the presumption to recommend myself as a proper person to any electors. I have neither gold nor silver to corrupt voters with, nor should I love to represent those in whose hands are bribes. Unless some free and independent boroughs chuse me for their servant, I shall retire to the enjoyment of a private life with the consolation of a clear conscience, and my countrymen bearing testimony of my exertions in their favour without respect to persons or worldly advantages. *'I have not sold them into the hands of their enemies; neither was I cast down because they were more in number than any people. The number of Gog is as the sand of the sea. But the race is not always to the swift, neither is the battle to the strong; for, lo! by the grace of God, did I discomfit the host of Pharaoh; standing alone, even I only, amidst Baal's prophets, four hundred and fifty men.'*

"I had the honour of presenting the petition of the eighty five societies some days ago to the House of Commons, and I trust it will conduce much towards turning their minds to a wise and timely compliance with the prayers of the English Protestants. *'Turn again now every one from his evil way, and go not after other gods to serve them and to worship them. Is it a light thing to the House of Judah that they commit the abominations which they commit here? Jehosaphat took away the high places and groves out of Judah; but Achan, the troubler of Israel, did he not trespass in the thing accursed? A sword is upon the inhabitants of Babylon, and upon her princes, and upon her mighty men; for it is the land of graven images, and they are mad upon their idols! Hear, O ye kings! Give ear, O ye princes! for the Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, but will not at all acquit the wicked.'*

"Now, wishing you all prosperity and happiness in your public undertakings, and in your private families, I remain in truth and gratitude, your humble servant,

"G. GORDON.

"Walbeck Street, March, 28, 1780."—*Glasgow Mercury*, 1780, April 20.

I beg leave to make a little digression here, and to state that Lord George Gordon was the second son of Cosmo Duke of Gordon, and brother of Alexander, then the Duke of Gordon. He was born in 1750. After having served in the navy, he sat

in the House of Commons, and was an opponent of Lord North's administration. In 1780 he gained a sinister fame by opposing all relief being granted to Roman Catholics, and took a leading part in the Protestant Association which gave rise to the tumultuous mob of 80,000 people, which mob threatened London itself with destruction. Having submitted to the rite of circumcision, he apostatised to the Jewish faith, and in 1798 he died in Newgate where he was imprisoned for libelling the Queen of France.

But to return to our own riots. At the time of Bagnal's Rabble, I was too young to recollect all the particulars which took place on that occasion; but there is one circumstance which happened in our family during the riot that has left a strong impression upon my mind. My father and mother were Dissenters, and, like most members of Dissenting congregations, they paid no attention to fast days, whether appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland or ordered by royal proclamation; in consequence of which all fast days to us were holidays of pleasure and enjoyment; for we had no psalms or hymns to get by heart as on the Sundays; neither had we any school lessons of the week days to trouble us. Such, then, was the happy state of our family on the king's fast of the 9th of February, 1779, when during the time of the afternoon's divine service, we were alarmed with accounts of the riotous proceedings of the mob, breaking open Bagnal's shop in King Street and destroying everything in it. Our house was situated in the Candleriggs, not far from Bagnal's shop, and my father and mother became alarmed lest the mob, having vented their rage against poor Bagnal, might take it into their heads to do the like to us under the impression that we were all a parcel of bloody Papists. Prepossessed, therefore, with the fear of the risk which we ran of being mobbed, plundered, and maltreated by an unruly rabble, orders were instantly given to our servants to lock all our doors, and to close the shutters of the whole of our windows; so that, if the rioters should happen to pass along the Candleriggs, they might suppose us to be staunch and true Protestant Presbyterians, absent at the Established church hearing sermon. Our precautions, however, turned out to be unnecessary, in consequence of the arrival on the spot of the magistrates, accompanied by the town's officers, and a party of the military quartered in the city. The guard-house was then situated at the south-west corner of the Candleriggs, in our

immediate neighbourhood; and the military having been called out, our fears passed away, so that in the evening we again ventured to open our doors and window shutters; nevertheless, we all kept at home that night, none of us having attempted to go out of doors to see what was going on upon our streets.

For a year or two after this riot, the Roman Catholics in Glasgow appear to have had no public place of worship, but were supposed to have met in a clandestine manner, in a private dwelling belonging to some member of their own body. I think it was about the year 1782 or thereby that they commenced meeting in a small room at the foot of the Saltmarket, in a narrow back close immediately opposite the Bridgegate. Bishop Hay celebrated mass there occasionally. John Wilson, writer, afterwards town clerk (Dr. Rae Wilson's uncle), occupied the first floor of the front tenement as his dwelling house and writing chambers; and, if I am not mistaken, our respectable citizen William Watson, Esq., of Brandon Place, served his apprenticeship there; Peter Paterson, or "Pauky Pate," was then Mr. Wilson's head clerk. I have frequently seen the Roman Catholics coming from this place of worship; they did not seem to have been more than a score or so in number, and I observed that, on coming out of the said narrow close into the Saltmarket, they separated into parties of twos and threes, so as thereby to avoid public observation. They all took their way towards the High Street; I never saw any of them going from divine service westwards by the Bridgegate. They appeared to consist wholly of the working classes.

The magistrates of Glasgow who were in office at the time of this riot were—William French, provost; Alexander Donald, Alexander Brown, and William Craig, bailies. Provost French commenced business as a junior partner of William Cunningham and Company, but afterwards became a Virginia merchant on his own account. Mr. Pagan, in his *Sketches of Glasgow*, page 80, has given us a list of 46 houses in Glasgow, importers of tobacco, in 1774; but the name of Provost French does not appear in this list. The Provost left three daughters. One of them was married to Mr. Glen, who purchased M'Call's black house, at the foot of Queen Street, and erected on its site the present tenement at the south-east corner of the said street. Another daughter married Mr. John M'Nair (grandson of the eccentric Robert M'Nair); he built the large tenement in Ingram Street standing between the

Union Bank and Glassford Street. The other daughter of Provost French died lately unmarried. Bailie Alexander Donald was a Virginia merchant and ship-owner; his name appears in Mr. Pagan's list of tobacco importers in 1774; but this gentleman never took a prominent part in Glasgow affairs. It was otherwise, however, with the other two bailies, who were amongst the most active and public-spirited of our citizens. Mr. Brown was not known in the community by the name of "Bailie Brown;" this piece of dignity was conferred on Bailie John Brown, of Brown, Carrick and Company. Mr. Alexander Brown was Dean of Guild in 1784 and 1785, and was dignified by the superior title of "Dean of Guild Brown." He resided in the ground floor of the tenement at the west corner of Argyll Street and the entry to St. Enoch Square. Mrs. Ewing MacLae of Cathkin is the only one of the Dean of Guild's family now alive.

Mr. Craig was not generally spoken of under the title of "Bailie Craig," that dignified appellation having previously been conferred upon Bailie John Craig.\* Both of these gentlemen had been conveners of the Trades' House before becoming bailies; and in order to distinguish Mr. William Craig, he was generally called "Craig of the Water Port"†—his house and timber-yard being situated near the site of the old Water Port, which crossed Stockwell Street, by an arch of no great span, something like the letter  $\cap$  reversed. These premises were immediately east of Dreghorn's house in Great Clyde Street. At the time in question there was a horse and cart road leading into the river, nearly opposite to Mr. Craig's house, over which road there was a timber bridge close to the bank of the river. In the middle of the shallow

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\* Bailie John Craig's son, Robert, sold Kelvinbank to John Wilson, town clerk, for £1000; and Dr. Rae Wilson (John Wilson's nephew) sold it to the Trades' House for £20,000.

† A monument in honour of Bailie William Craig, was erected at the expense of the community in the committee room of the late Town's Hospital, Great Clyde Street, with the following inscription:—

To the Memory of  
William Craig, Esq.,  
who,  
During 22 years,  
With unremitting Zeal and Fidelity,  
Acted as Preceptor  
To this Hospital,  
He died xviii. August,  
MDCCCIV.



and fordable stream, situated a little below the present Victoria Bridge, there was then an island, on which island Mr. Craig used to land his cargoes of timber and to keep them there for sale. I have a sketch of the Clyde below the Old Bridge, shewing the state of the river in the time of George II.; in it the island in question is exhibited with three hay stacks on it.\* Mr. John Craig, the son of Craig of the Water Port, was well known in Glasgow for his taste in music and the fine arts. He was an architect, and designed the Surgeon's Hall in St. Enoch Square, which, however, does not stand in very high estimation as a public building; but from all appearances it will soon be turned into stores or warehouses like the other houses of the square.

Before concluding this long-winded article, perhaps it may be necessary to state something regarding the present state of our law in reference to Roman Catholics. In 1793 the Act 33, Geo. III., cap. 44, was passed, whereby the principal penal regulations affecting Roman Catholics were repealed; and by the Catholic Relief Act, 10 Geo. IV., cap. 7, passed in 1829, the right of electing and being elected representatives in the House of Commons was extended to members of that persuasion. The only public office in Scotland from which Roman Catholics are excluded, is that of Royal Commissioner to the General Assembly.† When Roman Catholics are members of corporations, they may not vote in the disposal of church patronage. Ecclesiastics or other members of the Roman Catholic persuasion, wearing the habit of their order, or officiating in any place which is not either their usual place of worship or a private house, forfeit £50.

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\* This island was in existence so late as 1776, as will be seen by the following extract from the *North British Intelligencer*, dated Edinburgh, 4th-11th September, 1776.

"We hear from Glasgow that, during the late swell of the river Clyde, four women who were attending clothes on the Green were several times in the most imminent danger from the rapidity of the flood, and that at last two of them lost their lives, the other two having saved themselves by getting on a sort of island till the water subsided."

At this time the space between the Old Bridge and the Broomielaw Bridge was one of the three greens or public parks then existing in Glasgow. This island must have been pretty high above ordinary tides, otherwise the women could not have been saved, seeing that there was a great flood on the river, which must have overflowed the present lower Green. At present when the river space between the bridges is being converted into a harbour to be filled with shipping, the existence of the island at this spot may be remembered with some interest.

† At present one of our acting Justices of the Peace for Lanarkshire is a Roman Catholic.

Jesuits and members of orders bound by monastic or religious vows must register themselves with the Clerk of the Peace of their county, under a penalty of £50 for every month they remain in the kingdom unregistered. Jesuits, not natural born subjects, who have come into the country since the passing of the act, or may come into it, are liable to be banished. Persons admitting others to such societies within the United Kingdom are liable to fine and imprisonment; and those who become so admitted are liable to be banished. (*Burton's Manual of the Law of Scotland*, page 117. 1839).

The foundation of the present handsome Roman Catholic Chapel in Great Clyde Street was laid in 1814, and it was opened for public worship in 1816. After the Act 33 Geo. III., cap. 44, had passed in 1793, the Roman Catholics, under authority, met for worship in the Town's Court, Mitchell Street; and in 1797 they built a small chapel opposite the Infantry Barracks. From thence they removed to Great Clyde Street, as above-mentioned.

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GLASGOW OFFICIALS OF 1755, &c.

DR. JOHNSON, in the *Rambler*, has said that "No man past the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without finding the banquet embittered with the cup of sorrow. In youth (says he) we have nothing past to entertain us; and in age we derive little from retrospect but hopeless misery." Now, certainly this is very pretty writing; but, with great deference to the dicta of so mighty a moralist as Dr. Johnson, I must say that I do not think it is true. On the contrary, I see no person who has passed the middle age of life who does not enjoy the recollections of former times, or who does not feel delight at hearing the narration of old stories regarding his early companions, or of the pranks of his youthful days. Nay, I know not even a youngster who does not chuckle with gratification over the tales about his grandpapas and grandmamas, and their times and doings. In the full belief, therefore, that most of your readers are of my opinion, I shall now in the first place retrograde a century, and

see what our Glasgow folks were doing in the year 1775, and then descend to later generations.

It is curious to look back a hundred years at the annexed list of our city officials of that time, and to see how few of their male descendants\* are now topping merchants or eminent tradesmen amongst us. The old race of well known Glasgow surnames is rapidly dwindling away from our ranks, and is succeeded by a new race of active strangers who are fast pushing the ancient race aside and taking its place. Let any one compare the list of Glasgow officials of 1755 with the list of Glasgow officials of 1855, and he will see how very few of our present magistrates, councillors, and others in office are descended from our ancient public men. Nay, what is more extraordinary, let your readers just compare the *surnames* of the Glasgow officials of 1755 (as per list below) with the *surnames* of our present Parliamentary representatives, Lord Provost, Bailies, Town Council, Dean of Guild, Deacon Convener, Treasurer, Master of Works, Clyde Trustees, Bailie of the River Clyde, Bailie of Provan, Town Clerks, Chamberlain, Procurator Fiscal, Superintendent of Streets, Superintendent and Assistant Superintendents of Police, Treasurer and Collectors of Police, Inspectors of Lighting, Cleansing, and Smoke, Warden of Churchyard, and, in short, with the surnames of the whole body of our present officials, being upwards of *seventy* in number, and your said readers will find that, with the exception of Wilson and Forrester (and these gentlemen do not belong to the old aristocratic Glasgow houses), there is not among them all a *surname* corresponding to any *surname* of the officials of 1775. What, then, has become of the male descendants of our old Glasgow public men? How completely are they almost all pushed aside by a new and enterprising race!

If, however, it be curious to make the foregoing comparison and retrospect, it is still more curious to think that there is yet living in our city a lady, in good health and spirits (the mother of one of our Lord Provosts), who was in existence at the date when the

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\* Most people fancy that the number of their male progenitors in a direct line from Adam to themselves must amount to some thousands; but, making our calculation from the example given to us by St. Luke, chap. iii., we shall find that they scarcely amount to 136. From Christ back to Adam, St. Luke enumerates only 74 persons in a direct male line, and since the commencement of the Christian era (making the usual calculation of 30 years to a generation) it will be found that the number during the said era is a fraction under 62—in all, 136.

following Magistrates and Council were in office in Glasgow, one hundred years ago\* :—

*Glasgow Journal*, 13th October, 1755.—“On Wednesday last the elections for this place were finished, by which the government of the city and its dependencies is vested in the following persons for the ensuing year:—

George Murdoch, Esq., Provost.  
Messrs. Robert Christie, }  
James Spreull, } Baillies.  
James Whytlaw, }

MERCHANT COUNCILLORS.

Messrs. John Bowman, Dean of Guild.

John Brown.  
George Carmichael.  
William Crawford, senior.  
Archibald Ingram.  
Thomas Dunmoor.  
John Glassford.  
Robert Dunlop.  
Andrew Cochraue.  
William Crawford, junior.  
Alexander Wilson.†  
Andrew Blackburn.†  
John Campbell.†  
Alexander Spiera, Treasurer.‡  
John Cochran, Master of Work.‡

TRADES COUNCILLORS.

Messrs. George Nisbet, Wright, Deacon Convener.‡  
James Clark, Taylor.  
James Glen, Goldsmith.  
James Buchanan, Taylor.  
Robert Finlay, Tanner.  
James Smith, Weaver.  
John Wilson, Wright.  
Daniel Munro, Taylor.  
Francis Crawford, Wright.  
John Johnston, Barber.  
John Miller, Maltman.†  
John Robertson, Wright.†  
David Henry, Hammerman.†

\* [Although *Scots* does not give us the name in the text, there is no harm in stating that the lady above referred to is the venerable and much respected Mrs. Smith, of Jordanhill, now in the 101st year of her age. Her marriage is thus announced in the *Glasgow Mercury* of Thursday, July 19th, 1781:—“On Monday last (the 16th), was married here Mr. Archibald Smith, merchant, to Miss Bell Ewing, daughter of Mr. William Ewing, late one of the magistrates of this city.” In the *Glasgow Mercury* of 1st November, 1781, we find the following:—“To be sold, that house, being the second story above the shops of a new tenement on the west side of the Stockwell Street, with two rooms in the garret story, and two cellars all possessed by Mr. Archibald Smith,” This had, no doubt been Mr. Smith’s “Bachelor’s hall.” This gentleman was afterwards Dean of Guild. Since the above was written, the venerable Mrs. Smith has been removed from the scene. She died in September, 1855.—Ed.]

† New Councillors.

‡ Councillors by their office.

Messrs. James Buchanan, Bailie, and  
 Andrew Donaldson, Resident Bailie } of Gorbals.  
 William M'Queen Merchant, Water Bailie.  
 John Forrester, Bailie of Port-Glasgow.  
 John Hamilton, Bailie of Provan.  
 George Buchanan, junior, Visitor of the Maltmen.

[Arthur Robertson was the first Chamberlain of Glasgow; he was elected on the 18th June, 1755. He had been previously cashier of the Ship Bank, and was Bailie of Gorbals in 1754].

In scanning over the above list of our officials for the year 1755, with their respective titles appended, I think I hear some of your *young* readers exclaiming, "What a shabby set of Magistrates and Councillors there must have been in Glasgow a century ago! Only look!—there is not an esquire among the whole lot of them except the provost! The bailies, the Dean of Guild, the Deacon Convener, and the whole body of the Council are only Mr. John this, Mr. James that, and Mr. Thomas t'other thing; quite different from our officials now-a-days, who are all Lords, Honourables, or Esquires, every one of them!" But your *old* readers, I have no doubt, will be disposed to take a somewhat different view of the matter, and to attribute the non-assumption of high municipal titles to the extreme modesty of our forefathers, who scarcely ventured to place even the title of *Mr.* before their names on the plates of their outside doors, for fear of being thought proud and arrogant; but were contented to announce themselves to the public as plain "John Buchanan," "James Brown," or "Thomas Smith."

Your *old* readers, moreover, cannot help observing that the Magistrates and Council of 1755, of the merchant rank, notwithstanding of their humility, formed the *élite* of our then tobacco-lord aristocracy, as the following surnames abundantly shew:—Murdoch, Christie, Bowman, Ingram, Dunmoor, Glassford, Dunlop, Cochrane, Crawford, Spiers, Campbell, Buchanan, Spreull, Donaldson, Hamilton, Brown and others of our former great foreign merchants, who on this occasion are certainly entitled to the merit of being free from all pride of office, although the general charge of haughty assumption has been pretty liberally bestowed upon our magnates of olden time by all our modern writers. It cannot, however, be denied that our city at this period was ruled by an aristocratic party of her citizens, and that the election to office in Glasgow was then altogether of an exclusive character, and depended almost entirely upon the good will of

our great foreign merchants, and upon an understanding on the part of the candidates that they would support the influence and measures of the governing party—the citizens, generally speaking, having no voice in the election of their Magistrates and Council.

As for the Trades Councillors of 1775, their names in general do not frequently occur in the annals of our city. The *vulgaribus artibus exercitati* of olden time, some how or other, even when in office did not then take their proper station among the great folks of Glasgow as they do in modern times. A few of them, however, were eminent and active citizens—quite equal in respectability to many of their brethren of the merchant rank. Bailie Whytlaw was a saddler; his heritable property in which he resided was situated at the back of the Rottenrow, and consisted of a dwelling house of seven rooms, kitchen, and offices, and a rood of garden and pleasure ground, having a commanding view of the city and country to the south. He was also laird of a tenement of houses fronting the Rottenrow. So completely has the memory of this gentleman passed away from amongst us, that in looking over a late Glasgow Directory, now lying before me, I do not observe even the surname of “Whytlaw” in it. John Miller of Westerton, maltman, gave his name to Miller Street. James Glen was a goldsmith, and was treasurer in 1752-53, and bailie in 1754.\* John Robertson, who was bailie in 1758, was one of the most extensive builders in Glasgow of his day. After the removal of the West Port in 1751, he built several large tenements on both sides of Argyll Street, and also in Virginia Street. The following advertisement is taken from the *Glasgow Mercury* of 5th Nov., 1778:—

“To be exposed to sale, the lodging or dwelling house, being the third or uppermost story of the westmost of three tenements lately built by John Robertson, wright, on the south side of Argyll Street, in Glasgow, and adjacent to St. Enoch’s Burn, with the cellar and garrets thereto belonging, at present possessed by Mr. James Denniston, merchant.”

Mr. Denniston of Colgrain thus appears to have then resided

\* *Glasgow Journal*, 21st February, 1757.—“That the whole silver plate, rings, and other goods which belonged to the deceased James Glen, goldsmith in Glasgow, and presently within his shop at the head of the Gallowgate, are to be exposed to public roup and sale, upon the 29th of February current, betwixt twelve and two o’clock. Inventory to be seen in the hands of Mrs. Glen, the defunct’s widow. Also, to be sold, a parcel of stones, timber, and slates, belonging to the deceased Bailie James Glen, as they lie in the New Street leading to the new church in Saltmarket, [St. Andrew’s Church], being materials of old houses.”

in a third floor. The under-mentioned Trades Councillors of 1755 were conveners of the trades:—George Nisbet in 1755-6, James Clark in 1763-4, James Buchanan in 1751-2, Robert Finlay in 1749-50, Daniel Munro in 1760-1, and Francis Crawford in 1765. This last-mentioned gentleman, who was a timber merchant and builder,\* died while in office as convener of the trades in the said year 1765. The following notice of his funeral is thus given in the *Glasgow Journal* of 5th December, 1765:—

“On Saturday (3d December) Mr. Francis Crawford, late convener of the trades of Glasgow, was interred in the High Church yard. On this occasion, all the different corporations walked in procession, each trade by itself attended by their officer: and yesterday Mr. John Jamieson was chosen convener in his room.”

Mr. Francis Crawford was the grandfather of our respected citizen, George Crawford, Esq., Justice of Peace Clerk, and the great-grandfather of another of our eminent citizens, George Middleton, Esq. Mr. Francis Crawford's son, the late George Crawford, Esq., writer, was well known to almost all your elderly Glasgow readers. His marriage is thus announced in the *Glasgow Mercury* of 20th April, 1780:—“This week was married Mr. George Crawford, writer, to Miss Jenny M'Lintock, daughter of Mr. Robert M'Lintock, merchant.” The following are copies of advertisements from Mr. M'Lintock, who was the maternal grandfather of the one, and the maternal great-grandfather of the other, of the afore-mentioned two gentlemen:—

*Glasgow Journal*, 8th December, 1763.—“At Renfrew, only four miles west from Glasgow, there is a commodious bleachfield, with houses, wells, also a water runs through the field, to be set in tack for what number of years may be agreed on. Apply to Robert M'Lintock, merchant, Trongate, Glasgow.” *Glasgow Journal*, 1st November, 1764.—“NOTICE.—That, upon Tuesday the 23d of October, at Kirkintilloch Fair, there was stolen or lost a pocket-book, with a parchment-coloured covering, and a parcel of bank notes, the most part of which is of the West Bank† of Glasgow, and one small bill and a great number of other accounts, which can be of no value to any person but the owner; so if any person can give any account about that book and these notes, let him return them to Robert M'Lintock, merchant in Glasgow, and they shall have *five guineas* of reward and no questions asked.”

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\* *Glasgow Journal*, 19th December, 1757.—“As the copartnery between Francis Crawford and David Lillie was dissolved July last, it is expected their customers will make payment of their debts to Francis Crawford, at his writing room, in Mr. Craig's timber-yard, betwixt and the first of March, 1758, otherwise they will be obliged to constitute them by decret.

† The Merchants' Bank was called the “West Bank,” because it was situated farther west than the other Glasgow bank, viz., at the north-west corner of Maxwell Street, up one stair.

Mr. Robert M'Lintock,\* whom I remember very well, was rather a remarkable person of his time in Glasgow, being the first of our citizens who ventured to set a check upon the overgrown influence of the tobacco lords. Having observed that these magnates had possessed themselves of the entire control of our magistracy and of the Merchants' House, and, in addition thereto, had also commenced the increase of their power by the erection of three banks, so as to secure to themselves the command of the money market in Glasgow—the partners of these banks being some of the wealthiest and most influential of their own class—Mr. M'Lintock, in conjunction with some of his friends, resolved to set up a bank in Glasgow upon liberal principles, and in direct opposition to the three great banks of the magnates. Accordingly, in 1762 the "Merchants' Bank" was established in Glasgow, and shopkeepers and tradesmen of all classes were invited to become partners. The scheme succeeded, to the great mortification of the tobacco lords, who endeavoured to crush this bank by a very undignified expedient. These magnates, having the command of the Merchants' House,† represented to its members the impudence and presumption of a parcel of shopkeepers and handicraftsmen denominating themselves "The Merchant's Bank of Glasgow;" they, therefore, called a special meeting of the Merchants' House to take this serious matter into their consideration. Accordingly, on the 28th May, 1769, the Merchants' House, as requested, held a special meeting to deliberate on the said mighty affair; at which meeting the following shabby side-winded resolution was passed, and published in the Edinburgh and Glasgow newspapers:—

"That a banking company, entered into by a considerable number of merchants in Glasgow, and others in different places in this kingdom, having begun to issue notes, under the firm of "The Merchants' Banking Company of Glasgow," signed by Robert

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\*Mr. M'Lintock's place of business was in the tenement at the north-east corner of King Street. His second daughter married William Pattison, Esq., uncle to our well-known citizen, John Pattison, Esq.

† *Glasgow Journal*, 3d October, 1757.—"Since the present set of the Merchants' House was introduced in the year 1747, the number of the matriculate members who make up that house has decreased, by death and otherways, about one-third part. It is, therefore, to be hoped that this loss will be supplied by the subscription of many of the merchant rank who have entered since that time, to entitle them to a share in the management of the funds of the house, which in that case properly belongs to them, on their paying four shillings sterling to the poor yearly. The book for subscription lies at the shop of Messrs. Scott and Brown, under the Exchange Coffee-House, corner of Saltmarket."



M'Lintock and Andrew Carrick, as two of the partners, and by John Auld, as their cashier, it is hereby resolved to advertise that the House had nothing to do with it."

There is a circumstance which in former times tended greatly to add to the dignity and influence of our first-rate merchants, independently of their rank in society. Previously to the middle of the last century there were no banks nor branches of banks established in Glasgow, although the two chartered banks at Edinburgh had made the attempt to plant branches there, but failed in their endeavours. In consequence of their being no banking establishment at this time in Glasgow to receive deposits of cash, it came to be the universal custom among our *bein* burghers to lodge their savings with some of the Virginia and foreign merchants, who, in fact, acted as bankers; but these houses knowing that they had the ball at their feet, always pretended to receive deposits as a mighty favour done to the lenders; and, truly, it was so considered by the lenders themselves. At the failures of Buchanan, Hastie and Company, Brown, Dunlop, and some others of our old foreign merchants, a very large sum in total amount was found to be in their hands, belonging to numerous individuals who had deposited the same with these houses upon loan, and many of the said deposits were the hard earnings or savings of persons in humble life.

Nearly the same mode of banking took place among the farmers in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, but with a different class of our citizens. Most of our eminent bakers were then also grain dealers, and many of them in an extensive line of business. When a farmer had thrashed out his corn and sold it, having no bank wherein he could deposit his receipts, he was in the practice of lodging the same in the hands of a wealthy baker or grain dealer, until the time arrived when his rent became due, and then he applied for payment.

About 1750, the Ship Bank and the Glasgow Arms Bank were established in Glasgow, but scarcely came into general operation before 1755. In 1761, the Thistle Bank commenced business. All these banks, however, were set on foot by our then great foreign merchants. In 1762, the Merchants' Bank began business. This bank, as before stated, was formed in opposition to the three aristocratic banks, by a different class of our citizens.

In looking at the names of the partners of the original Ship Bank, Thistle Bank, and Glasgow Arms Bank, it will be seen that

they are all, or nearly all, of the old aristocratic rank of the day—viz., Murdoch, Cochrane, Donald, Crawford, Scott, Carmichael, Christie, Dunmoor, Ingram, Campbell, Jamieson, Ritchie, Bowman, Buchanan, Dinwiddie, Brown,\* Hopkirk, Hamilton, Glassford, Spreull, M'Call, Dunlop, Houston, Denniston, &c. The position of bankers which our great foreign merchants had now assumed added very much to their weight and influence in Glasgow; for in Scotland at this time bankers were supposed to be persons wallowing in wealth, whereas, in fact, bank capital in Glasgow was then mostly made up by deposits, and so little cash had the above-mentioned banks in their coffers, that for safety they issued 10s. notes, payable on demand; but as for 20s. notes, they were made payable, in the option of the said banks, either on demand or six months after being presented. Our Glasgow banks, however, had not the honour of being the originators of this cautious mode of doing business; that honour is due to the Bank of Scotland, which commenced issuing notes with the above-mentioned optional reservation about the year 1727, when the Royal Bank was first established. At that time a run had been made upon the Old Bank, as it was called, when the New Bank, or Royal Bank, had commenced doing business, which run having ceased in a short time, the Bank of Scotland returned to the former mode of issuing their notes, payable to the bearer on demand.

Both the Bank of Scotland and the Royal Bank shewed a mean jealousy at the establishment of native banks in Glasgow, as I have mentioned in a former article; and the following extract will still further give proof of the fact:—

*Scots Magazine*, May, 1756 (page 249).—"Two gentlemen from Edinburgh, with an agent, &c., made considerable demands on the two banks at Glasgow (Ship and Glasgow Arms), May 31st and June 1st, 2d, and 3d. A protest was taken against the Old Bank (Ship), that of Messrs. Dunlop, Houston and Company, for non-payment of £2435 sterling; and protests were taken against the New Bank, that of Messrs. Cochrane, Murdoch and Company, for non-payment of £976 and £7000. Payment was offered of the £976, in notes of the two banks of Edinburgh, but refused, and specie insisted for. The gentlemen who demanded the £7000 were told by the cashier, that the company's notes were always paid at ordinary hours; but that so large a demand, *after the ordinary time of doing business for the forenoon was over*, i. e., after twelve o'clock, he did not think proper, without previously advertising the company, to pay till four o'clock afternoon; and they were desired to come back at that hour, when all the notes would be paid. Attendance was given at the banking office from three o'clock afternoon till near five;

\* *Glasgow Journal*, 2d May, 1757.—"On Thursday last died John Brown, Esq., late Provost of Glasgow. The loss of this worthy citizen is greatly and justly lamented."

and as the Edinburgh gentlemen did not call as desired, an attorney was then sent to their lodgings. The principal person was gone out of town; but the other who was his agent or doer, was found on the street, and required to repair to the banking office, to receive payment of the sum demanded, the company being always ready to pay their notes at proper hours, in gold and silver, and Edinburgh bank notes. N.B.—The Edinburgh notes offered were those of the Royal Bank, which were refused.)”

*Glasgow Journal*, 7th June, 1756.—“There having been a run last week on the two banking companies here for gold and silver in exchange of the Glasgow notes, and the notes of the banks at Edinburgh having been refused to be taken in payment, the inhabitants with great readiness and alacrity paid in large sums of specie to the two cashiers; and we are well assured that the noblemen and gentlemen of this country have entered into a resolution to continue their countenance and support to these two companies.”

*Scots Magazine*, July, 1756, (page 365).—“Since the run upon them, the Glasgow banks have altered the tenor of their notes. By the new notes the cashier promises to pay the sum in the note on demand, or, in the option of the bank, the sum, and an additional sum (which is precisely half a year’s interest at five per cent. per annum, of the other sum) at the end of six months—the demand, and the option of the bank to be ascertained by the cashier’s marking and signing on the back of the note the day on which it is presented.”

It appears from what follows, that for two years after the establishment of the Ship Bank and Glasgow Arms Bank, in 1750, their notes were readily taken in Edinburgh; but that at the period when the above run was made upon them the Glasgow bank notes were not current in the east country:—

*Scots Magazine*, January, 1752, (page 50).—“Within these few years banks have been set on foot by some private companies. The first was at Aberdeen. Afterwards two were opened at Glasgow; one about the beginning, and the other towards the end of the year 1750. The Glasgow notes circulated to a considerable extent, and were current for some time at Edinburgh, each company having appointed a factor there to pay their notes on demand; but as this was discontinued, they have not been current in this city for several months past.”

The Bank of Scotland, however, on the 17th of May, 1771, finding that their refusal to take the notes of country banks of undoubted credit had given great offence to the Edinburgh shopkeepers and retail dealers, commenced receiving the notes of the Ship Bank, Glasgow Arms Bank, and Thistle Bank:—

*Scots Magazine*, June, 1771, (page 326).—“Till this time the Bank of Scotland had received in payment only their own notes and those of the Royal Bank of Scotland, which was a loss to the people of Edinburgh, who, when they became possessed of notes of private banks, in which indeed most of their accounts were paid, were obliged either to keep them *dead*, some time on hand, or pay three halfpence every twenty shillings for changing them, as none of our banks, bankers, or collectors of the revenue would receive them.”

It thus appears that the change of conduct on the part of the Bank of Scotland did not arise from any spirit of liberality, but because their own notes were quickly returned to them, whereas

the Glasgow notes were kept in circulation by lying for a length of time *dead* in the hands of the Edinburgh shopkeepers.

Perhaps the following resolution, agreed to at a meeting of the justices of the peace, freeholders, commissioners of supply, and heritors of the county of Renfrew, might have had some effect upon the minds of the directors of the two Edinburgh banks:—

*Glasgow Journal*, 15th December, 1763.—“Resolved, that the limiting the circulation of paper money to the banks of *Edinburgh* would be highly prejudicial to the landed and commercial interest of this part of the United Kingdom, by creating a dangerous *monopoly* to these banks in a branch of business very important. That several of the banking companies in Scotland appear to be established upon as firm a footing and solid a foundation as either of the banks of Edinburgh—as the stock of the latter is only bound to the country, whereas both the stock of the former, and the estates real and personal of the partners, are jointly and severally bound for every note they issue.”

The meeting, however, resolved to apply to Parliament for a law to abolish all optional clauses as to payment of notes. This arose from the two Edinburgh banks having resumed the optional clause in their notes.

*Glasgow Journal*, 29th March, 1764.—“Of late the practice of sending specie out of this country has become so general that the Edinburgh banks last week, in order to put a stop to a trade so hurtful to the country, marked some of their notes to be paid in six months, agreeable to the optional clause in said notes. It immediately had the desired effect of putting, in a good measure, an end to the constant demand made upon them for cash. We hear the banks continue to give change as usual to such as do want it for their own use; but those whom they suspect of sending their money out of the country have their notes marked.”

*Scots Magazine*, 1769, 1st April.—“On Wednesday the Bank of Aberdeen made a demand of £4700 on the Thistle Bank, Glasgow, which was immediately paid in gold and silver specie.”

But I must now return to the Glasgow officials of 1755. George Murdoch, who was provost in 1746-7, was again provost in 1766-7; and, among the merchant councillors, the following gentlemen, after being deans of guild, became provosts of the city:—John Brown, in 1752-3; Robert Christie, in 1756-7; Andrew Cochrane, in 1744-5 (during the rebellion), in 1748-9, and in 1760-1; Archibald Ingram, in 1762-3; John Bowman, in 1764-5; and the under-mentioned gentlemen bailies:—William Crawford, in 1754; Thomas Dunmoor, in 1752 and in 1756; George Carmichael, in 1754; Alexander Wilson, in 1756; Alexander Spiers, in 1757; James Buchanan, in 1753; John Glassford, in 1751; The following councillors of 1755 were treasurers of the city:—Robert Dunlop, in 1749; James Whytlaw, in 1750; James Spreull, in 1753; Alexander Spiers, in 1755; John Robertson, in 1756.

When Provost George Murdoch was chief magistrate of Glasgow in 1766-7, he had occasion to be in London upon city business, and was introduced to his Majesty King George the Third. After this interview the royal personage remarked to Lord Bute that the lord provost of Glasgow was the handsomest Scotchman that he had ever seen—(our provost, do doubt, had the velvet coat on).

*Glasgow Mercury*, 8th October, 1778:—"To be sold or let, and divided into ware-houses and shops, the house in King Street at present possessed by Speirs, Murdoch and Company, bankers in Glasgow.—For particulars, apply to John Robertson, their cashier."

Robert Christie, the eldest bailie of 1755, was provost the following years, 1756-7. He left a son and daughter; his son Thomas was a school-fellow of my early days. This Thomas Christie, after attending the medical classes in our university, took out his degree as a physician and went to India. He afterwards settled in the island of Ceylon, where he died. Miss Christie married James Miller, Esq., a merchant trading to Antigua: Mr. Miller built Antigua Court, off Nelson Street.

James Spreull, the other bailie of 1755, of merchant rank, was not the male ancestor in a direct line line of the present Glasgow Spreulls—whose name in the male line is Shortridge. James Shortridge, lately chamberlain to the city of Glasgow, changed his name to Spreull on the death of Miss Margaret Spreull, who bequeathed her estates real and personal to him.\* Her heritable property consisted of a large tenement in the Trongate, which stood between the Shawfield Mansion and Hutchesons' Hospital. I remember this old building very well. Miss Spreull strictly entailed this tenement in favour of James Shortridge or Spreull. Mr. James Spreull, the chamberlain, built the present large tenement now known as Spreull's Land.† It was completed in the year 1784. Being entailed, it was finished in a much more elegant and substantial manner than was usual to be done in the

\* [We learn, on application to the present representative of the family, that Mr. Shortridge's grandfather had married Miss Janet Spreull, the cousin of the aforesaid Margaret. Janet was the niece of Mr. John Spreull, who was tortured during the times of the Persecution, and confined on the Bass Rock from 14th July, 1681, till 13th May, 1687. He thus acquired the name of "Bass John," and survived the Revolution many years. John Spreull, merchant in Paisley, and Janet Alexander, were father and mother to the said "Bass John"—consequently grandfather and grandmother to the said Margaret Spreull.—Ed.]

† The *Glasgow Herald* office is situated upon the back part of this property. [1855].

case of houses to be occupied in flats. The family of Spreull came originally from Paisley; the elder Spreull was a merchant there. His son John was a surgeon, who settled in Glasgow, but, being a leader of the Covenanters, he was carried prisoner to Edinburgh, where he was repeatedly subjected to the torture of the boot, and then confined as a prisoner in the Bass. I had lately a communication with a clergyman in Ireland who claims the title and estates of the Earl of Stirling. This gentleman wished to ascertain some link of his pedigree, through a marriage of the Spreulls with the Alexanders, and I now annex an extract from a letter which I received from him:—"Your letter has given me much further information, which, when compared with my own papers, satisfactorily explains a mistake which I had fallen into by confounding the history of the father and the son, and mixing up two generations of the Spreulls in one. I now clearly see that John Spreull, who was tortured with the boot, fined, imprisoned, and sent to the Bass Rock, was father of Miss Margaret Spreull, who left the property to the present Mr. James Spreull's grandfather, Mr. John Shortridge, on condition of his taking the name of Spreull; and that old John Spreull, a leading Covenanter, who also was persecuted, fined, and forced to abscond and conceal himself, was father to this John. Now the person whose pedigree I am anxious to ascertain being the grandmother of that Margaret Spreull, it appears that she was not (as I have hitherto supposed) the mother but the wife of John, the mother of John of the Bass Rock, whom I find elsewhere described as a merchant in Glasgow. Our family papers and tradition would lead to the conclusion that John Spreull was married to a daughter, or, perhaps, stepdaughter or granddaughter of William first Earl of Stirling. The Shortridges are descended from Janet Spreull, who was daughter of a brother of John of the Bass Rock."

Bailie James Spreull died 18th August, 1769, aged 70.

John Shortridge, the ancestor in the male line of the present Glasgow Spreulls, was merchant bailie of Glasgow in 1772. He left two sons; the eldest was partner of the well-known firm of Tod, Shortridge and Company, and the second son, James, was the city chamberlain. Mr. Tod's son, Charles, formed the existing firm of Tod and Higginbotham.

*Glasgow Mercury*, 23d March, 1780.—"*Lexen Printfeld*.—Tod, Shortridge and Company are taking in cloth to print for this season, and at the following places, where their

book (of patterns) is to be seen:—at Edinburgh, by John Munro, merchant; at Leith, by Mrs. Ross; at Greenock, William Lang; at Port-Glasgow, Alexander Laird; Stirling, Hugh Smith.  
 Alos, Duncan M'Clearan.  
 Dunfermline, Alexander Hunt.  
 Perth, James Fiskine.  
 Dundee, Anderson and Swap.  
 Arbroath, Charles Nish.  
 Falkirk, Patrick Hogg.  
 And at the field, and at their warehouse, Glasgow."

Montrose, Robert Ferrier.  
 Aberdeen, John Ferguson.  
 Kilmarnock, George Bowie.  
 Irvine, James Dunlop.  
 Beith, Andrew Kerr, Jun.  
 Hamilton, William Mather.  
 Bathgate, Thomas Mair.

It was the practice at this time in Glasgow, with all calico or linen printing houses, to take in cloth from private families, to be printed according to any pattern exhibited in their books. I have seen the books of patterns of some of our then *tip-top* houses openly set out *on the street*, in Saltmarket, in order to attract the attention of farmers and country people as customers.

The following is an advertisement regarding Shortridge Land, at the north-west corner of Dunlop Street:—

*Glasgow Journal*, 13th November, 1766.—“To be sold, any time between and the 30th November, two stories of that large tenement of land newly built by John Shortridge, lying on the south side of Argyll Street, each story consisting of a kitchen and eight fire rooms, with closets to most of the rooms, and two large cellars and a garret room to each story. The rooms and passages are all well lighted, the braces and bed places well disposed; two rooms in each story have private doors from the stair-head for writing rooms or kitchens; and each story is laid out so as to serve two families if needful. Several of the rooms are large and the roof high, and at the head of the close there is a private well with very fine soft water. Whoever inclines to purchase any of the stories may apply to the said John Shortridge, who will sell them, either finished or unfinished, upon very reasonable terms.”

Mr. Peter Blackburn, the grandfather of Peter Blackburn, Esq., M.P., resided in the first floor of this tenement. He was Collector of Stamps, and the Stamp Office was in one of the rooms of his said dwelling house.

The site on which the above-mentioned tenement is built, with that of the one immediately to the west, was the property of my grandfather, who resided at the east corner of Queen Street and Argyll Street, where M'Call's Black House afterwards stood. [This house received its designation from being built of stones taken from the Black Quarry, which, after a short exposure, became as black as your hat.] I do not remember the building of Shortridge Land; but I remember the old buildings which preceded the time of erection of the large tenement to the west, in which tenement the office of the *Reformers' Gazette* was lately situated. These old buildings consisted of a large malt-kiln, and barn for grain. They were rented from my grandfather by Mr.

Miller of Westerton, maltman. My grandfather's trustees sold the site of Shortridge Land to Bailie Shortridge about the year 1764.

In taking notice of the Glasgow officials of 1755, it is rather remarkable that neither Alexander Spiers nor John Glassford ever got higher advancement in municipal dignity than Bailies of Glasgow; they never became Deans of Guild (of the Merchants' House), nor Lord Provosts of the city; nevertheless, these gentlemen certainly stood at the head of the tobacco lord aristocracy, and were the greatest foreign merchants of their day in this country. Referring to *Pagan's Sketches of Glasgow* (page 80), it will be seen that of 40,543 hogsheads of tobacco imported in 1774 by 46 Glasgow foreign houses, Spiers and Glassford alone imported 10,541. Mr. Glassford was the most extensive ship-owner of his time in Scotland, for he possessed no less than 24 ships trading to America and the West Indies. It may, perhaps, be interesting to many of your readers to look at the inscription upon a marble tablet, placed at the head of the tomb of this distinguished citizen, in the Ramshorn old burying ground. It is as follows:—

Here lie  
the remains of

Anne Nisbet, second daughter of Sir John Nisbet of Dean, Baronet,  
second Wife of

John Glassford, Esquire, of Dougalston, who died 8 April, 1768,

Also of the Right Hon. Lady Margaret Mackenzie,

Daughter of George last Earl of Cromarty,

third Wife of the said John Glassford, who died 28 March, 1773.

Also, of John Glassford, eldest Son of the said John Glassford  
and Anne Nisbet,

who died 14 January, 1777, aged 14 years; and of

Rebecca their Daughter, who died 3d January, 1780, aged 21,

Also of the said John Glassford of Dougalston, Esquire,

who died 27 August, 1783, aged 68,

Also of Henry Glassford, Esquire of Dougalston,

Second, but eldest surviving Son of the said John Glassford  
and the said Anne Nisbet,

who died unmarried, May, 1819, aged 54,

Also of Catherine Glassford, second Daughter of

the said John Glassford and Anne Nisbet,

who died 13 November, 1825, aged 70;

Also of Jane Mackay, Daughter of Colin Mackay, Esquire,

and second Wife of James Glassford, also of Dougalston,

who died 13 October, 1840, aged 67,

Also of James Glassford, Esquire, of Dougalston,

Eldest Son of the marriage between the said

John Glassford and Lady Margaret Mackenzie,

who was born 12 February, 1771, and died 28 July, 1840, aged 74.



James Glassford of Dougalston, last mentioned as above, was in the grammar school here at the time when I attended that seminary; but he was in Barr's class, three classes before the one in which I took my seat. He was the companion of one of my elder brothers, and was of very gentle, pleasing manners.

Henry Glassford is so fresh in the memory of all your elderly readers that I need say little regarding him. He was trooper along with me in the corps of the "Royal Glasgow Volunteer Light Horse," and was a great favourite among all the members of our troop from his affability and gentlemanly manners. This troop was embodied in 1797, and consisted of 60 members. The late deaths in the troop were Robert Sheriff, James Oswald, Gilbert Kennedy, and Robert Wallace. There now [1855] remain alive but two individuals of the once brilliant "Royal Glasgow Volunteer Light Horse," viz.:—James Buchanan, Esq., of Eastfield, and myself. "What sad havoc sixty years or even half a century make amongst us."

*"Stat sua cuique dies: breve et irreparabile tempus,  
Omnibus est vitæ."*

*Scots Magazine*, 1769, 21st March—"Married at Edinburgh, John Glassford of Dougalston, Esq., to Lady Margaret Mackenzie, daughter of the late Earl of Cromarty."  
*Weekly Magazine*, 1776, 4th March—"Died at Glasgow, Mrs. Rebecca Glassford, relict of Archibald Ingram, late provost of that city."

*Weekly Magazine*, 23d July, 1770—"Died at Glasgow, Archibald Ingram, Esq., late provost of that city." (Ingram Street was named for Provost Ingram).

*Glasgow Mercury*, 1781, 7th June—"On Monday last, Henry Riddel, Esq., merchant in Glasgow, was married to Miss Ann Glassford, daughter of John Glassford, Esq. of Dougalston,

*Scots Magazine*, 1773, 24th March—"Died at Glasgow, Lady Margaret Glassford, wife of John Glassford, Esq. of Dougalston, and daughter of the late Earl of Cromarty."

N.B.—Mr. Glassford purchased Dougalston from John Graham of Dougalston, about eighty or ninety years ago.

#### REMINISCENCES.

*"Misce stultitiam conciliis brevem,  
Dulce est desipere in loco."—Hor.*

DR. GOLDSMITH, in No. 19 of his essays, says,—“The improvements we make in mental acquirements only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution. With this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth; endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes,

be as much the boy as the best of them. Age, care, wisdom, reflection—begone. I give you all to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle."

Some years ago I happened to be in company with a lively old Glasgow lady, then nearly ninety years of age, on which occasion a gentleman present took notice of the recent death of one of her youthful companions, remarking how melancholy a thing it must be for her to see so many of her early friends pass away from beside her, and how deeply she must feel the loss of those who were the intimates of her youth. The old lady very sneeringly answered, "Melancholy thing, indeed, and the loss deeply to be felt! Humph. Ne'er a bit of it; it just makes a body the gladder to be left behind!" Whether the old lady was in the right or not, I leave it to your octogenarian readers to decide. Among the early acquaintances of this old lady who had passed away before her was the well-known George Anderson, celebrated for keeping the best rum in Glasgow, and, as his signboard in the Stockwell told, "Rectifier and Compounder of Foreign and British Spirits." The following is one of George's advertisements:—

"Good old West India Rum, fit to drink in punch with *few waters*; to be sold in casks, with permits by George Anderson, Merchant in Glasgow, at £3 sterling per cask, ready money; the casks containing about twenty Scots pints. \*.\* Also, good old brandy at the same price; and empty 20-pint Casks at 6d. a piece. An allowance to be made to those who take quantities."—*Glasgow Journal*, 20th October, 1755.

In those days the strength of rum was not certified by the modern appellation of 11 O.P., but by the number of *waters* it could bear when it was made into genuine Glasgow punch of the true potency, richness, and flavour.

In my younger days the best judge out of sight of the contents of a punch bowl was Walter Graham. Whenever Walter was present the first glass of the bowl was always handed to him to pronounce sentence whether or not it had been brewed *peritè*; and if he said that, in his opinion, it wanted a little more of the lemon, rum, or sugar, the landlord never failed to make the necessary additions and alterations, till the beverage finally met the approbation of this distinguished Gustatorius. The following is a copy of an advertisement by Walter Graham:—

"Notice.—Walter Graham has removed from King Street to a cellar in Wallace Close, Bell's Wynd, Glasgow, where he continues to sell double rum and double brandy, red port, and sherry wine—all of the best qualities: Also, tobacco and snuff."—*Glasgow Mercury*, 2d July, 1778.

Walter had great tact in making punch; for, according to the kind of company present at the entertainment, he gave the double rum *five waters or six waters*. If he observed a number of the guests to possess noses of a roseate hue, he never failed to give the punch the usual maximum strength of *five waters*; but if he saw that the company were all *douce, sober* folks, he took care to make the punch weak by giving it *six waters*, and to keep it rich he added an extra supply of lemons and sugar. When a cargo of limes arrived, Watty generally laid in a good store of them; and when invited to an entertainment, he put a few of them in his pocket, and agreeably surprised the company by producing these dainties at the punch brewings.

Walter possessed considerable conversational powers and told a good story, in consequence of which he was a welcome guest at the tables of most of our jovial citizens; and whenever a vacant chair at an entertainment required to be filled up, the result commonly ended in, "Oh, ask Walter Graham to come; he's such excellent company!" Mr. Graham was captain of the Glasgow police for a short time; but the commissioners having requested him occasionally to patrol the streets at night, and to see that the watchmen and other police officers were faithfully performing their respective duties, Walter kicked at the proposal, and abruptly told the commissioners that he would see them all at a certain nameless place before he would budge one step out of his bed at night: in consequence of which *brusquerie* he was obliged to resign his situation. After this, Mr. Graham became a constant attender of the Tontine Reading Room, and there for many years he stood the cock of the place, chatting, joking, and shaking hands with nearly every subscriber; and during the revolutionary war, when an extraordinary *Gazette* arrived, by universal consent, he mounted a green chair, from which rostrum he read the *Gazette* to the subscribers, commenting on and explaining its contents, loudly cheering when the news were favourable, and heartily — the French when unfavourable.

In politics Walter was an out-and-out Tory of the old school, denouncing all democrats as *black-nebs* and turbulent pests of society. Walter Graham was a distinguished Glasgow character, and although occasionally exceedingly crusty in his manners, nevertheless, in his general intercourse with society, he was a pleasant and an amusing companion, and a universal favourite.

When the Royal Exchange was first opened, a subscription was entered into in order to present Walter Graham with a free ticket for life to the privileges of that reading room; but Walter spurned at the idea of deserting the old Tontine coffee room, where he had so long reigned "*facile princeps*," and therefore he haughtily declined to accept of the proffered gift, as being a matter *penitus infra dig.*

I think Mr. Graham must have been about seventy-four or seventy-five years of age when he died; but at the close of his life his faculties were much impaired; nevertheless he stuck to the old Tontine to his dying day.

About sixty years ago, it was usual with the generality of our Glasgow manufacturers and calico printers to take up their residence in the City Coffee House, Cheapside, London, when business called them to the metropolis; and, like others of our own good town, I went there upon my first visit to London in the year 1794. At this time the head waiter of the City Coffee House was a cockney of the first water, who not only murdered the English language with *cockneyisms*, but shewed a most ludicrous ignorance of everything out of London. I remember of his asking whether the city of London or the city of Scotland was the largest!

Amongst the Glasgow *bona fide* travellers who made the City Coffee House their home while in London was our well-known citizen James Lindsay, better known of old by his *soubriquet* of the "Viscount," a nick-name given to him by general concurrence, in order to distinguish him from another Glasgow gentleman of the same name. Jemmie took great delight in conversing with the said waiter, and whenever the latter uttered any of his odd cockneyisms, Jemmie answered him in his broadest Scotch, to the great amusement of all present. It happened one day that Jemmie Lindsay, William Dalglish (Bailie of Gorbals in 1812), and Laurence Dinwiddie (grandson of Provost Dinwiddie) took their dinner together in one of the boxes of the City Coffee House. After dinner, Jemmie desired the waiter to bring him a glass of toddy—warm. The waiter answered "Hef and hef, sir?" (meaning half rum and half brandy). "Na, na," said Jemmie, "that would be awfu' strong; mak it *sax waters*." "Saxe waters, sir? saxe waters?" said the waiter, in surprise; "we don't keep saxe waters, sir, nor Dutch cordials of any kind." "Weel,

weel, then," answered the Viscount, "Bring the rum by itsel', and the water by itsel', and I'll learn you hoo to mak *sax watters*." Accordingly, the waiter having brought the materials for the toddy separately, and placed them on the table, Jemmie first put the sugar in his goblet, and then the glass of rum; after which he measured out and poured into his goblet six *glassfuls* of water, and giving the whole a twirl or two with his toddy laddle, he turned round to the waiter, saying, "There noo, you'll ken again hoo to mak *sax watters*." "O, yes, sir," said the waiter, who, making his bow, was about to retire; but the Viscount stopped him by saying, "By the by, can you gie me a wee pickle 'oo to stap in the neb o' my shune?" "Sir, sir?" said the waiter. "I say," retorted the Viscount, "Can you gie me a wee pickle 'oo to stap in the neb o' my shune, for they're unco shachlan, and aiblins may gar me coup owr in the glaar?" The waiter, quite dumfounded at this lingo, and not knowing what to answer, instinctively exclaimed, "Yes, sir, yes, sir, immediately." And so off he set to the bar, and directly returned with a glass of cold water, which he presented to the Viscount, while Mr. Dalgleish and Mr. Dinwiddie were like to tumble off their seats with laughter. Many of your readers, no doubt, have heard the story of our countryman, Campbell the poet, going into a draper's shop in London in order to purchase a pair of gloves. The poet, after having tried in vain to get a pair to fit him, at last said to the draper, "I think none of your gloves will *shuit* me." The draper answered, "I dare say none of them will *shoot* you, sir; but some of them may perhaps *suit* you?" Mr. Campbell laughed heartily, and thanked the draper for correcting his Scotch pronunciation.

There are some English words which no Scotsman can pronounce like an Englishman, except by diligent study and careful practice. For instance, there is not one Scotsman in a thousand who can give the correct English accent to the words—road, coat, or cloak. I remember when I arrived in London in 1794, that I gave my luggage to the charge of two city porters, but kept my travelling cloak hanging over my arm. One of the porters said to me, "I'll carry your *cloak* for you, sir;" on which I remarked, "You are a Scotsman, I observe;" but the other porter took the answer from him, and said, "Indeed you are mistaken, sir, for he is an Englishman." The first porter, however, said, "The gentleman is quite right, for I am really a Scotsman born,

although I have been settled in London for more than forty years." Except for his pronunciation of the word *cloak*, I could not have distinguished this man from an Englishman. We have all heard that it took the celebrated Lord Erskine several years of hard study before he got quit of his Scotch pronunciation. But, enough of this digression.

Among the Glasgow characters of olden time, we must rank Sandy Park, the writer. Sandy was a portly, jolly fellow, and the prince of *bon vivans*. He sung a good song, told funny stories, was a great humourist, and the cock of our clubs and masonic lodges. No one ever enjoyed the hilarities of the punch-bowl more than Sandy Park; and Walter Graham himself was scarcely his superior at brewing the noble beverage of Glasgow rum-punch. As for humour, Sandy beat Walter quite hollow.

One night, when Herman Boaz, the celebrated conjuror and legerdemain performer, was to exhibit some of his marvellous hocus-pocus tricks in Glasgow, Sandy was resolved to go and see the performance, and, if possible, to find out the secret of some of Herman's tricks. While Sandy was at the door of the exhibition room, paying for his ticket of admission, he happened to put his hand in his coat pocket, and, to his surprise, he found a shilling in it which he knew did not belong to him. *Hà, hà*, thought Sandy to himself, here is to be one of the conjuror's sleight-of-hand tricks! I think I will try to show him one too—so he slily slipt the shilling into the coat pocket of a tall, thin gentleman who was standing next to him at the door, and who was also paying for his admission ticket. On entering the exhibition room, Sandy took his place in the front row; but the tall gentleman went into a back seat. In the course of the entertainment, Herman Boaz requested a gentleman, one of the company present, to place a shilling under a cup, and to hold the cup fast down over it, so as to be sure that he had the shilling effectually secured, while he (Boaz) stood at a distance. This being done, Boaz asked the gentleman if he was quite certain that the shilling was below the cup? and being answered in the affirmative, Boaz now took up his magic wand, and with it overturned the cup, when, lo! the shilling was gone. Boaz then, pointing to Sandy Park, said, "The stout gentleman in the front seat there will find the shilling in his right coat pocket." Upon this, Sandy, putting his hand in his coat pocket, and acting as if he had found the

shilling, pretended to examine it, but concealed the fact that his hand was empty. He then, with upcast eyes and affected surprise, called out to the audience:—"Most wonderful! it's perfectly miraculous!" and now, carrying his closed fists to his mouth, apparently holding the shilling, he gave a tremendous puff, and, extending his empty palms to the company, called out:—"The tall gentleman in the back seat there will find the shilling in his left coat pocket!" The said gentleman, accordingly, having searched his pocket, found the shilling in it, to the utter amazement of Herman Boaz, who exclaimed:—"O ho! I find that there are more conjurors present here than one!"

I have already mentioned that Sandy Park was a leading member of the principal Glasgow clubs of the day; but as his talents were more adapted to make him shine at the social board than at the meetings of scientific and literary associations, he preferred the company of *bon vivans* to any other; indeed, at this time (with the exception of card clubs) the clubs in Glasgow were all, or nearly all, social meetings of jolly fellows, where a flow of rum-punch was the crowning of the entertainment. The very names of most of our old clubs shew pretty clearly the object which their members had in view in congregating together. The oldest Glasgow club which I have found on record is the Beggars' Bennison Club. This was one of the fashionable clubs of the day, and its members consisted principally of dashing young men of Glasgow and its neighbourhood. The following is one of their advertisements:—*Glasgow Journal*, 16th May, 1765.—"The knights companions of the Beggars' Bennison, in or about Glasgow, are desired to attend a meeting of the order at the Black Bull Inn in Glasgow, upon Wednesday the 22d current, at five o'clock afternoon." It would have been curious to have had a correct list of the names of these knights companions handed down to us; but, alas! we have not got the satisfaction to know even the appellation of their president or secretary, as the advertisement concludes without a signature; of this, however, we may be certain, that the members of this club were the fashionable folks of olden time, seeing that the dinner-hour was appointed to be five o'clock, whereas the usual dinner-hour in Glasgow was then at two o'clock.

The next club which has come under my notice in the Glasgow records of my early days is the "Cap Club." The following is

the notification alluded to:—*Scots Magazine*, 1778, (p. 218)—“Glasgow, 26th January, 1778.—A procession was made by the Magistrates, in their formalities, with the city colours, drums, fifes, and pipes—young gentlemen of the city acting as drummers, fifers, &c., followed by the town clerks, the council, and the deacons of the trades, and closed with the ‘Cap Club’—their sovereign in his regalia on his head. The company dined at the Saracen’s Head; and in the evening (after a good libation of punch) made a second procession with flambeaux, bonfires, illuminations, and ringing of bells, &c., &c.” What a set of jolly fellows in those days must our magistrates and other officials have been—their names ought to be handed down to posterity. Here they are:—Provost Robert Donald, Bailies James Murdoch, John Campbell, and George Milne; Hugh Wylie, Dean of Guild, Duncan Niven, convener of the trades;\* Archibald M’Gilchrist and John Wilson, town clerks—with all the deacons of the crafts too numerous to be mentioned. On this occasion each of our officials seems to have had Dr. Goldsmith’s advice treasured up in his memory, “Forget age and wisdom, and be as much the boy as the best of them.” The gigantic punch-bowl which graced the head of the table of this merry meeting of our officials in the Saracen’s Head Inn, I believe is still to the fore, and in the possession of John Buchanan, Esq., of the Western Bank. It is capable of holding several

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\* In my younger days, Duncan Niven, who was a barber, was generally spoken of as being the Hugh Strap of *Smollet’s Roderick Random*. Mrs. Agnes Baird gives the following account of the worthy bailie and convener:—

“I knew Mr. Niven well; he was an elderly, respectable-looking gentleman in 1776. According to the fashion of the times, he wore a powdered wig, known by the name of an advocate’s wig. My father’s eldest brother, a bachelor, lived in the flat above Mr. Niven; and his sister also unmarried, superintended his household affairs. I went to stay with my uncle and aunt at the end of the year 1775, then a child of five years old. There were no children in the land but Mr. Niven’s. Those who know anything about children are aware how they draw to those of their own age. I was in Mr. Niven’s house almost every day for nearly two years, and used to go with his children to the Cow Loan (now Ingram Street, and the usual place for milking cows at that time) with my little jug in my hand, and get warm milk from the cow. Afterwards, when I grew up, and, among other authors, was reading *Roderick Random*, my father used to explain the characters mentioned, and that Strap was no less a person than Mr. Duncan Niven. I knowing him and his family, it made an impression on my memory, naturally good, that will never be effaced.”

Mr. Niven lived in Bell Street. The house he lived in is a tavern kept by one Shirra. The sign is a buck’s head. He afterwards got a situation at Port-Glasgow under Government, and was succeeded in office by his son, who died about three or four years ago. [1855].



gallons of punch, and has the appearance of having seen long and trying service. In the interior is depicted a representation of the city arms, accompanied by the motto, "Success to the town of Glasgow."

Leaving, however, our jolly officials to their festive pranks, I beg now to notice an old custom in Glasgow of punch-drinkers, contracting by the year for a supply of lemons; and it will be seen from the following advertisement that, in the year 1756 (although our city was then but a small place), upwards of a hundred families in it had contracted by the year, with a single fruiterer, to be regularly furnished with lemons—that indispensable requisite of genuine Glasgow rum-punch:—

"*Just imported from Lisbon*, by George Wardrop, and to be sold at his shop, a little above Bell's Wynd, likewise at his warehouse in the head of the Saltmercat, Glasgow, a *parcel* of fine juicy lemons, sweet and bitter oranges, wines and fruits of all different kinds. Any persons that please to make a bargain through the year shall have good, sound fruit, both lemons and oranges, sweet and bitter, at 12d. per dozen—only they must take a book for fear of being imposed upon, and there to have 1s. a pound discount on all goods you buy, if cleared once a month. It is hoped this method will prevent the gentlemen's drinking punch with cremitartar in place of lemons, which several has owned their being the worse of it. As there was several persons had agreed to pay 18d. for the dozen before we got this new fruit in, they are to be served at 12d. per doz. till this time twelvemonth: and having now agreed with upwards of 100 persons for our lemons and oranges, and if we should happen to be out, as I hope will not be the case, they shall have French lemon juice at 2s. per Scots pint."—*Glasgow Journal*, 12th January, 1756.

As Glasgow punch, however, requires something better than lemons to make it relished at the social board, I now subjoin a copy of an advertisement from the West India Club regarding sugar and rum, two ingredients, without which the contents of a punch bowl would be quite *fusionless*, and fit only for an teetotalter, a personage utterly unknown in olden time:—

"Whereas disputes have arisen between the buyers and sellers of rum and sugar concerning the precise time when the risque devolves upon the purchaser; to prevent which in future the following rules of bargaining are agreed upon by the members of the West India Club, importers of these goods, and published by their desire, for the information of all concerned, viz:—Sugars shall be received by the purchaser within one month from the date of the bargain, during which period only they are to remain at the seller's risque and charge; and when weighed off they are to be at the purchaser's risque immediately on coming out of the scale. Rum to be at the purchaser's risque from the day of sale; but the seller is to pay one month cellar rent, should it remain so long after being sold. The seller to be at the expense of shipping both sugar and rum, whether for exportation or home consumpt. By order of the preeses of the W. I. C.

"THOMAS WHYTLOW, Secretary.

"(Not to be repeated)."—*Glasgow Mercury*, 19th October, 1780.

Before the middle of last century, Glasgow possessed no inns for the accommodation of travellers, except small public-houses, to which stabling was attached, and the signboard of these petty hosteleries generally bore the well-known intimation to wayfarers of, "Entertainment for men and horses here." As for the term "Hotel," such designation for an inn or tavern was never heard of in Glasgow until the Tontine Hotel was erected in 1782—and I recollect very well that when the sign-board of this celebrated house of entertainment first exhibited in large letters the words "Tontine Hotel," the common people were amazed at the novelty, and always pronounced the name as the "Tontine Hottle." It is now just a hundred years since the Saracen's Head Inn was first opened. Its erection was especially patronized by the magistrates of Glasgow, who made a present of the site on which it still stands to Mr. Robert Tennant, who built the said inn on it, 1755. In addition to this handsome donation, our magistrates, by way of encouragement to Mr. Tennant, made a free gift to him of the stones of the Archbishop's Palace. In *Stewart's Views of Glasgow*, (p. 79), it is there stated that "the stones with which the inn was built were chiefly taken from the ruins of the Episcopal Palace." The piece of ground in question was formerly the churchyard of old attached to the chapel of Little St. Mungo, and belonged to the community.

The following is Mr. Robert Tennant's advertisement when he first opened the Saracen's Head Inn, so noted in the annals of our city:—

"ROBERT TENNANT, who formerly kept the White Hart Inn, without the Gallowgate Port, is removed to the Saracen's Head, where the port formerly stood.

"He takes this opportunity to acquaint all ladies and gentlemen that, at the desire of the Magistrates of Glasgow, he has built a convenient and handsome new inn, agreeable to a plan given him, containing 36 fire rooms, now fit to receive lodgers. The bed-chambers are all separate, none of them entering through another, and so contrived that there is no need of going out of doors to get to them. The beds are all very good, clean, and free from bugs. There are very good stables for horses, and a pump-well in the yard for watering them, with a shade within the said yard for coaches, chaises, or other wheel carriages.

"As the said Robert Tennant has been at a very great expense in building this inn, and making it commodious for his guests, he hopes to have the countenance and encouragement of all his old friends and customers, who may depend on their being rightly accommodated and well used.

\* \* "There is a large room where a hundred people can be entertained at one time."  
—*Glasgow Journal*, 10th November, 1755.

Mr. Tennant lived only about two years after opening the  
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Saracen's Head Inn; but his widow, Katherine Tennant, continued the business for some time, and in announcing her intention of doing so, 14th February, 1757, she advertises to her customers by way of inducement to them to patronise her establishment,—that “she has a considerable quantity of fine, strong, rum shrub, will bear six or seven waters, to sell it at 2s. 4d. per bottle.” Mrs. Tennant does not appear to have carried on the business for any great length of time, for in the *Glasgow Journal* of 6th March, 1758, we find the Saracen's Head inn advertised to be sold by public roup.

In 1791, the Saracen's Head Inn was sold to Mr. Miller of Slatefield (the grandfather of John Buchanan, Esq., of the Western Bank), who converted it into shops and dwelling houses, and in this state it still remains.

Having taken notice of the Saracen's Head Inn as being the principal inn of our city a century ago, I shall close this article by giving an advertisement regarding the Black Bull Inn, which afterwards became a leading house in Glasgow for the entertainment of travellers, more especially for those coming from the west country and from the Highlands:—

“To be set in tack, and entered to at Whitsunday, 1766, that large and commodious inn, belonging to the Glasgow Highland Society, possessed at present by James Graham, consisting of 23 bed rooms, 6 parlours, one large hall, near 37 feet square, a kitchen, 6 cellars underground, a dwelling house, consisting of a back room and shop, both underground, with a commodious stable for 38 horses, a hay loft, capable of holding 5000 stones of hay, coach house, a corn loft, 45 feet long and 26 wide, a byre, coal house, and a large causewayed backyard, and all other conveniences necessary for such an inn.

“Any person inclined to take the same house may give in their proposals in writing to Bailie Duncan Niven, the preses of the society; or to James Graham, who will show the house, &c., to any person inclinable to look at it.

“Mr. James Graham takes this opportunity of intimating his intention to betake himself to a small tavern in this place, and disposing of all his furniture in the above house as it present stands, either for ready money or good security, payable at 6, 9, or 12 months after the date of the sale.

“For further particulars inquire at James Graham, who will cheerfully contribute all in his power to the encouragement and welfare of his successor in the above house.”  
—*Glasgow Journal*, 31st January, 1765.

To the best of my recollection, the succeeding tenant to this inn was Patrick Heron, who carried on the business successfully for many years. As most of my readers know, the Black Bull Inn has lately been converted into shops, warehouses, and other places of business, and in point of rental totally eclipsed its former competitor—the Saracen's Head.

It may be here remarked that the property in Argyll Street,

opposite the Black Bull Inn, was considered to be of so little value in 1781, that it was occupied as a wright's shop and timber-yard by Mr. George Ferrie, the father of the late Bailie Robert Ferrie. Mr. George Ferrie was an extensive builder, and erected several of the houses in Miller Street and Virginia Street.

"NOTICE.—That on Tuesday next, the 22d current, there is to be exposed to sale, by public roup, in the workhouse of the deceased George Ferrie, wright, opposite the Black Bull Inn, Argyll Street, a variety of articles in the cabinet way, being part of the stock of the said defunct; also a quantity of seasoned wood of different kinds, and variety of wright's tools and utensils. The roup to begin at ten o'clock forenoon."—*Glasgow Mercury*, 17th May, 1781.

#### THE BROOMIELAW AND ITS ENVIRONS IN 1779.

THE objects of a gossipper of old stories and culler of antique notices, if not useful, may nevertheless be amusing, and may tend to unbend the mind from more arduous pursuits. The prater's narratives and notabilia, though trifling in themselves, and of little real importance, often solicit our attention by a sort of imaginary splendour, which surrounds the doings of olden time, and may captivate our fancy without interesting our judgment. The colours of a regiment, however tattered they may be, are still honourable for the corps that carries them; and the college gown of a Glasgow student, though faded in tint and ragged in texture, nevertheless attaches respect to the wearer. Such are the effects of our power of forming ideal pictures of circumstances which have happened in times that have long since passed away.

The following article must be considered as one of those collections of reminiscences and notices which many of my readers may think of extremely little consequence, and not worth a corner in these pages; and truly they would not be far wrong in so judging; nevertheless there may still linger amongst us some Glasgow octogenarians, to whom a subject of this kind will bring back pleasing recollections of the halcyon days of their youth, and to them I dedicate it.

As the improvements upon the river Clyde—which, I may say, have all taken place within my recollection—have been a leading source of wealth and prosperity to Glasgow, I beg leave to mention

a few circumstances, in addition to my former communications, regarding the bygone state of the Broomielaw harbour and its environs, avoiding in a great degree the worn-out topic of exhibiting, by statistical tables, the rapid progress and almost magical rise of a mighty seaport, in the heart of our inland city—a matter ably handled by others, and quite familiar to nearly all my readers.

Beginning my reminiscences of the environs of the Broomielaw with the north end of our departed acquaintance, “the Auld Brig o’ Glasgow,” I shall now add a few observations regarding this part of our city to what I have said in former articles. When I first crossed our venerable Old Bridge in 1778, it was only twelve feet wide, and had a steep ascent to its centre. At that time scaffolding was erected on the east side of it, preparatory to the operations of widening it ten feet. The west part of the bridge, however, was kept free for foot passengers during the time that the erections were proceeding, and along this track I passed. I was taken by the hand and carefully led across the bridge, amidst heaps of building rubbish, by Miss Grizzly Anderson, the daughter of the Rev. William Anderson, the first minister of Gorbals parish, and sister of the late eminent Dr. William Anderson. How few are now alive who can say that they crossed Bishop Rae’s original bridge, built in 1345.

Mr. Pagan, in his *Sketches of the History of Glasgow* (page 32), has given us the following extract from the City Records:—“On the 18th September, 1658, the tacksman of the bridge is ordained not to suffer any carts with wheels to go along the bridge, until that the wheels be taken off, and the boddie of the cart alon harled by the hors.” This proceeding on the part of our magistrates was no doubt caused by the decay and insufficiency of the bridge; but at the period in question there was a ford immediately above the bridge, which was very shallow, and carriages at most times could cross the river at this ford. Even in my own days there was a regular cart road directly east of the bridge, from the Main Street of Gorbals to the said ford; and I have often waded across the river at this point without undressing, except in so far as regarded shoes and stockings.

It appears from the following extract that about ninety years ago our magistrates again prohibited loaded carriages with wheels from going across the bridge, and they ordered posts to be driven into its carriage-way to prevent such vehicles from trespassing; at

the same time, however, coaches and chaises, being light upon the roadway, were allowed to pass the bridge:—

“By order of the Magistrates of Glasgow.

“The Magistrates hereby intimate that, for further preventing carts, loaden or unladen, to pass the Bridge of Glasgow, they have caused put up a folding poll upon the said bridge, at the north end thereof; but in order to accommodate gentlemen and others passing along the said bridge in coaches and chaises, they have engaged a servant, who is to lodge on the east side of, and immediately without, the bridge, and on the north end thereof, and to be ready at all times, from five o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, to open the said folding poll. It is therefore expected that all gentlemen and others, having occasion to pass along the said bridge in coaches or chaises, will endeavour to make their time of passing the same betwixt the said hours of five o'clock in the morning and eleven at night; but if necessity requires them to pass betwixt eleven at night and five in the morning, they will order their servants to call at the said little house, on the east side of and immediately without the bridge, and on the north end thereof, where they will find the said servant, who will open the poll to them,”  
—*Glasgow Journal*, 4th April, 1765.

The Rutherglen folks took this order of our magistrates in high dudgeon, and commenced an action of damages against our Provost and Bailies for shutting up access to the city in this manner. It must be remarked that the Rutherglen Bridge was not built till the year 1776, so that the burgh of Rutherglen had really a great interest at stake in seeing that the access to Glasgow by the Old Bridge of Glasgow should be rigidly preserved at all times, and that their carts with sour cream should not be interrupted in their daily deliveries of that delicious beverage to our citizens.

“NOTICE.—That the Magistrates of Glasgow, having sometime ago by poets stopt all passage with wheeled carriages from crossing the river Clyde by the bridge leading from the village of Gorbals to the city of Glasgow (excepting with coaches and chaises), which having been in a judicial way complained of by the people on the south and west of the said river to the Court of Session, the said passage is again laid open by legal authority; but as the Magistrates of Glasgow have reclaimed against the sentence of the Court of Session laying the bridge open, and praying the said bridge should again in effect be shut up, the people on the south and west of the said river who may judge their interest concerned are desired to meet in the house of Allan Scot, late Provost of Rutherglen, upon Tuesday next, the 14th current, at eleven o'clock before noon, to the end that ways and means may be concerted what in this case is proper to be done. By order of the Provost of Rutherglen.”—*Glasgow Journal*, 9th January, 1766.

The Rutherglen folks gained their law-suit; and most probably it was owing to our magistrates having been unsuccessful in the said action before the Court of Session that the repairing and widening of the bridge in 1778 took place.

In 1821 there was a second addition made to the width of the bridge by the erection of ornamental iron foot paths, one on each

side of the bridge, while the whole extent of the space between the old walls was taken up as the new carriage roadway.

The ford of the river at the east of the bridge was a fine purling stream in 1779, and for a good many years afterwards continued to be so. The current under the arches of the bridge was a favourite fishing-spot of our young anglers; and here a well-known citizen, who can now [1855] number fourscore years and a goodly *bitoc*, used to lash the clear waters, with creel upon his back, in quest of spotted pars and salmon fry.

It is said that in Queen Mary's days our great western common extended from the Old Bridge and Stockwell Street westward as far as Partick, and northwards to near the site of the great canal; but in what manner this large extent of ground has been frittered away, nobody can tell—only we know that the Blythswood Campbells and the Cowcaddens Bells did get the lion's share of it. In 1779 all that remained, free to the public, of our ancient western common was the Dowcot Green and Broomielaw harbour. The Dowcot Green extended from the old bridge to Jamaica Street, and included a small island in the stream. In the time of my parents this ground was generally used by the public as a washing and bleaching green, without any charge being exacted for so occupying it.

In 1772, when the New Bridge was opened, a quay wall was erected along the banks of the Dowcot Green, from the Old to the New Bridge, having here and there stairs leading into the river, for the convenience of washers; after which time it became a fashionable public promenade, or West End Park. Great Clyde Street being formed, the proprietors of the houses in that street purchased the remains of the Dowcot Green from our magistrates for about £1200, or thereby; but the said piece of ground fortunately was made redeemable on payment of the original price and interest, and our magistrates afterwards having exercised their right of redemption at a cost of nearly £2000, the remnant of the old Dowcot Green has become the quay of the upper Broomielaw harbour. (For a more particular account of the present state of this portion of our harbour, see a statement in the *Glasgow Herald* of 3d September, 1855).

The citizens of Glasgow have at different times raised monuments and statues in honour of various celebrated individuals, but they have neglected, nay, I may say, unfairly treated, the

memory of one of the most distinguished merchants that ever adorned our native place. The name of WALTER GIBSON, who was provost of Glasgow in 1687 and 1688, is now scarcely known to our citizens, although he was the father of the foreign commerce of Glasgow, the originator of its iron trade, and the *founder of the Broomielaw harbour*. Besides, he embellished our city with one of the most superb buildings of his time, and otherwise was the leading merchant of Glasgow during all the days of his life. Here is M'Ure's account of this eminent personage (pp. 206 and 148):—

“Walter Gibson was the eldest son of the deceased John Gibson of Overnewton, merchant, and late provost of Glasgow. His first appearance was in malting, and his stock being improven that way, he left the trade, and betook himself to merchandizing, and began first with the herring fishing, and in one year he made, packed, and cured 300 lasts of herrings, at six pounds sterling per last, containing twelve barrels each last, and having freighted a Dutch ship called the *St. Agat*, burdened four hundred and fifty tuns, the ship, with the great cargo, arrived safely at St. Martin's in France, where he got for each barrell of herring, a barrell of brandy and a crown, and the ship at her return was loaded with salt and brandy. And the product came to a prodigious sum, so that he bought this great ship and other two large ships: he traded to France, Spain, Norway, Sweden, and Virginia. He was the *first* that brought iron to Glasgow, the shopkeepers before bought the same with dying stuffs from Stirling and Borrowstounness.” Page 148: In the Saltmarket there was “the great and stately tenement of land built by the deceased Walter Gibson, merchant, and late provost of Glasgow, standing upon eighteen stately pillars or arches, and adorned with the several orders of architecture conform to the direction of that great architect, Sir William Bruce, the entry consists of four several arches towards the court thereof: this magnificent structure is admired by all foreigners and strangers.”

It was in the first flat of this tenement so brilliantly described by M'Ure, and one hundred years ago, that Mr. John Orr, the grandfather of our present very active chief magistrate, resided, and his place of business was the corner shop of the tenement fronting the Saltmarket and Gibson's Wynd, respectively. In this tenement also, in the year 1765, was born Mr. Francis Orr,



the father of our Hon. Lord Provost, Andrew Orr. Mr. Francis Orr subsequently became proprietor of that part of Gibson's Land which fronted Gibson's Wynd. This portion of the ancient building having fallen down, he rebuilt it, but the whole fabric since that time has been swept away, and replaced by the present modern structure. Mr. Francis Orr was only one year old at the death of his father, Mr. John Orr.

I have stated that in my younger days the memory of Provost Gibson had been unfairly treated by the public authorities of Glasgow. Only think of those magistrates having changed the name of "Gibson's Wynd," and bestowed the new name in honour of Frederick, then Prince of Wales (the father of George the Third). *Ehue Pietas*—could they not have called this ancient locality "Gibson Street?" Honour should be to whom honour is due.

Our present officials are busy in inventing new names for Gallowgate, Trongate, Bridgegate, &c., &c., and have favoured us with the jaw-breaking name of "The New Suspension Bridge;" they might surely find some corner or other of our city, by which justice would be done to the memory of so eminent a citizen of Glasgow as Walter Gibson was. Might they not with propriety name the upper harbour "Gibson's Wharf?" Was it not during his provostship, and under his influence that, (strictly speaking) the *first Broomielaw quay* was erected? Ay; and was it not erected upon the very spot in question?

It is true, that before the time of Walter Gibson, there appears to have been a small landing quay situated about the mouth of St. Enoch's Burn, but this evidently was merely a sort of jetty, such as we see at our Highland ferries, or a landing place such as the Rutherglen quay was, the remains of which are still to the fore. [1855.]

Mr. Pagan, in his *Sketches of Glasgow* (page 33), has given us the following quotation from our Council Records:—"1663, 13th June—Appoynts the Key at the Broomielaw to be heightit twa stones higher than it was ordained to be of befor; and ordains the Deane of Gild to try for moir oaken timber, aither in the Hie Kirk, or bak gairie, for facing thereof." Now, it must have been a trifling landing and loading place, which was to be repaired with a few pieces of oak timber so profanely to be abstracted from the High Church. But we have other testimony regarding the

trifling extent of the Broomielaw quay prior to the provostship of Walter Gibson.

In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, there is a MS. containing the report of Thomas Tucker, who was sent to Scotland by Oliver Cromwell in 1656, as Commissioner for the settlement of the revenues of Excise and Customs there. In speaking of the river Clyde, he says—"That noe vessells of any burden can come neerer up (to Glasgow) than within fourteene miles, where they must unlade, and send up theyr timber and Norway trade on rafts, or floats, and all other comodities by three or four tounes of goods at a time, in small cobbles of three, four, five, and none above six tounes a boate."

Here it is distinctly seen that in 1656 a trifling jetty, or quay, at the Broomielaw was amply sufficient to accommodate the whole shipping trade of the city of Glasgow.

There is a sketch of the Broomielaw harbour in *Stuart's Views of Glasgow*," page 35, taken in 1760, before the New Bridge was built, where St. Enoch's Burn appears disgorging itself into the river at the eastern extremity of the bottle-house grounds (where the original quay stood); and at the west end of these grounds is seen a stair from the quay into the lower part of the harbour. Only two vessels are lying at the harbour—a gabbert and a fishing boat; the gabbert is apparently lying aground in the bed of the river, and the fishing boat is moored at the quay, opposite the western boundary of the bottle-house grounds.

The following notices shew that in 1755 and 1756 the bottle-house was situated at the Broomielaw itself, and not "near the Broomielaw," as its site was afterwards designated to be when the New Bridge was built:—

"By adjournment—To be sold, the glass house, with the whole other houses and buildings lying at the Broomielaw of Glasgow; also, the materials and utensils for making crown glass and bottles," &c., &c.—*Glasgow Journal*, 13th October, 1755.

Again, 1st November, 1756:—

"To be sold, the glass house at the Broomielaw of Glasgow, and whole houses and buildings thereto belonging." &c., &c.

The bottle-house was erected in 1730. On its site is now built the Custom House and Mr. Dixon's large tenement. St. Enoch's Burn ran through the bottle-work grounds, nearly in a direct line from Mitchell Street, at the back of St. Enoch Square.

It is at present conveyed into the river by a tunnel, which goes under Mr. Dixon's property and Great Clyde Street.

The Broomielaw harbour, which, in 1688, commenced at the mouth of St. Enoch's Burn, and was continued downwards, received some improvements afterwards, and cost in all £1666 13s. 4d. sterling. When the first Broomielaw quay, or rather jetty, was erected, the grounds all around it formed part of the great western common, and were open fields without buildings; even within my remembrance the bottle-house (originally fronting the quay) was standing *solitary*—the grounds on its north, east, and south sides being large vacant spaces, and Jamaica Street itself not above a tenth part built. From the south-east corner of Jamaica Street to above Howard Street there was a dead brick wall which enclosed the bottle-work grounds on the west. No building then intervened on the north, between the bottle-work and Kevan and Buttle's warehouse, at the corner of Argyll Street and St. Enoch Square. In 1779 there was not a single erection in St. Enoch Square, if we except the two corner tenements fronting Argyll Street. St. Enoch's Church and steeple were not built till 1780; and then I went into the church while it was building. This church was subsequently taken down, and the present church now occupies its site. In my day St. Enoch Square and Dixon Street formed a *park*, belonging to the city of Glasgow and to the Rope Work Company. The latter acquired the ground in question from the city about the beginning of last century, or shortly before that time; in fact, all these grounds appear to have been originally parts of the great western common.

"To be sold, a barn and yard in Argyll Street of Glasgow, pleasantly situated for building upon, being opposite to *St. Enoch's park*, and consists of 52½ feet in front, and upwards of 150 feet backwards; also, two gardens at the back of the High Church of Glasgow.—Apply to James Hill, writer."—*Glasgow Journal*, 14th February, 1765.

This property now forms the south-west corner tenement of Buchanan Street, and at present it is part of Stewart and M'Donald's warehouse, and about fifty years ago was the muslin shop of Mrs. Fleming. Leaving St. Enoch's Park, however, let us take a peep at Buchanan Street as it stood in 1779. Who could recognise this bustling aristocratic street from its description in the following advertisement?

"To be sold, a number of *steadings*, or ground for building, situated on both sides of the new street lately laid out by Andrew Buchanan, sen., running north from Argyll Street, directly opposite to St. Enoch Square. Also 1½ acres, or thereby, of ground,

with the houses thereon, and pertinents lying to the west of the foresaid new street.—Apply to Andrew Buchanan. Also, that dwelling house, being the first story of that tenement lately built by Andrew Buchanan and others, situated on the north side of Argyll Street, and east side of the new street above mentioned, with the cellars belonging to the said dwelling house, and other pertinents, as at present possessed by Mr. James Jamieson.”—*Glasgow Mercury*, 9th July, 1778.

The old houses mentioned in the first part of the foregoing advertisement stood diagonally upon the ground between the present Buchanan Street and Mitchell Street, and were nearly opposite to the Argyll Arcade—St. Enoch’s Burn running directly behind them. They formed no part of Buchanan Street, however, which was then entirely vacant ground. The dwelling house taken notice of in the last part of the advertisement is now the south-east corner tenement of Buchanan Street and Argyll Street. In 1779, with the exception of the two corner tenements, there was not a single building in Buchanan Street, or upon the grounds to the north, from Argyll Street to Enoch Bank House and the Cowcaddens. It was from Bailie Andrew Buchanan that Buchanan Street obtained its name.

These, indeed, were the happy days for speculating upon ground in Buchanan Street. There was no such thing then as advertising steadings to be sold by square yards, square feet, and square inches, but all went in a thumping lot of so many acres, *or thereby*.

“To be sold, all and whole that piece of ground situated at No. 200 Rottenrow, containing 368 square yards, 7 feet, 4 inches or thereby!”—*Glasgow Herald*, 31st August, 1855.

What a change from selling by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acres, *or thereby*!

The following advertisement announces the sale of the *first* house which was built in Buchanan Street proper. Its site is now occupied by Messrs. Campbell and Company’s warehouse, Prince’s Court, &c., &c. At this time (1781) there was no other house in Buchanan Street proper:—

“House and garden in Glasgow to be sold.

“To be sold, by public roup, within the house of Mrs. Sheid in Glasgow, upon Thursday, the 15th day of March, 1781, at one o’clock afternoon,

“These two plots of ground, in Buchanan Street of Glasgow, now converted into a garden, surrounded with brick walls of the very best material and workmanship, and materials, 12 feet high, of which 80 ft. in length upon the north are hot walls, and all the walls are planted round with various kinds of fruit trees, together with the new house lately built on the ground, and mostly finished, by the late Mr. Jas. Johnston, merchant in Glasgow, with a well, communicating by pipes with the house, and other conveniences. The house is built upon a very convenient and elegant plan, executed in a neat and substantial manner. Both the plan and execution are in good taste and highly approved of; and it is allowed that as no costs have been spared upon the premises, so they have been laid out well and with judgment. The articles of roup and progress of writs are to be

seen in the hands of Thomas and Archibald Grahame, writers in Glasgow, to whom any who incline to purchase by private bargain may apply."—*Glasgow Mercury*, 1781, 22d February.

Here, again, we have two large plots of ground and an elegant house in Buchanan Street to be sold in a thumping lot. Not a word about square yards, or thereby.

Bailie Andrew Buchanan, already mentioned, very unfortunately was a partner in the extensive foreign house of Buchanan, Hastie and Company, which became bankrupt in 1779. It was considered the greatest failure in Glasgow of the time. In consequence of the bankruptcy of this concern, the whole of Mr. Andrew Buchanan's heritable estates came into the market for sale, and amongst them the following subjects:—

"To be exposed to sale, by public roup, within the Exchange Tavern in Glasgow, on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1780, at one o'clock mid-day,

"The following subjects, belonging to the Trustees for the Creditors of Messrs. Buchanan, Hastie & Company, Merchants in Glasgow, and the partners of that Company:—

"1st. That shop lying on the west side of the High Street, above the Cross of Glasgow, and at present possessed by Walter Graham.

"2d. One third part, *pro indiviso*, of the ground storey of the eastmost of two tenements built by John Robertson, wright in Glasgow, on the north side of Argyll Street (foot of Virginia Street), as the said ground storey is possessed by Messrs. William Cunningham & Company and William Ross, grocer.

"3d. One half, *pro indiviso*, of the ground storey of the westmost of the foresaid two tenements lately built by Mr. Robertson, as possessed by Mrs. M'Lae and Mrs. Henderson.

"4th. That dwelling house, being the third or upper storey of the westmost of three tenements lately built by John Robertson, wright, on the south side of Argyll Street in Glasgow, and adjacent to St. Enoch's Burn, with the cellars and garrets belonging to the said dwelling house, as at present possessed by Mr. Denniston, jun., merchant.

"5th. The first storey of the tenement called Dowhill Land, on the west side of Salt-market Street in Glasgow, with the cellars thereto belonging, as at present possessed by Robert Wharton.

"6th. These 3 roods and 28 falls or thereby of ground on the south-east side of the town of Pollokshaws, with the houses and others thereon, as possessed by William Govan, bleacher.

"7th. An acre and a half or thereby of ground lying in Blythswood's Holm, to the west of Buchanan Street, as possessed by James Young.

"A number of steadings or plots of ground for building, on both sides of Buchanan Street, are to be sold by private bargain. Apply to Thomas & Archibald Grahame, writers in Glasgow."—*Glasgow Mercury*, 19th October, 1780.

Let us take a short look of this list.

By lot 1st, we find that our old friend Walter Graham had removed his double rum and tobacco and snuff from Wallace Court (where we last left him) to a shop in the High Street.

By lot 2d, we see where the great tobacco lord, William Cun-

ningham,\* of Royal Exchange memory, had his place of business, viz., at the foot of Virginia Street.

By lot 3d we observe that Mrs. M'Lae and Mrs. Henderson resided in the ground floor of the same tenement. The former, I think, was the widow of Walter M'Lae of the Cathkin family, and the latter the mother of Richard Henderson, town clerk.

By lot 4th we perceive that Mr. Denniston (of the Colgrain family) was then living in a third story of a house in Argyll Street.

As to lots 5th and 6th, I can say nothing about them; and with regard to

Lots 7th and 8th, these refer to Mr. Buchanan's property in Buchanan Street already noticed.

It may be remarked that at this time Walter Ewing, Esq., the father of James Ewing, Esq. of Strathleven, had just commenced the business of factor and trustee upon bankrupt estates, and he now succeeded in getting the management of the large estates of Buchanan, Hastie and Company. This soon brought him into notice as an accurate accountant, and was the means of his being afterwards appointed trustee to wind up the affairs of one of our Glasgow banks, and of several other large bankrupt estates. It was in his father's office that Mr. Ewing of Strathleven learned his correct and methodical manner of keeping his books and accounts, so beneficial to himself in after life. There has been so much written of late regarding Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, that little, if anything, new, now remains to be told of him; but as this distinguished individual, by his munificent gifts to our public institutions, and by his indefatigable attention to the various interests of the city of Glasgow, deserves to be recorded as one of our great and memorable characters, I beg leave, in respect to his memory, to add my mite to the information already laid before the public, by subjoining a genealogical table of Mr. Ewing's family, which, I believe, will be new to most of my readers:—

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\* *Glasgow Mercury*, 2d March, 1780.—“On Friday was married at Edinburgh, Wm. Cunningham, Esq. of Lainslaw, to Miss Cranstoun, daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun.”

GENEALOGICAL TABLE IN RESPECT TO THE LATE JAMES EWING ESQ., OF  
STRATHLEVEN.

THE EWING FAMILY.

Humphrey Ewing, born at  
Cardross, Dumbartonshire.

Humphrey Ewing, merchant,  
married to Margaret M'Lae,  
daughter of John M'Lae,  
merchant in Glasgow.

- |   |   |  |  |
|---|---|--|--|
| 1st, Walter Ewing married<br>Margaret Fisher, daughter<br>of the Rev. James Fisher. | } | 1st, Humphrey Ewing<br>M'Lae of Cathkin.                           |  |
| 2d, Humphrey Ewing.   |   | 2d, James Ewing of Strath-<br>leven.                               |  |
| 3d, Robert Ewing.   |   | 3d, Walter Ewing, died<br>abroad.                                  |  |
| 4th, Margaret (Mrs Crombie)   |   | 4th, Jane (Mrs Crum) married<br>Alexander Crum of<br>Thornliebank. | }  |
| 5th, Elizabeth (Mrs Ritchie.)   |   | 5th, Margt. (Mrs Buchan),<br>who died in Canada.*                  |  |
|   |   | 6th, Anne, died young.   | 2d, Walter Crum, F.R.S.  |
|   |   | 7th, Janet, died in infancy.                                       | 3d, Humphrey Ewing Crum<br>Ewing of Strathleven.               |
|   |   | 8th, Elizabeth (Mrs Hyde.)   | 4th, James Crum of Busbie.                                     |
|   |   |  | 5th, Margaret, married to<br>the Rev. Dr. Brown,<br>Edinburgh. |

THE M'LAE FAMILY.

John M'Lae, merchant.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 1st, Walter M'Lae married<br>Miss Smith.                     | } | William M'Lae of Cathkin,<br>who left no issue, and<br>was succeeded by Walter<br>Ewing, father of James<br>Ewing. |
| 2d, Margaret M'Lae married<br>Humphrey Ewing (see<br>above.) |   |  |
| 3d, Mrs Arle.  |   |  |
| 4th, Mrs Stanly.   |   |  |
| 5th, Mrs Douglas.  |   |  |
| 6th, James M'Lae.  |   |  |

On the death of Humphrey Ewing M'Lae, Esq. of Cathkin, the male line of the Ewings becomes extinct, but the family will be represented in the female line by John Crum, Esq. of Thornliebank—the name of Ewing, however, will probably return to, and be settled in, the old family domicile of Dumbartonshire, in the persons of Humphrey Ewing Crum Ewing, Esq. of Strathleven,

\* Mrs Buchan left issue,—David, James, and Margaret (Mrs Cameron.)

and his descendents. The Cathkin estate was purchased by the first of the M'Laes for £1500.

*Glasgow Journal*, 14th November, 1757:—"Any persons who are debtors to the deceast James Douglas, mercant in Glasgow, are desired to pay in their debts to Walter M'Lea, merchant in Glasgow, factor for the tutors of his son; otherwise they will be under the disagreeable necessity of commencing immediate prosecutions thereof. The tutors intend to set the shop the defunct possessed in the Trongate for one or more years, and to sell the goods therein to the person who takes it. Anybody who intends to make this purchase, and take said shop, is desired to common with the said Walter M'Lea or Humphrey Ewing." The James Douglas here mentioned was the husband of Miss M'Lea, taken notice of as No. 5, in the second column of the genealogical table.

*Scots Magazine*, 20th December, 1790:—"Died at Cathkin, Mr. William M'Lea of Cathkin, merchant in Glasgow." Upon the death of this gentleman, Walter Ewing, Esquire, the father of Mr. Ewing of Strathleven, succeeded to the Cathkin estate, and then took the name of Walter Ewing M'Lea, the male line of the M'Laes being now extinct. Mr. Ewing M'Lea died on the 23d October, 1814, aged 70.

I have now wandered so far from the Broomielaw that I must rest my weary limbs, and think how I am to get back there again, for the road to it is not very clear at present, seeing what a devious course I have been pursuing. However, by and by I shall try to take another look of our old harbour (D.V.)





**GLASGOW: PAST AND PRESENT.**

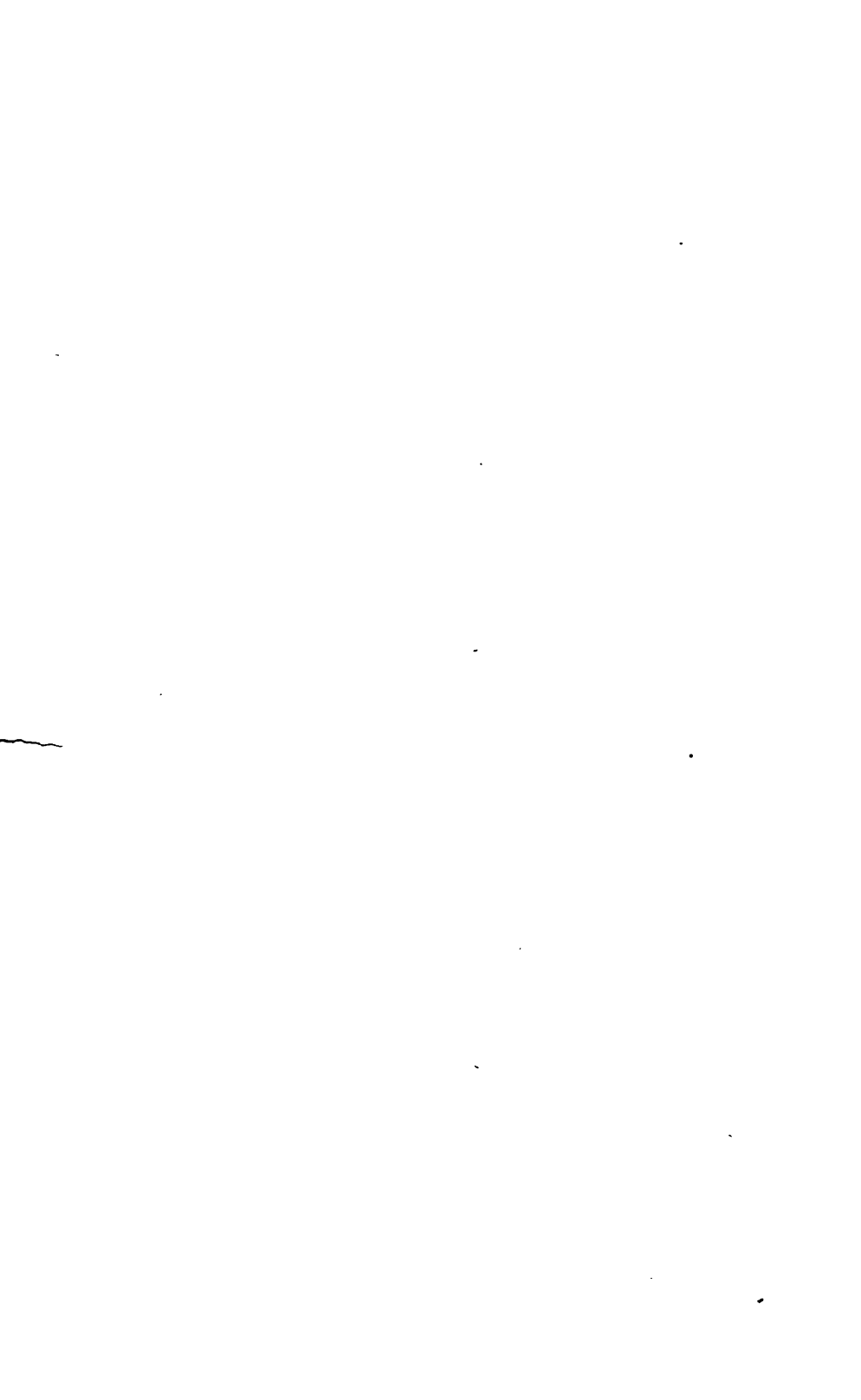
**PART II.**

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**DESULTORY SKETCHES.**

**BY**

**A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF PROCURATORS IN GLASGOW, AND OF THE  
SOCIETY OF THE ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH.**



## DESULTORY SKETCHES.

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### I.—ANCIENT CANOES FOUND AT GLASGOW.

THOUSANDS of years ago our native land was peopled by a wild and fierce race, whose very existence is made known to us chiefly by the few works of their rude hands, which Time, that irresistible destroyer, has chosen to spare, for modern study and reflection. When these wild men roamed in unchecked freedom, tattooed and painted, similar to those of the American prairies, or the volcanic islands of the vast Pacific, History had not yet included them in her ample volume. They remained utterly unknown to the civilized nations of antiquity, till the commercial enterprise of Tyre discovered the southern coasts of Britain, probably before the days of Samuel, the Hebrew sage ; but the wreck of Tyrian and Carthaginian greatness has left very little to enable us to pierce the gloom which enshrouds that mysterious epoch of our insular annals. It remained for the classic pens of the Roman historians to chronicle from the lips of the officers engaged in the British campaigns, on their return to Italy, such descriptions of the country and the people as they considered worthy of preservation. But even this source of information is imperfect, for comparatively few of the Roman authors who treat of Britain and its affairs have come down to us from the wreck of the Empire. The loss is now irreparable, and all we can do is to supplement, as far as possible, from the aboriginal remains yet lingering amongst us, and diligently record, such memorials of the long-vanished people as come to our knowledge from time to time.

Of the various works of art on which the primeval inhabitants exercised their ingenuity, probably none are more interesting than their *boats*. In these we see the first rude efforts of savage man to adventure on the deep, and to float himself on his native waters.

Our noble Clyde appears to have been, from immemorial time, a favourite locality for the construction of vessels; and the deep alluvial strata, skirting the River of Glasgow, has at various periods yielded up the wrecks of canoes which these unknown savages had launched. No less than *seventeen* have been discovered within the last eighty years, at various places, on the plain of Glasgow; some under the very streets of the city. The greater number, however, were found very recently; and the writer of this sketch having had favourable opportunities of examining these when newly discovered, through the courtesy of the late Mr David Bremner, civil engineer, on the river Clyde, took notes of their appearance, and thinking that a connected record of the whole of this ancient little Glasgow fleet may not be undesirable, especially as only a few specimens have been preserved from destruction, he has drawn up the following list and observations.

The first known discovery of Glasgow canoes took place in 1780, while workmen were digging the foundation of St. Enoch's Church. At the depth of about twenty-five feet below the surface of what was then known as St. Enoch's Croft, a canoe was found. It was lying in a horizontal position, on its keel. A curious relic lay within it, near the prow. This was a stone hatchet, or celt, in fine preservation, and still extant. It is shaped like an almond, and measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches broad at the thickest part, and formed of greenstone, beautifully polished. The broad end has an edge, still sharp, though notched in one or two places by the rough usage of the wild people, and marks of abrasion appear across the centre, where the hatchet had been fastened, probably into a cleft piece of wood, as a handle.\*

The second canoe was brought to light in 1781, while excavating the foundation of the Tontine, at the Cross.

The third, about 1824, in Stockwell, near the mouth of Jackson Street, during the formation of a common sewer.

A fourth was revealed, as high up as the Drygate, on the slope behind the new prison. The precise year of this discovery is uncertain, but I have the fact from a person who saw the boat dug out.

The fifth was discovered in the summer of 1825, while cutting

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\* This interesting memorial of unknown time is now in the possession of Charles Wilson Browne, Esq., of Wemyss, Renfrewshire.

a sewer in London Street, near the site of the Old Trades' Land. This canoe was in a vertical position, with the prow uppermost, as if it had sank in a storm. A number of marine shells were inside, some of which are yet preserved.

Unfortunately, no proper particulars of the dimensions or appearance of these five ancient vessels have been preserved, although the fact of their discovery is well authenticated.\* All were destroyed.

But a better acquaintance with the wild men's boats was obtained twenty years later. During the extensive operations for widening the Clyde, immediately below the Broomielaw, under the auspices of the River Trustees, commencing about 1846, large portions of the river banks were cut away, and no less than *twelve* additional canoes were brought to light. The whole of these came under my notice. With only one exception, all were formed of single oak-trees, scooped out, some of great size. Several were even more primitive than the rest, both in shape and execution: two, in particular, had evidently been hollowed out partly by the action of fire.

The order and localities of discovery stand thus:—Five were found on the lands of *Springfield*, south side of the Clyde, opposite the lower portion of the Broomielaw; five at *Clydehaugh*, immediately to the west of Springfield, and in both cases the boats lay in groups, near each other; the eleventh of the series was turned up on the north side of the river, a short way west of the *Point-House*, where the Kelvin joins the Clyde; and the twelfth and last, on the property of *Bankton*, next Clydehaugh.

The average depth, beneath the surface of the ground, at which the whole were found, was about nineteen vertical feet, and all lay at a distance of more than one hundred yards back from the original edge of the Clyde, chiefly in a thick bed of finely laminated sand.

The following is a more particular description of each:—

#### I. SPRINGFIELD GROUP.

As already stated, this collection consisted of *five* canoes.

1. The first was discovered in the autumn of 1847, and is still

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\* *Vide the Pre-Historic Annals of Scotland*, by Dr. Wilson; Edinburgh, 1851; pp. 34-37; and authorities there cited.

extant. It is rather more than 11 feet long, by 27 inches in breadth, and of the depth of 15 inches. The fore part is in good preservation, but towards the opposite extremity the sides and stern have crumbled away. Enough remains, however, to give a good idea of its original outline. There is a horizontal groove across the bottom of the boat, close to the stern, the precise use of which was not certain, till the next and more perfect specimen revealed it. On an application by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland to the Clyde Trustees, this first member of the Springfield group was gifted to that learned body, and it now occupies a conspicuous position in the Society's Hall, Edinburgh. A very correct drawing of the canoe was made before it left Glasgow, by the late Mr. Robert Stuart, and appears at page 49 of his curious volume, published the year after, titled, *Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times*.

2. In October, 1848, a much larger and more perfect specimen was discovered. It lay about four hundred yards farther up the river bank than, but nearly in a line with, the resting-place of the first. This second boat was lying flat on its bottom, at the depth of about twenty feet from the surface of the ground. When I saw it first it was nearly entire, but it is to be regretted that rough usage since has injured it a good deal. This canoe measured 19 feet 4 inches in length, by 3 feet 6 inches wide at the stern, and in the centre 2 feet 9½ inches; depth, 30 inches. The prow was rather neatly formed, with a small cut-water. There was an oblong hole near the bow, through which to run a thong for securing the vessel. There had been a small outrigger, the holes for receiving the fastening-pins being visible, and I observed a small portion adhering. About the centre were small rests, inside the gunwale, for the ends of a cross seat. These rests had been left as an integral part of the boat's side when the natives were scooping out the interior. Another set of rests occurred at the stern, as if for a broader seat there, probably like that of the modern cobble. The stern itself was very perfect, and afforded a most satisfactory example of the manner these ancient vessels were closed in. It consisted of a thin board, placed vertically in a horizontal groove, across the bottom, and fixed in vertical grooves down each side. This board was about eight inches from the extremity of the canoe, thus leaving a small piece of the sawn tree projecting behind. There were no rollocks, so that the canoe

had probably been propelled by broad paddles like those of the islanders in the Pacific. I have preserved an accurate drawing of this excellent specimen, taken while the canoe lay on the river side, the day after the discovery. The single oak-tree out of which this ancient vessel was fashioned, must have been a very large one, and the portion selected free from branches, no knots indicating these being visible.

In order that this remarkably perfect example of a Clyde canoe might be retained in Glasgow, and carefully preserved as an object of interest, instead of being removed, like the previous boat, to the Antiquaries' Museum in Edinburgh, where it would have been gladly welcomed, a memorial, signed by a number of Glasgow gentlemen, was presented to the River Trustees, requesting that the canoe might be gifted to the Trustees for the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow College. This request was at once acceded to, and the curious relic of long-past ages delivered over to the University.

3. Very soon after the discovery of No. 2, a third canoe was dug up within a few yards of it. This specimen had been a large boat, but unfortunately was much injured by the workmen's tools, which had split it up longitudinally. The fragment which I saw in the court-yard of the River Trustees' premises, Robertson Street, measured 9 feet 2 inches in length, by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  feet in breadth, and 1 foot 6 inches deep. The oak was quite black, as hard as marble, and very heavy. There were several circular indentations in the bottom of this canoe, as if to receive the ends of vertical spars, probably for supports to transverse seats; and there was one complete perforation, of circular shape, in the bottom, stopped by a plug, embedded in very tenacious clay, intended to be withdrawn, probably either to run off, while on shore, the water shipped, or to sink the vessel among the reeds, so as to hide her from other members of the tribe when the owner was absent,—a practice still followed on the banks of the Nile and other regions where the rights of property are imperfectly understood. It has been said that the plug was embedded in clay. Now, one would have thought that this plug would have been of oak, taken from the cuttings when lopping off the branches from the fallen tree, or of some other piece of *wood*; but, strange to say, it was not of wood at all, but *cork*,—a circumstance on which much curious discussion has arisen among antiquaries, the nearest cork-growing country



being Spain, and it being difficult to conceive how savages at such a distance could have got any article of foreign growth. Could they have been visited by the ships of a civilized people; and if so, who were they? The canoe now under notice was larger, and of a more rude description, than No. 1 or 2. Unlike these, it had no cutwater, but the prow was a mere extension of the boat, slanting onwards, like the snout of the modern cobble, and not turned up vertically, as in the other instances.

4. The fourth canoe of this group was found on 7th September, 1849. The workmanship was the most rude of the whole. The boat had been evidently hollowed out, in a great measure, by fire. She was clumsily made; had no stern, but bluff at both ends; and no marks of indentations for supports to seats. The bottom was left very thick,—that is to say, the action of fire had not burnt out a deep enough interior. Two small oblong pieces of wood were found alongside, with elongated holes, drilled through, the use of which is not very obvious. Could they have been intended for outriggers, when the tiny vessel was far out from the shore, and exposed to the dashing of the waves? The dimensions of this canoe were 13 feet long, 2 feet broad, and 1 foot in depth. She lay rather more than twenty feet below the surface of the ground. Both Nos. 3 and 4 are now destroyed, but I have preserved a drawing of the latter.

5. The fifth and last of the Springfield group was found shortly after. It is now in the Museum of the Andersonian University, Glasgow, and measures 11 feet 10 inches in length; breadth at the stern, 2 feet, at the centre 1 foot 10 inches, and at the bow 1 foot 8 inches. The gunwale or edges of the boat have crumbled a good deal away, so that the original depth cannot be properly ascertained, but, as she now stands, the remaining depth is about 7 inches. This canoe has been very rudely constructed. The roughness of the floor indicates the blunt and imperfect tools employed. She has no cutwater; no perforations or indentations; the tree-roots have merely been rounded, in a very primitive manner, at the one end; while the opposite extremity resembles the snout of a cobble. There is no keel, but simply the original rim of the tree.

## II. THE POINT-HOUSE CANOE.

The single canoe appertaining to this locality was much injured. The spot where she lay was on the north side of the Clyde, about thirty yards inland from the old margin, and eighty yards west from the mouth of the river Kelvin, at the Point-House, on the area since occupied by the extensive ship-building yard of Messrs. Tod and M'Gregor. The distance from Springfield is about two thousand yards. Mr. Bremner informed me, in a note, that this boat "was embedded in a seam of sand, close upon blue clay." A large slice of the river-brink was cut away, and when the tide came over the cut-down bank, the steam-dredging machine was put to work, which tore up the canoe from its ancient resting-place. She was thus greatly damaged, but the outline quite easily traced. The length was 12 feet, breadth 2 feet, depth 1 foot 10 inches at the most perfect portion. About five feet of the sides next the prow, and the prow itself, remained pretty entire. All the rest was gone except a strip of the bottom. The stern had been an open one, for the mark of the transverse groove to receive the usual vertical board was quite perceptible. The discovery took place in December, 1851. I have preserved a drawing of the skeleton of this canoe, as it lay on the river side.

## III. THE CLYDE-HAUGH GROUP.

This consisted of five canoes.

1. The first was discovered in February, 1852, and is preserved in Stirling's Library, Glasgow. It is 12 feet long, 2 feet 5 inches broad, and in depth 2 feet 6 inches. About mid-way between the bow and stern there is a small rest for the end of a transverse seat. This rest has just been left by the savage, as a projection, when scooping out the boat, and forms an integral part of the gunwale. The breadth of the seat has been  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The *mark* of the end of it, which had rested on the little projection, was quite distinct when I first saw it, being *newer like* than the darker edge of the boat. Close to this projection, there is a small curve in the gunwale, quite smooth, as if a good deal rubbed or used. This seems to have been for the purpose of running a thong or fastening through, to tie the boat sideways, probably to a steep bank, or shore, and the curve or indentation prevented the thong

from sliding. The stern was a close one; that is to say, the rude artificer has economised the tree, and dispensed with the moveable board, by fashioning a permanent stern out of the root. The broad, or stern end is just formed of the *tree-roots rounded*. The interior is well scooped out, and the outside of the stern is sharply and cleanly cut, indicating the presence of pretty sharp tools. The bow has a snout-like appearance, without any cut-water, like a fisherman's cobble. On the inside, near the bow, are three remarkable protuberances, in line with, and separated a few inches from, each other, the use of which is not very obvious. This canoe lay more than 16 feet below the surface, and about 62 feet back from the ancient lip of the river.

2. In May, 1852, the second canoe of this series was revealed, about fifty yards from No. 1, at the same depth, and nearly in line with it. I saw the boat before it was lifted out of its ancient resting-place, and afterwards on the river bank. When imbedded, it was lying on its side, the larboard being uppermost. The prow pointed S.W., and slanted downwards in the gravel at an angle of about 45 degrees, as if the canoe had gone down stem foremost, and had stuck in that position. It lay on a bed of fine gravel, much impregnated with iron, and overlaid with a thick mass of finely laminated sand. She was rather larger than the canoe in Stirling's Library, but had the same snout-like prow, without a cut-water. The dimensions were,—length, 14 feet 10 inches; breadth, 2 feet; depth, 14 inches. The stern had been an open one, the horizontal groove remaining. On the starboard side near the stern, were three circular holes, in line with each other, and close to the gunwale. The first hole was 4 inches from the extremity of the stern. Hole No. 2 was  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches from No. 1, and the space between Nos. 2 and 3 was 14 inches. Immediately opposite the hole No. 3, there occurred another on the larboard side. Then, in the floor of the boat, about the centre, was a perforation. All these holes were about the same size, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, circular, and cleanly cut. What had been the use of those through the sides of the boat, and why should there have been more on the one side than the other? The gunwale was sorely failed, but what was left had no indications of projections for transverse seats to rest on, as in the Stirling's Library specimen. One remarkable circumstance connected with this canoe is, that there was found under the stern a thin piece of lead (now in my poses-

sion), 8 inches long, by 5 inches broad, and perforated with holes, evidently for large nails. Indeed the marks of the nail-heads are quite distinct. These holes are square, but the lead had evidently not been affixed to any part of the canoe, though the latter happened to rest on it. Where did this plate of lead so perforated come from? It evidently is not the workmanship of savages.

The remaining three canoes of this series were discovered in August, 1852, grouped close together, and within a few yards of that last described.

3. The first of this sub-group was so much damaged as to render any account of her difficult. But she had been a small vessel, with the snout-like bow.

4. The second is the largest and finest of the whole fleet. She is now most appropriately in the possession of William Euing, Esq., secretary to the Association of Underwriters, Royal Exchange, Glasgow. From her considerable size this vessel could contain a number of men; and it is by no means improbable, had been a war-canoe of the tribe. She is not at all crank, but broad and substantial, measuring 14 feet in length, 4 feet 1 inch broad, and in depth 1 foot 11 inches. There are some curious details about this canoe worth recording. She is hollowed out of what has been a most magnificent oak, an imposing specimen of the ancient monarchs of a primeval forest. This gigantic tree has been very cleanly sawn through at the thickest part. Sharp tools must have been employed, for the interior is very smoothly cut, and the whole boat remarkably well executed. She has a well shaped prow; the stern an open one, with the usual thin, oaken board, inserted in the vertical and horizontal grooves, to keep it steady. This board remains perfect—the only instance save one, in the whole fleet. But, from the considerable width of this great canoe at the stern, the natives had probably not been able to get very readily a board sufficiently broad to fill up the opening. The savage who fashioned the boat, has, however, overcome this difficulty in a very ingenious manner. *Two* boards have been inserted, and at the centre where they meet, a vertical incision has been made in each edge, all the way down, so as to form a sheath in which a thin slip of oak about an inch and a half broad has been neatly introduced, and made to draw out when necessary. In this way, the seam in the stern, caused by the meeting of the two boards, and through which water would have percolated, has been made

completely water-tight, by the vertical wooden tongue fitting closely over it. There has been a seat across the middle of the canoe, the ends of which rested on two small projections inside, left for the purpose on the gunwale, when scooping out the boat. The natives have *rowed* this heavy boat, instead of merely paddling her, for, two neat semicircular knobs or elevations, each resembling a large horse-shoe, with the concave facing the bow, have been left uncut on the floor, at a convenient distance from the seat, for the rowers to rest their feet against, as a resistance to the pull of the oar. Judging from the distance between the seat and the foot-rest, the rowers were probably very tall men. Towards the bow, a large circular aperture occurs in the bottom, which has been stopped by an oaken plug, as thick as a man's wrist, and nearly a foot long. This plug was found sticking in the hole, and in order that it might not be lost, it is perforated by a circular eye, to receive a thong for fastening it to the inside of the boat. This large aperture in the bottom was in all likelihood intended for the purpose of running off the water shipped, or sinking the vessel in some hiding place, as before indicated. On both sides of this fine canoe, near the stern, are a number of the same well-cut, irregularly placed, circular holes, alluded to in other specimens. A loose, flat piece of wood, about three feet long, also perforated by these circular holes, and stopped with wooden plugs, was found inside, but its use is doubtful. In shape, it is not unlike the human hand elongated, with the forearm, and it has been much used, for at what may be called the *wrist*, the wood is much abraded, as if it had been chaffed, probably on the gunwale of the boat. Altogether this canoe is amongst the finest specimens of the state of maritime art among our savage ancestors, probably ever found in Scotland.

5. The last of the Clyde-haugh group is specially worthy of notice. It was 10 feet long, 3 feet 2 inches broad, and 1 foot deep, fashioned from a single oak-tree, sharp at both ends, and well scooped out. No mark of seats. While in use, this little canoe had met with an accident, which drove a hole through one of the sides, near the bottom. One would have thought that as both wood and labour in these days were cheap, the damaged boat would have been at once thrown aside, another tree cut down from the forest, and a new canoe formed. But these ancient wild men of the woods were thrifty. They *patched* up the hole in the

boat; and this they managed very neatly. A piece of wood, about a foot square, was fitted over the aperture, and fastened at each of the four corners by wooden pegs, making an uncommonly good job, and with the aid of puddled clay, rendering the canoe quite water-tight. Shall we say that in this curious piece of thrift is to be seen a germ of that canny, careful *turn* which has distinguished *Sauney* in after ages? At all events, the lesson is old enough, and creditable to the dimly-known bear and wolf hunter of ancient Caledonia. The sides of this small canoe were perforated by a number of holes, similar to those in the large one. The only other peculiarity about her was, that at the bow there was a slanting, angular indentation, more than a foot long, and about two inches broad, intended to receive some longish, four-cornered object, unknown to us, resting diagonally in the groove. This boat, although in good preservation when found, has, I fear, been since destroyed.

#### IV. THE BANKTON CANOE.

This last canoe of the little fleet was discovered in May, 1853, on the property of Bankton, near Mr. Thomson's new ship-building yard. She differed in several respects from all the rest, and showed a decided advance in native skill. A huge oak had been cut longitudinally, into a mere strip, as the back-bone of the boat, from which a long keel was formed underneath, by being simply *left out*, while the back-bone was pared away, so that the keel appeared a mere longitudinal projection from the lower plane of the sawn strip. Strong transverse ribs were inserted for the skeleton of the boat. These were clothed outside with deals, about eight inches broad, and they overlapped each other precisely as in modern yawls. In other words, she was what is called "clinker-built." The stern was formed of a thick, triangular-shaped piece of oak, fitted in exactly like those of our day. Again, the prow had a neat cutwater, rising about a foot above the gunwale, and giving it rather an imposing effect, not unlike—on a very small scale—the beak of an antique galley. The length of this curious vessel was 18 feet; width at the waist, 5 feet; and at the stern, 3½ feet. The deals were fastened to the ribs, partly by singularly-shaped oaken pins, and partly by what, I think, must have been nails, of some kind of metal. The perforations where the

nails had been were uniformly square, and the marks of their broad heads, driven home by smart blows deeply into the wood, were very perceptible. None of the nails themselves were, however, to be seen; but several of the oaken pins were left, one of which is in my possession. They were round, thicker than a man's thumb, and ingeniously formed. The pin, after being rounded, had been sliced in two, and a triangular-shaped tongue inserted, the base of the triangle ranging with the top of the pin, so that when driven smartly home, the pin would hold firmly. There were no marks of rollocks. On the whole, this boat, though not so bulky as the supposed war-canoe already described, must have had rather an imposing appearance. When this Bankton canoe was discovered, she was lying *keel uppermost*, with her prow pointing straight up the river. She had probably been capsized in a storm. When lifted from her long concealment in the heart of the finely laminated sand, which century after century had accumulated over her, the old fastenings gave way, and she fell to pieces in the workmen's hands. The back-bone, ribs, and boards of oak remained, though thus separated, quite hard and firm. The present description was sketched before she lost her form. Her resting-place was about 250 feet back from the ancient river-margin, as laid down on the oldest maps of Clyde more than half a century ago.

It is worth remarking, that no fragments of paddles or oars were found with any of these antique boats.

Such is a connected list of the seventeen Glasgow canoes; and in reflecting upon these curious vessels, two questions naturally arise—1st, What was their probable era; and, 2d, Who were the people that constructed them?

Both points are attended with difficulties, and can be brought within the range only of conjecture.

I. With regard to the *canoe era*, we must contemplate a very remote antiquity. There are good grounds for believing that it stretches back, far behind the dawn of British history. It is now eighteen centuries since the first Roman invasion under Julius Cæsar, with which our insular history properly begins; yet that event, ancient though it be, is probably only recent when compared with the age of these long-buried canoes. What, then, shall be said of them? Are they as old as the epoch of the early Greek States? Had the Pyramids been built when the canoes floated

on the unknown waters of this part of Scotland? Or does their era reach still farther back, to the dim mythological ages of mysterious Hindoostan, that venerable parent of Egyptian civilization? We cannot tell. History and tradition are alike silent, and *data* entirely wanting, for such chronological comparison. We must therefore turn to the canoes themselves, and endeavour to gauge their age from internal evidence.

Now, there are two important features to be attended to in this view of the inquiry, which, taken singly or in combination, prove great antiquity. The first is, the peculiar *localities* at which the canoes were found; the second is, *the character of the workmanship*.

With regard to the *localities*, and assuming, on what seems reasonable grounds, that the whole groups of canoes are cotemporaneous, we have seen that some were found at very high levels, namely, as far up at least as the Cross. That is far above river action. They could not, therefore, have been drifted to, or sank in, their resting-places, by the mere stream of the Clyde. How, then, did they come there? Geology—that marvellous exponent of the past—here unfolds a strange and eerie tale; and it is curious to find geological science and archæology, as it were, in hand-grips. The former lifts the veil; it tells the changes which have taken place on the locality of what is now Glasgow, since the canoes were paddled on waters then covering, what in our day are the streets of a great city, and plainly reveals the lapse of enormous intervening time.

A most interesting exposition of this subject is given by Mr. Robert Chambers, in his volume titled, *Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the relative Level of Sea and Land*. His general theory, supported by striking proofs, is, that there was a time, after the rock-formations of this globe were completed, when our island (not to speak of other portions of the earth) was submerged at least 1700 feet; that from this great depth it emerged either by the elevation of the land, or the recession of the waters; that pauses of greater or less duration in the process of emergence took place, which caused the formation of successive terraces or sea-beaches, until the present configuration of the country was presented. Several of these ancient beaches are pointed out by Mr. Chambers among the streets of Glasgow. At a comparatively recent geological period, very many of the present valleys in Bri-



tain were filled with water. This was particularly the case where Glasgow now is. The whole valley between the Campsie Hills on the north, and those of Cathkin and Gleniffer on the south, and stretching a long way up the country, was an estuary, into which the river Clyde, then much shortened, poured its waters; and *what is now the area of Glasgow, was then the bottom of a shallow sea.* The various elevations now known as Gilmore Hill, Garnet Hill, Garngad Hill, &c., were probably islets in this ancient frith.

Alluding to this district, Mr. Chambers states [page 201]—“At Glasgow, the river has ceased to be an estuary, though affected by the tides for three miles higher, namely, to Rutherglen. Around, and also within the city, I have found several of the ancient beaches. In Glasgow Green, the same two haughs which occupy so much of the Leven Vale, are distinctly seen, one of them about 11, and the other 26 feet, above the ordinary level of the sea. The Trongate, and adjacent districts of the city, are built on the second, which also extends over a large space on the opposite side of the river. At Partick, to the west of the city, this beach is also clearly marked, being there about 26 feet high.”

Only a portion of the Glasgow canoes had been discovered when Mr. Chambers wrote his instructive volume in 1848. Referring to these, he states [page 206]—“The situation of the boats found under the Trongate and Trades’ Land (places within a pistol-shot of each other) is 21 or 22 feet above high-water in the river. It forms part of that extensive plain which rises from the river’s brink to the height of about 26 feet above tide-mark, forming the site of the Trongate and Argyll Street, and the numerous streets to the north and south of that line. This plain is composed of sand, as appears whenever the foundation of an old house is dug up. Mr. John Craig, an able practical geologist at Glasgow, says, in a communication to one of my correspondents, ‘The deposit immediately underlying the Trongate and London Street is a bed of sand, with traces of lamination. This rests on laminated clays, the same as occur at the brickworks at Annfield, east end of the Gallowgate, and on the other side of the river. These clays abound, in several places, in recent marine shells. They are deposited on the boulder-till.’

“If the sand-bed at the Trongate be the same with that at Springfield, the boats lying in it and the subjacent clay obviously belong to an earlier period than that discovered in the latter situa-

tion.\* The question arises, are the deposits such as the *river*, while pursuing its present level, could have laid down? The situation, be it remembered, is a quarter of a mile from the river; its superficies is 21 feet above tide-mark, while Mr. Robert Stevenson has determined the greatest recorded river-floods as only 15. *The laminated sands* do not, moreover, appear such a deposit as a river-flood would bring to the spot, even if it could reach it. It therefore appears that we scarcely have an alternative to the supposition, that when these vessels foundered" [those at the Cross], "and were deposited, where in modern times they have been found, the Frith of Clyde was a sea several miles wide at Glasgow, covering the site of the lower districts of the city, and receiving the waters of the river, not lower than Bothwell Bridge. We must suppose this to have been a time when already a people, instructed to some degree in the arts of life, occupied that part of the island. Taken in connection with the whales' bones and perforated deers' horns of the Carse of Stirling, the boat and other relics said to have been found near Falkirk, the human skull at Grangemouth, and the various particulars already cited with respect to the Carse of Gowrie, these Glasgow canoes are objects of much greater interest than any one seems yet to have thought of attaching to them."

In a very able paper read at the recent meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, by an eminent geologist, Mr. James Bryce, jun., M.A., F.G.S., titled, "Geological Notices of the Environs of Glasgow," the following deductions are also drawn from the aspect of the Clyde-valley and the canoe-discoveries:—"The conclusion is forced upon us by these facts, that the entire area was at a remote time covered by an estuary, connected with the sea by a narrow strait near Erskine, where the hills on either side press close upon the stream, whose limits reached inland almost as far as Johnstone and Paisley, narrowed upward by the projecting Ibrox and Pollokshields ridges, but again widening out so as to wash the base of the Cathkin and Cathcart Hills, and sweeping round north-east in a wide bay, so as to cover the space now occupied by the Glasgow Green and suburbs of Bridgeton. The river then entered about Bothwell or Rutherglen, and the northern shore was formed by the lower slopes of the hills already

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\* Only one of the Springfield canoes, viz., that in the Antiquarian Society's Hall, Edinburgh, had been found when Mr. Chambers wrote.

alluded to, and their continuations north-west by Partick, Jordan-hill, and Yoker, to the vicinity of Erskine." "How remote, then, (he adds), must be the time when the quiet waters of the estuary laved the hill-sides, now covered by busy thoroughfares; and a race, whose other memorials are lost, navigated in these rude canoes the broader waters of the river, whose narrowed stream now floats the largest ships, and brings to our doors the choicest products of the globe."

Although it may appear at first sight a purely fanciful idea that a sea at one time heaved its white-crested waves over what is now the area of Glasgow, after man had arrived in this island, and that what was once the bottom of that ancient sea-arm has since been converted into dry land, and now sustains a great city, yet proofs of this can be produced. Without dwelling on the circumstance of marine-shells having been found within the foundered boat at the Cross, as verified to me by an eye-witness—on the fact of a canoe having been dug up in 1830, as far up the country as Castle-milk, beyond Rutherglen,\* on elevated ground, a long way back from the Clyde—or on the still more remarkable discovery lately, near Erskine, of part of the bones of a whale which had been about forty feet long,† yet if we pass out of the Clyde region altogether, into the twin valley of the Forth, the evidence of the existence of this ancient sea, which filled both, and at the same levels, is irresistible. Thus, the skeletons of three whales were found on the Blairdrummond estate;—the first in 1819, on a spot twenty-five feet above the full tide of the Forth, and a mile back from that river; the second soon after, near the same place; and the third in 1824, seven miles farther inland, covered with a thick bed of moss. Professor Owen mentions that one of these whales lay no less than forty feet above the present level of the sea. These monsters of the deep must have existed while man lived on the shores of the Forth, for, in two of the instances, *rude harpoons, formed of deers' horns, lay alongside the skeleton*, and had probably inflicted the death-wound; *while various canoes, closely resembling those of the Clyde, have been found in the Carse of Falkirk, and other places in the valley of the Forth, at depths of about fifteen feet, covered by successive strata of clay, shells, moss, and gravel.* One

\* *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 601.

† *Vide Glasgow Herald*, 18th May, 1855.

of the harpoons, and the bones of one of the whales, are preserved in the Museum of Natural History in Edinburgh.\*

The great physical change of water-level, shown by these writers, recent though it be, in the innumerable ages grasped by geological science, is yet very remote when compared with our times. It is sixteen centuries since the Roman Wall of Antoninus Pius was constructed across the narrow isthmus between Clyde and Forth, and, as has been well remarked by an eminent authority, (Mr. Smith of Jordanhill), the water-level of the Clyde was the same *then* as it is *now*, inasmuch as the line of that fortification has evidently been laid down with due reference to the then river surface at both ends; a state of things quite incompatible with the presence of water so much above the line of the Wall at the brink of Clyde as the Cross of Glasgow. This fact carries us back at once sixteen hundred years; yet the canoes floated long before that; but how much further back in the mists of time, their epoch lies, it is impossible to say. The hoary, pre-historic centuries are sealed with Oblivion's mysterious signet, and may not be unrolled. A very great antiquity, must nevertheless be plainly conceded.

Then in regard to the *workmanship* of the canoes, it was of the most primitive kind, proving that they were fashioned by savages having little acquaintance with the use of metals, and pointing to a very early state of society in this country. With only one exception, all were formed merely of single oak trees, scooped out, some better executed than others, according probably to superior handiness on the part of the savage, and an improvement on his tools. So rudely constructed were some, as we have seen in the description, that the tree-roots had not even been cut off, but merely rounded, in a rough way, and fire employed to burn out the interior, as if the tools were not adequate to form a proper stern, or scoop out the boat. Nay, it would seem in these cases of mere root-sterns, and scorched interiors, as if the wild man's hatchet was too imperfect to enable him to fell the gigantic monarch of the primeval forest, but that he was probably obliged either to appropriate an oak already prostrated by the ancient winter-blasts, or to upset a tree by sapping its roots. Afterwards, he clumsily *hacked* these, and the heart of the trunk, into the

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\* *Pre-Historic Annals of Scotland*, pp. 33, 34.

semblance of a boat, but he could not apparently shape a proper prow, and, therefore, made a mere snout to his canoe.

The material and shape of these imperfect implements have been revealed to us. It is proved by the St. Enoch Square canoe that the tools of its wild owner were of *stone*, his hatchet found in it being still extant. As other canoe specimens, however, were cleaner cut, sharper implements were perhaps employed, and the probability is, that these were of iron rudely manufactured. But these metal tools would not become common for a very long time, so that while some of the Clyde savages might possess such improved implements, and thus shape their canoes better, others, less fortunate no doubt, continued to use the ancient stone-hatchets, and made a clumsier canoe in proportion. In other words, the difference of workmanship would seem to indicate that the canoe-men lived in the transition age, between what antiquaries designate the Stone and the Iron Periods, both of which lie far in the darkness of the Past, beyond our reach.

So much for the canoe era; and we shall not probably greatly err, if we assign to it an antiquity of several thousand years.

II. With reference to the remaining question—*Who the people were* that constructed these Clyde canoes? it is obvious, that since we know so little regarding the precise *era* of the vessels themselves, we cannot be possessed of much more information regarding their primitive owners. Did they belong to the family of the Celtæ, so extensively spread over the west of Europe at the dawn of British history? or to a still earlier race, which first of all paddled over to Albion's white cliffs? How strange to fancy a time when this island was a wilderness—the home only of the bear, the wolf, the beaver, and other wild beasts, before the continental savages durst venture across the intervening stormy sea in their frail canoes, similar in all probability to those found so deeply buried in the dried-up basin of Clyde's ancient frith! Yet there *was* such a period; and from the evidence formerly cited, it would appear that these unknown people had arrived in Britain *before* the last shift in the relative level of the sea and land took place in our insular valleys.

This subject has been discussed by Dr. Wilson, lately of Edinburgh, now Professor of History in the British College of Toronto (my valued friend), with great learning and ability. The past has been made to yield up its dead. The remains of the dwellings,

utensils, ornaments, weapons, and other works of art, of the long-vanished people, have been summoned before, interrogated, and commented upon, by this indefatigable antiquary. Nay, the very tumuli where the wild men laid their dead have been opened, and the contents carefully examined. The half-mouldered bones and skulls, which, strange to say, remained undissolved throughout so many centuries, have been subjected to the tests of ethnological science, and some very curious results obtained.\* Catalogues and drawings of these osseous remains have been made, and may be seen in Dr. Wilson's admirable volume.†

As Cuvier and other anatomists recovered the type and probable habits of extinct animals from mere osseous fragments found in the tertiary beds of Paris, London, and other localities, so has Dr. Wilson endeavoured, by means of the ethnological evidence afforded by the human crania found in the Scottish tumuli, and the remains of the rude works of the lost people's horny hands, to bring back from oblivion's dark recesses such characteristics as may enable us to form some idea of what these early insular inhabitants were.

It would appear that a race existed in this island prior to, and probably of an inferior grade than, that commonly known as the Celtic. The difference of race is chiefly marked by the peculiar configuration of the skull. In that of the supposed earliest inhabitants, the crania are remarkable for an elongated form, or what Dr. Wilson terms, "boat-shaped," with a very small frontal

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\* About the middle of last century, a learned English gentleman, Mr. Bryan Faussett, excavated upwards of 500 tumuli, chiefly in Kent. A very curious collection of antiques was made from the contents of these ancient abodes of the dead. The interesting MSS. of Mr. Faussett, recording particulars of his discoveries, have never been printed; but lately these curious papers have been committed to the editorship of one of the most distinguished antiquaries of the present day, Mr. C. Roach Smith, of London, whose many years study and practical investigation of Celtic antiquities, both in Britain and on the Continent, eminently fit him for this task, and are just now passing through the press. The collection itself, as well as the MSS.—thanks to the munificence of Mr. Meyer, of Liverpool—have been rescued from the risk of dispersion and eventual loss. The executors of Dr. Faussett, a descendant of the original owner, offered the whole for sale to the trustees for the British Museum, who, after keeping the matter hung up, and detaining the MSS. for about eight months, at last declined to purchase these truly national remains. With great public spirit, Mr. Meyer came forward, purchased the whole at his own expense, and has most generously placed the collection, which is perfectly unique, in the Liverpool public museum, which he has been chiefly instrumental in forming. One man such as Mr. Meyer does more real good in a case like this, than the whole British Museum Trustees, as at present constituted.

† Vide *The Pre-Historic Annals of Scotland*. Edinburgh: 1851.

development, indicating, perhaps, less intellectual energy than the succeeding, and apparently displacing, broad-headed Celtæ. The difference between the two sets of skulls, as shown in the plates, is certainly very remarkable, and seems to warrant the ingenious hypothesis of a distinction in race.

The extreme rudeness of the remains of art point to the same conclusion. Thus, the dwellings of the early people were *under-ground*, and composed of unhewn stones, slanting inwards, and covered over by larger blocks—the entrance being between two slabs, resting against each other at the top, like the letter A. These dismal abodes have been discovered in great numbers, and are popularly called *weems*. They were evidently a very slight advance beyond the mere natural caves, probably originally occupied by these British savages. Another set of dwellings, supposed to have been used during the short summers of Scotland's then ungenial clime, consisted of mere semi-circular pits, cut out on the slope of the hills, and roofed over with sods and branches. Specimens of the winter-houses, or *weems*, were to be seen, till recently, in our own district, at Cartland Craigs, near Stonebyres, on the Clyde; and one very interesting example of the pit-houses was revealed in 1808, on the farm of Overlee, near Busby, in the vicinity of Glasgow. The following particulars regarding these were communicated to the writer of this sketch, by the parish minister of Cathcart, who had his information from an eye-witness:—

While the farmer was removing soil to get at freestone, for building a new steading, he came on a cluster of subterranean aboriginal huts. They were forty in number, and ranged round the face of the hill on which the farm-house of Overlee now stands. These huts were of the most primitive kind. They were mere semi-circular pits, cut out of the hill-side, with a passage to the door, also dug out of the slope, on a level with the floor, as indicated by the different colour of the soil. Each consisted of one small apartment, about twelve feet square, five feet high, and faced with stone. The floors were neatly paved with thin flagstones, found in the neighbourhood. In the centre of each was a hole for a fireplace, in which ashes were still visible. Near the fireplace were small piles of water-worn stones, two or three inches in diameter, probably for cooking food, by placing heated stones round it, as is yet done by some of the islanders in the Pacific. Twelve hand-querns of stone, for grinding grain, were found in the houses. At a short

distance, a grave was discovered, lined with stone, and containing rude urns filled with ashes, thus indicating that the inhabitants of this primitive cluster, near what is now Glasgow, burned their dead. Unfortunately, the whole of these curious pit-houses were ruthlessly destroyed.

In some of the weems and pit-houses, small groups of pretty oyster-shells have been found, perforated with small holes, as if they had been strung together, and formed an ornamental necklace—shall we say for the lady-savage of that distant epoch? In others were discovered bodkins and skewers, made of horn, probably to hold together the folds of the wild-beasts' skins forming the savages' winter-covering; the bones of oxen, neatly notched, as if for ornament; bowls made of stone, the hollow having been drilled out by the circular action of another stone, sharper and harder, aided by the grit of sand (one of which is now before me); arrow-heads and lances formed of flint or bone, some of the former of which I happen to possess;—nay, swords have been found, fashioned from the bone of a large fish! Heavy oaken war-clubs, too, must not be omitted from this curious catalogue.

What a primitive state of society, and what a curious glimpse of the people, does not all this reveal! If it be said, however, that such a rude people could hardly be supposed capable of constructing canoes, similar to these found at Glasgow, it may be replied, that the very earliest settlers in Britain *must*, as a matter of course, have come over from the continent in vessels of some kind, thus indicating a knowledge of the art of floating themselves on the deep during a voyage of, to them, considerable length; and certainly several of the antique boats discovered here were sufficiently primitive in appearance to warrant an ownership among the very rudest tribes.

But if it be thought more reasonable that the Clyde canoe-men should occupy a place within a later epoch, still they must stand back very far in the ranks of time. If they belonged to the later race of the Celtæ, we are enabled to gain reflected glimpses of them from the description by the Roman writers, of the aspect of the people found in this country, by the Imperial Legions; for although many centuries no doubt elapsed between the time when these antique boats were wrecked, and the Roman advent in Britain, the probability is that the appearance, habits, &c. of the tribes, encountered by the troops of Rome in battle, differed little



from those of long prior ages. In a rude state of society, changes would be very slow and gradual, and the Roman picture may, therefore, in its main features, really represent the aspect both of the country and the people during much older times. Thus Herodian, a native of Lower Egypt, settled in Rome, who flourished about the middle of the third century, writes:—"Many parts of the country are fenny, by the frequent inundations of the sea. The natives swim through these fens, or run through them, up to the waist in mud; for the greatest part of their bodies being naked, they regard not the dirt! They wear iron about their bellies and necks, esteeming this as fine and rich an ornament as others do gold. They make on their bodies the figures of divers animals, and use no clothing, that these may be exposed to view. They are a very bloody and warlike people, using a little shield or target, and spear. Their sword hangs on their naked bodies. They know not the use of a breastplate and helmet, and imagine these would be an impediment to them in passing the fens. The air is always thick with the vapours that ascend from these marshes." "It was easy for these barbarians to escape and hide themselves in the woods and fens, being well acquainted with the country, whereas the Romans laboured under the opposite disadvantages."

Another author, Xiphiline, in his abridgement of some of the now lost books of an author who wrote the *Chronicles of Rome*, and flourished about the year 200, takes up the same subject. He says—"The two most considerable bodies of the people in the northern part of the island, and to which almost all the rest relate, are the Caledonians and the Maeatae. The latter dwell near the great wall that separates the island into two parts" [that is, the country between the two Roman barriers of Hadrian and Antoninus]; "the others live beyond them. Both inhabit upon barren, uncultivated, mountains, or in desert, marshy plains, where they have neither walls, nor towns, nor manured lands, but feed on the milk of their flocks, what they get by hunting, and some wild fruits. They never eat fish, though they have great plenty of them. They have no houses, but tents, where they live naked. The exercise to which they are most addicted is robbing. They have great agility of body, and tread very surely. The arms they make use of are, a buckler, a poignard, and a short lance, at the lower end of which is a piece of brass, in the form of

an apple; with this, their custom is to make a noise to frighten their enemies. They are accustomed to fatigue, to bear hunger, cold, and all manner of hardships. They run into the morasses, up to the neck, and live there several days without eating. When they are in the woods, they live upon roots and leaves. They make a certain food that so admirably supports the spirits, that when they have taken the quantity of a bean they feel no more hunger or thirst" [how much this resembles the pemmican of the American Indians at the present day.] "We are masters of little more than half the island."

Speaking of the difficulties the Roman troops had to encounter in such a country, and with such a fierce people, during Severus' memorable campaign, the same writer goes on to state:—"Severus having undertaken to reduce the whole island under his subjection, entered into Caledonia, where he had endless fatigues to sustain, forests to cut down, mountains to level, morasses to dry up, and bridges to build. He had no battle to fight, and saw no enemies in a body. Instead of appearing, they exposed their flocks of sheep and oxen, with a design to surprise our soldiers that should straggle from the army for the sake of plunder. The waters, too, extremely incommoded our troops, insomuch that some of the soldiers being able to march no farther, begged of their companions to kill them, that they might not fall alive into the enemy's hands."

This picture is not very dissimilar to that which might be drawn of the late Caffre war with Macomo and Sandilli.

But what is not a little curious, the Romans have left behind them a pictorial representation of the ancient people found by their legions in the immediate vicinity of Glasgow. In the Roman Room of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow College, a piece of sculpture is preserved, having on it a Latin inscription, and the figures of three natives, seated on the ground as prisoners, with their arms tied behind their backs, and guarded by a cavalry soldier, armed with shield and spear, ready to pursue, should an attempt be made at escape, while the Roman eagle appears above all. These wild men of the north are naked; one of them wears a strange-looking cap or bonnet, and all have beards. The expression of their faces is very grim and determined. This sculptured slab is very interesting, being probably the oldest picture of our rude forefathers now extant. It was discovered in the Roman

Fort of Castlehill, on the Wall of Antoninus, near New Kilpatrick, and a copy of it appears in the late Robert Stuart's volume, *Caledonia Romana*, second edition, plate 9th, fig. 1. On these figures, Stuart remarks (p. 307):—"Hunted from their retreats, made prisoners, stripped, and bound, they languish in captivity, at the mercy of the invader, who is here seen lording it over them; on the one hand with Victory in his train, while, as if to generalise the subject somewhat more, the Imperial Eagle triumphs upon the other, above what we must now more than ever understand to be, the prostrate emblem of their rocky, sea-girt land, a fabulous hybrid of the goat and seal."

The early natives adored the sun, moon, and starry host. Indeed, sun-worship, under various forms and allegories, was the religion of a very large portion of the ancient world, both savage and civilized; and to this day traces of it linger in many of our usages, such as dancing round the May-pole in England, the mysterious rites of Halloween in the north, &c.; while the remains of the Druidical, or sun-circles, within which the celestial orbs were worshipped, are to be met with all over the country. One of these existed, till very lately, on the heights of Cathkin, facing Glasgow.

A very interesting and well-preserved memorial of the remote Pagan people of the canoe-period, is to be seen only a few miles off. It is a monument to their dead, showing that even in these far-distant times the wild men were not insensible to affection for the departed of their tribe. On Craigmaddie Muir stands the Cromlech, or Sepulchral-Trilith, popularly called "The Auld Wives' Lift," and invested with some curious traditions and customs. It consists of three huge stones, two of which support the third. The uppermost is an enormous block of basalt, measuring rather more than 18 feet in length, by 11 feet in breadth and 7 in depth. A small triangular space occurs between the stones, and through this, tradition recommends all visitors to pass, desirous not to be childless, and to be safe from the pranks of the Evil One. This fine specimen of the Cromlech strictly belongs to the epoch already alluded to as "the Stone-Period," and is in all probability coeval with the Glasgow canoes.

Such are some of the principal circumstances caught from Time, regarding these long-lost wild men's boats and their Pagan owners; affording many curious points of contrast with men and things in the same locality at the present day.

Since the preceding pages were written, an *eighteenth* canoe has been found. The discovery took place at Erskine Ferry, ten miles below Glasgow, in the autumn of 1854. The finder was Gilbert Taylor, the tacksman of the ferry. His attention had been attracted, during unusually low-water, to a strange-looking piece of wood sticking up in the bed of the river; and curiosity having induced him to examine it more particularly, he found it to be a sunken boat. With some difficulty it was raised and taken on shore, when it proved to be a canoe. Like those already mentioned, it had been scooped out of a single oak. This is the largest of all the Clyde canoes that I have seen. It measures 29 feet in length; the breadth at the stern about 5 feet, tapering gradually to the bow, with the natural slope of the tree; the depth at the stern is 3 feet 4 inches, and in the centre about 26 inches. The stern had been an open one, with the favourite vertical board in grooves. There had also been at least four seats for the rowers, indentations cut out of the solid wood remaining to indicate where the ends of these cross-seats had rested. These occur at regular intervals of 2 feet 7 inches from each other, and had been about 4 inches broad. Judging from appearances, the rowers must have been tall men. This had probably been a war-canoe, and is referable to the Transition Period, between Stone and Iron. It still lies in the ferryman's premises at Erskine. A more particular account of this Erskine-canoe appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of 31st July, 1854.

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## II.—THE HISTORY OF "GRAHAM'S DYKE."

THE term "Graham's Dyke," or "Graham's Sheugh," is well known to most west-country people. It is applied to fragments of an immense trench to be met with in the more unfrequented parts of the district between the Clyde at Dunglas, and the Forth near Bo'ness. There are long gaps between these fragments where the land has been better cultivated, so that to the mere casual observer there appears a want of continuity, or general connection between them. In some places "the Sheugh" may be seen in an old wood, entangled with briers, and rank, wiry, greyish-coloured grass, which almost forbid the visitor's approach, as he glances

stealthily through the vista of tall black trees, which throw a sombre shadow over the spot, and through whose branches the autumn wind moans with mournful cadence over the rustling leaves of previous summers thickly strewed in this little, wild hiding-place. A few miles farther on and the trench is probably again met with, on a dreary tract, its sides well clad with vigorous whins, in yellow bloom, difficult to thread; or, passing a solitary cot, built of old-fashioned grey stones, of brick-like shape, evidently from ruins, the ditch skirts the cottager's little garden, wattled round, through which the white rose or wallflower exhale their simple sweet perfume. After another great interval, there may be observed on a bleak hillside a huge seam, leading down to a lively rivulet, over which a few old trees creak to the evening blast, startling the plover from her hidden nest, on uneasy wing, and with shrill, querulous cry. Perhaps, again, the trench is lost in cultivated fields, except to the practised eye which can recognise its outline in the darker, deeper shade which marks its course through the waving grain, or the sweetly-scented clover, as if unwilling to relinquish, till the very last, its hold over that soil which has so long owned its sway.

A certain air of mystery, too, hangs over "Graham's Shengh," in the minds of the country-people. They cannot tell what to make of it. It has been there time out of mind; it has outlived all local tradition. No one can tell who the men were that dug it, where they came from, or for what use it was intended. It is looked upon by some of the older folks as "*uncanny*," the work of wizards, and in certain of its wildest and most eerie places it is said to be haunted, rendering a visit to it in the gloaming or after night-fall a very undesirable, if not rash step. Strange unearthly cries and uncouth sounds are heard from it in stormy nights; nay, it is confidently asserted that those who have good eyes may see the Prince of Darkness flitting about "the Sleugh" in moonlight, with some of his evil ones, in search of mischief, or to pounce on the unwary.

These are some of the features which present themselves in the more lonely places, and are among the pleasant reminiscences of the writer of this sketch, who many years ago walked along the whole course of the dyke, from sea to sea—a most delightful ramble.

What, then, is the history of this mysterious trench, and what is the meaning of its rather curious name? To answer these, it is

necessary to go into the deep glooms of seventeen hundred years; and although the subject is familiar to gentlemen of the Oldbuck school, yet to those who have not given it attention, probably the following outline may be acceptable.

At the time the Romans were engaged in the War of Judea, which led to the final destruction of its celebrated capital, their Emperor was also pushing his conquests in the then "far west," in regions hitherto unknown. The south of Britain had felt the weight of the Roman arms some time before, under Julius Cæsar and Claudius, but our native country, Caledonia, yet remained undisturbed, shrouded in the gloom of its huge forests. The conquests of the Roman generals at length carried them northwards, to the threshold of this unknown country. It was in the year 80, after Christ, that a Roman army, which had subdued all the native tribes south of the modern Northumberland, prepared to penetrate the gloomy region in their front, called Caledonia, or "the Country of the Woods." The natives of this then wild and forbidding land were divided into a number of tribes, very fierce, and almost always engaged in petty wars with each other. Numerous little hill-forts of the chiefs studded the country, and the natives lived on milk, berries, and the flesh of animals killed in the chase. They were scantily clad in the skins of these creatures, their bodies tattooed, and painted chiefly of a blue colour, from the juice of the woad-plant; while their long yellow hair streamed in the wind as they pursued with ardour through the dark forests, rank with jungle, and diversified with dismal fetid swamps, the black bear, the wolf, the wild boar, and other denizens of the wilderness which there roamed in grim ferocity. These were the men whose forefathers first paddled over the continent in canoes made of a single tree, and peopled this island. They were now, however, destined to witness the approach of a foe terrible in power, but politically wishful to implant among the conquered the seeds of civilization, and then mould the rude natives, when shorn of their strength, into peaceful, if not willing subjects.

The general who commanded the Roman troops at this time was Julius Agricola, whose name and great deeds have been handed down to us by his son-in-law, Cornelius Tacitus, the bosom friend of Pliny, and prince of Roman authors. Agricola had seen much service in the armies of Rome. Inflexible in purpose, he combined great military talents with judicious moderation, and a

generous humanity to the conquered. He was a great favourite with the brave old Vespasian, under whom he had served, and his amiable son Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem. The former had conferred on Agricola, some time before, the governorship of a Roman province in Gaul, but now entrusted him with the unlimited command of the forces in Britain, the new country that had engaged so much of Vespasian's own attention when himself a general there.

The army for the invasion of Caledonia consisted of three legions,—the 2d (the favourite of Octavius Cæsar); the 9th, which had suffered much in the south of Britain, and was weak in numbers; and the 20th, Agricola's old corps. A large body of auxiliaries, in the Roman pay, accompanied them. These were chiefly from the neighbourhood of the Rhine—hardy, warlike, and completely drilled after the Roman fashion. They were officered by Romans. Besides these, there were archers from Crete, slingers from northern Africa, and other light troops. If we estimate the Roman legion at its then average complement of 5000 men, probably the whole invading army amounted to about 20,000, of which more than the half were Romans.

As this was the first time a foreign foe put his foot on Scottish ground, it may be curious to notice the probable order of march. This we are enabled to do from a contemporary, Josephus, himself a warrior, and who, as a Roman prisoner taken during the conquest of Galilee shortly before, had seen the army of Titus march on to the siege of Jerusalem. The Jewish general thus describes their appearance:—"The van was preceded with the light armed allies, their archers, who scattered over the plain to observe any unexpected attack of the enemy, and to examine all the woods or thickets that might conceal an ambuscade. Then came part of the heavy armed cavalry and infantry, followed by ten of each centenary, carrying the furniture and vessels of the camp. After these, the pioneers, who were to straighten the winding roads, level the hills, or cut down the woods which might impede the march of the main army. Then came the baggage of the general and his officers, strongly guarded by cavalry. Next rode the general, with a picked troop of foot, horse, and lancers. After him the horse of his own legion—for to each legion there were 120 cavalry attached. Then the mules, which carried the military engines and the besieging train. The lieutenant-generals, the

commanders of cohorts, and the tribunes followed, each with a chosen band of men. Then the eagles, of which each legion had one. The standards were followed by the trumpeters. Behind came the phalanx itself in files of six deep. A centurion, whose business it was to keep order, brought up the rear. Behind them were the servants with the baggage, on mules and other beasts of burden. After the Romans marched the mercenaries; a strong rear guard of light and heavy armed foot, and numerous cavalry, closed the procession, which passed on in awful magnificence."

Such was the order of march of a Roman army; and, with some modifications, we may suppose this to have been the array of that under Agricola entering Scotland in the summer of the year 80. The weather is described as having been dreadful. During the laborious march the light troops scoured the woods, skirmishing with the natives, who frequently attempted to cut them off in ambuscades; the numerous hill-forts on the way were stormed, and their defenders put to the sword, or, escaping, joined the sullen bands which slowly retired before the Roman light infantry, while the pioneers hewed down a passage through the woods for the main army, forming a road with the fallen trees. Every night an entrenched camp was formed, and sentinels carefully posted. These camps were of a square shape, in opposition to the British strongholds, which were circular. They had generally two or more parallel rows of deep ditches round them, the earth dug out of which was thrown up as an inner rampart, within which the troops lay on their arms, ready to start at a moment's alarm.

The course of this first Roman army is supposed to have been from the modern Carlisle, northwards through the eastern parts of Dumfries and Lanark shires (the centre of the country), by Lockerbie, Crawford, Biggar, the neighbourhood of Lanark, and thence to Camelon, on the water of Carron, where they wintered. Early antiquaries traced, with sundry interruptions, the chain of night-camps, supposed to have been Agricola's, along the greater part of this route.

At Camelon (long afterwards a Roman town), the invading army had arrived at the narrowest part of Britain. The neck of land, or isthmus between the Clyde and Forth, is only about 30 miles broad; and, as a military position, was too important to escape the practised eye of Agricola and the Roman engineers. It is recorded of the former, that no general knew better how to



choose his ground for battle or fortification. During the winter of 80-81 the general collected all possible information about the country, and resolved through the following summer, to fortify this isthmus. Accordingly, he devoted the open part of the year 81, in constructing a chain of forts, within short distances of each other, all the way from the one frith to the other. These forts he chose with great judgement. The principal one appears to have been at Bar-hill, near Kirkintilloch, an elevated and commanding position, nearly in the centre of the isthmus, and from which an extensive range of country is seen. This row of forts forms the germ of Graham's Dyke, although, in point of fact, the dyke itself was not constructed for some time afterwards. But while this brave soldier was thus consolidating his conquests, and imparting to those under his sway the arts of civilization, he met with a severe loss in the death of his patron and steady friend, the excellent Titus, which affected him deeply. Domitian, the younger brother of the deceased emperor, succeeded,—dark, relentless, and cruel, a disgrace to the Roman name and to humanity. Agricola was allowed to hold his command in Britain four years longer, during which he carried his arms as far as the Grampian mountains, and sent a fleet to ascertain the direction and extent of this wild country, which performed a voyage round by the Pentland Frith, and, for the first time, ascertained that Britain was an island. It is not necessary in connection with Graham's Dyke, to follow Agricola farther in his northern campaigns. Suffice it to say, he was everywhere victorious, and at a great pitched battle with the confederated tribes, upwards of 30,000 strong, near Comrie, he completely defeated and dispersed them. The fame of his exploits, however, roused the jealousy of Domitian, who recalled him to Rome, but afraid to strike, he suffered this brave man to pine out his days in ignoble retirement. His accomplished son-in-law left the Roman bar to soothe and comfort him, and beguiled the general's dreary days by writing an account of his British campaigns, drawing the information from Agricola's own lips, and those of officers who came to visit their old commander. The *Life of Agricola*, thus composed by Tacitus, contains one of the most beautiful and touching apostrophes to that virtuous but ill-requited man, probably to be met with in the whole range of antiquity.

After Agricola's recal, little has come down to us regarding this

country during the reigns of Domitian and his successors, Nerva, Trajan, and Hadrian, a space of about half a century. No doubt, however, many stirring events took place of which the records are for ever lost. But there are incidental allusions made by some of the Roman authors to insurrections; and we know that the war-like Hadrian came over in person and examined the fortifications, so that he must have been in our own district in the course of his inspection of the forts on the isthmus, probably about the year 120. He brought over with him another legion, the 6th, which thenceforth remained in Britain, with two of the original corps, the 2d and 20th, till the Romans left the island three centuries afterwards. The 9th legion had been withdrawn as too weak for this dangerous service. Hadrian seems to have considered the frontier between Clyde and Forth too distant, and caused it to be carried back to the line of country between the Tyne and Solway, where he constructed a huge wall of solid stone, with castles and turrets at every mile. It was eighty miles in length, and completely fortified the whole isthmus between these two rivers. But farther allusion cannot here be made to this splendid fortification.\* On the accession of his successor, Antoninus Pius, in 138, an officer was sent over as governor of Britain, who united the talent, energy, and wisdom of Agricola. This was Lollius Urbicus. He seems to have found the northern natives very troublesome, and determined to advance the frontier again to the line of Agricola's old forts, and to fortify the Forth and Clyde isthmus thoroughly. He therefore repaired and enlarged these forts, and constructed a number of new ones between them, so that at every two miles there was a fort. But instead of leaving the intervals open, he caused the soldiers to dig an immense ditch or trench the whole length of the isthmus, in line with and connecting the forts. This huge ditch was 27 miles long, 40 feet broad, and 20 feet in depth. It ran in an unbroken line, straight over hill and dale, from the Clyde, near Dumbarton, to Caeriden on the Forth, not far from Bo'ness. With the earth dug out of this military trench, a ram-

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\* Those who desire to become better acquainted with this great undertaking, will have their curiosity amply gratified, and find much interesting information collected, in a work by that indefatigable antiquary, Dr. J. C. Bruce, of Newcastle, titled, *The Roman Barrier of the Lower Isthmus*, with maps and numerous drawings. The wall itself is well worthy of a visit. The writer of this has walked alongside of it for miles in Northumberland, and found it in many places in excellent preservation.

part, 20 feet high, and 24 feet thick, strengthened with stones and turf, was raised close along the south or Roman side all the way, having a platform behind for the soldiers. To the south of all this was a military causeway, 20 feet broad, well compacted with stones, in the durable Roman fashion. This road kept near the line of fortification the whole way, and communicated with the other roads which traversed the Romanized province.

The forts thus lining the rampart and ditch of Lollius Urbicus were eighteen in number, and, on an average, stood within about two miles of each other. Small bodies of troops, probably a centurion's guard, were posted in the minor forts; but the larger and more important were held by cohorts, which generally consisted of about 500 men, and were commanded by a tribune. They were mostly within view of each other on either side, and military signals could be promptly exchanged by trumpets and otherwise; while, in case of alarm, troops could be speedily moved along the causeway from the larger cantonments to any threatened point. The Roman names of these eighteen forts have not been preserved to us as in the case of those on the Wall of Hadrian in the north of England, otherwise it might have been curious to trace the Roman ideas of the different localities, &c., as probably embodied in the etymology.

The forts stood at the following places:—

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|--------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Old Kilpatrick. | 10. Croy.                      |
| 2. Duntocher.      | 11. Westerwood.                |
| 3. Castlehill.     | 12. Castlecary.                |
| 4. New Kilpatrick. | 13. Rough Castle.              |
| 5. Bemulie.        | 14. Bantaskin.                 |
| 6. Cawder.         | 15. Mumrills (beyond Falkirk.) |
| 7. Kirkintilloch.  | 16. Inveravon (near Polmont.)  |
| 8. Auchendavie.    | 17. Kinneil.                   |
| 9. Barhill.        | 18. Caeriden.                  |

Of these, Nos. 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, and 16, were large and well garrisoned; and we know, from inscriptions, that various corps of French, German, and other foreigners in the Roman service, lay along the isthmus, besides the Roman detachments themselves.

Such was Graham's Dyke when it came out of the hands of its soldier-builders, 1700 years ago; and such, in its prime, was the mysterious haunted trench, now broken into disjointed fragments, hid in woods, lonely and unheeded, but once the frontier of a mighty empire, which grasped the whole of southern Europe from

the Rhine and the Danube, and sent ambassadors from its eastern limits on the Indus, to the Court of the Hindoo monarch at Delhi.

The legions which constructed this once formidable barrier were those already mentioned—the 2d, 6th, and 20th, assisted by the auxiliary cohorts. Each had a certain section of the work assigned to it, and the working parties were protected from any sudden attack, by advanced guards. The soldiers considered the formation of this fortification a meritorious undertaking, and were accustomed to erect at the ends of their respective sections of the work, slabs, with inscriptions recording the number and title of the legion they belonged to, and the quantity of work executed, generally a stretch of three Roman miles. Most of these slabs were dedicated to the reigning Emperor, Antoninus Pius, who was a great favourite with the soldiery.

The rest of the Dyke's history may be briefly told. Urbicus remained twenty years governor of this country, during which, we may well suppose, this Roman barrier was firmly maintained against every native assault. He over-ran all the country, as far as the Moray Frith, intersecting it with roads and camps. This was the acme of Roman power in Scotland. We know nothing more of his history.

During the succeeding reigns of Marcus Aurelius and the profligate Commodus, reaching down to 197, frequent insurrections took place; and on one occasion the rampart was stormed by the natives, and a Roman general killed. But they were again driven back out of the province by a new governor hastily sent from Rome.

When the warlike Severus ascended the throne, the officer in command found everything in Caledonia so threatening, that he was obliged to write the Emperor, either to come over himself, or send more troops. The grim old warrior determined to visit the troublesome country in person, which he soon after did (about the year 206), with a large army of 80,000 men. Alarmed at his vast preparations, the natives sent ambassadors to sue for peace, which was sternly refused. Severus, accompanied by his two sons, Geta and the infamous Caracalla, advanced in battle array, passing through Graham's Dyke, probably near Castlecary, and carrying everything before him. Determined to root out the natives from their almost impenetrable fastnesses in the dismal wildernesses beyond, he caused whole forests to be cut down,

morasses to be drained, bridges built, additional roads made, and other laborious operations executed.

By fatigue, disease, and other casualties, he lost 50,000 men ; but nothing could daunt him. Though old, and labouring under disease, he was carried at the head of his army in a litter, till at length he reached the northern shores of the island. Again the natives sued for peace, which was this time granted, after having been made to feel the weight of his power. Till this day quantities of felled trees are taken out of the bogs, bearing the marks of the Roman axe, and referable to this memorable expedition.

It is probable that Severus still kept garrisons in the principal stations along the Antonine rampart. The peace he had concluded was soon broken by the turbulent natives, and the enraged Emperor resolved this time to exterminate the whole race. But, while maturing his plans, death overtook him at York in 210.

During the next 150 years, embracing many troubled reigns, we know little respecting Roman affairs in this country. That continued insurrections and furious inroads of the wild natives beyond Graham's Dyke into the Roman province took place, may, however, be gleaned from casual allusions in some of the later authors saved from the wreck of the empire. But, by 367, these had become so intolerable, coupled with a general confederacy against the Romans, that Valentinian, a man of great military talent, then endeavouring, at the head of his legions, to repulse the swarms of barbarians hovering round the empire, sent over his great general, Theodosius, who cleared the province between the northern and southern walls, of the invaders, and repaired and strengthened Graham's Dyke, naming the district Valentia, in honour of his imperial master. This kept the natives in check for some time; but the empire was fast advancing to its fall. It was hemmed in on all sides by hosts of barbarians, while those of our own wild north swelled the number. Twice again was Graham's Dyke repaired and re-garrisoned, viz., about 395, and 422, in the reign of the feeble Honorius. But in vain. It had become untenable. The last time we hear of the Romans being there was in the autumn of the latter year. A single legion, commanded by a skilful officer from Ravenna, came up through the country by hasty marches, and unexpectedly appearing in this district, fell upon the fierce natives laden with plunder from the Roman colonists, dispersing them with great slaughter, and pur-

suing them a long way north. But seeing the desperate position of the Roman affairs, this officer recommended all the colonists, many of whom were old soldiers, to whom grants of land had been given between the walls for their services, to retire within the massive wall of Hadrian, still strongly garrisoned, and abandon everything to the barbarians. All, therefore, departed, soldiers and settlers; the Antonine rampart was left to its fate: and here, the dark curtain falls on Roman-Caledonia.

Fourteen hundred years have since run their course, and when we now look back across that broad interval of dim time, how many vicissitudes have taken place in our native land! But the ancient memorial of the "masters of the world" still lingers there, a visible link between the present and the mighty past. Though now hoary with age, disguised under an uncouth name, and shrunk into the disjointed fragments alluded to in the outset—the wonder of the ignorant peasant, and an object of attraction only to the curious—this remnant of a remote antiquity has claim to national interest, not only as an important historical monument, but as marking the epoch when Scotland was first visited by civilized man. It is too little cared for. The ravages of time have done much; but the ruthless hand of man continues to do more, in hastening its decay. Every year portions of it yield to the plough. But so long as it remains upon the face of Scotland, its ancient renown will entwine the last crumbling vestige, and after all trace shall have utterly passed away, history will consecrate its track.

The *rampart* and the *causeway* have already disappeared almost entirely; but the *ditch* may be seen to advantage in many places. Probably the best specimens on the whole line are at Elf Hill, on the moor of Bonny-side, about a mile and a half beyond Castle-cary, and in the enclosed grounds of Mr. Forbes of Callander. But minor fragments, within a few miles of Glasgow, are to be seen on Ferguston Moor, about half a mile beyond the Canniesburn toll, on the road to Milngavie; at the farm of Bemulie; in "Cadder Wilderness;" at the Barhill; and at the summit of Croy, near the railway station of that name, &c. &c. A small piece of the causeway exists on Mr Haggart's property of Bantaskine, near Falkirk; and in the village of Laurieston, adjoining the latter place, its course is indicated by a narrow street, named "Graham's Dyke Street." Of the *forts*, the only one worth notice is at the Peel of

Kirkintilloch, where two sides of the square flanking-ditch exist, fully twelve feet deep. A small fragment of the stone wall, which surrounded the important fortress of Castlecary, is hid amidst the brushwood in a little clump of trees there, and the huge corner-stone was only lately removed.

But while the line of this once important fortification is so greatly dilapidated, many minor memorials of its ancient builders have survived in good preservation. In the course of ploughing and cultivating the land, there have been discovered a number of the inscribed slabs before-mentioned, erected by the soldiers to record the quantity of work they had performed, one of which has the name of Lollius Urbicus upon it. These slabs are rather tastefully ornamented, considering the sculptors were only common soldiers. The titles, &c. of the legions were also given. Thus the second legion was called "Augusta," with the symbol of a strange-looking nondescript animal called a "sea-goat." The sixth was the "Vanquisher," with eagles' heads curiously executed; while the twentieth legion was named "Valiant and Victorious," with the emblem of a wild boar. There have been also turned up, altars to Jupiter, Minerva, Mars, and Hercules; to Mercury, the patron of highways and messenger of Jove; to Fortune and Victory; to the God of the Woods; the Genius of Britain; the Nymphs; and other deities of Roman mythology; sepulchral slabs to "the shades" of soldiers slain in battle; some of the heavy iron hammers used in breaking the stones, much battered; soldiers' sandals; groups of stone bullets about the size of a six-pound shot, to be thrown by the military engines defending the rampart (these last were found carefully gathered up in small conical heaps, like those of the modern artillery); beautiful specimens of Roman pottery, finely glazed, and of rich colours, including vessels for holding wine, vases, bowls, lachrymatories (bottles for holding tears), some of them with the makers' names stamped on the bottom; stones for grinding wheat; nay, large quantities of that grain itself, black with age, were discovered in what had been a subterranean granary at one of the forts, &c. &c. The writer of this has a stone which had fallen from a Roman officer's finger-ring near Kirkintilloch, with a figure sacrificing at an altar, finely cut, and still giving off an excellent impression; a slab representing two Roman archers shooting deer, caught by their antlers in a thicket; hones for sharpening the soldiers' knives,

very much worn, and smooth as velvet; with a number of the large iron nails (nearly a foot in length) used for securing the tents when pitched, precisely similar to those found at several of the garrison-stations on Hadrian's Wall, &c. &c. Coins, too, have been picked up, beginning with Domitian, and ending with those left by the last legion sent over by Honorius, at the close of the Roman dominion. Of all these curiosities, which are preserved, partly in Glasgow College, and in private collections, the *inscriptions* are the most interesting; for, independent of what they record, we there see the Roman alphabet, precisely the same as that now used by ourselves—an imperishable legacy by old Rome to modern Europe, *introduced into our native country for the first time, by the soldier-builders of Graham's Dyke.*

With regard to the etymology of "Graham's Dyke" itself, the popular opinion is, that the name was imposed in consequence of a warrior named Graham, whom nobody knows anything about, having stormed the wall in the reign of Fergus the Second, thereby rendering himself famous; and reference is made to a tombstone said to have been found on taking down the Old Church of Falkirk, with a Latin inscription upon it to that effect. But the absurdity of this story is too obvious to require comment; and the alleged inscription on the tombstone contains a most glaring anachronism, which destroys all claim to authenticity, even were it free from other valid objections. We must go deeper, and to a more probable source, for solving the enigma. We must disregard the mere Saxon etymology, and ascend to the aboriginal language of the country, namely, the Celtic. The very appearance of this great fortification, so totally different from anything they had ever seen before, must have struck the early natives with wonder at its vastness and strength, and it is reasonable to suppose that they would affix to it some term expressive of their ideas. Now, one of the best Celtic philologists, the late Sir William Betham, the Ulster King of Arms, Dublin Castle, author of *The Gael and the Cymri*, *Etruria Celtica*, and other learned works, in a note to the writer of this, some years ago, expresses himself about Graham's Dyke in the following terms:—"The Anglicism of the chieftain Graham is out of the question; it never could have been the true etymology. It was, no doubt, a corruption of some Gaelic phrase, expressive of the nature of the fortification. *Gream* or *Greim* is, a hold, security, fortification, defence. *Greamaghaim*, the verb



is, I hold, secure, gripe, defend. *Diog*, or *dig*, is a ditch, trench, wall, rampart. *Dioghaim*, I entrench, enclose, secure. This appears a natural and fair definition of the name, and I am inclined to think it the correct one."

On such solid authority, therefore, we may safely dismiss Robert Graham, Old Fergus, and the Falkirk gravestone, and consider "*the strong entrenchment*" to be the true meaning of the mysterious words, "Graham's Dyke."

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### III.—THE FIRST NEW TOWN OF GLASGOW.

FEW European cities have spread more rapidly, after overleaping their ancient boundaries, than Glasgow. Down till the middle of last century, there were only ten streets in the whole town. These included High Street, Drygate, Rottenrow, Gallowgate, Saltmarket, Bridgegate, Stockwell, and Trongate, along with Candleriggs and King Street.\* At that time, the inhabitants did not exceed 20,000. Now, there are upwards of 550 streets, measuring more than 110 miles in length; and the population is close upon 400,000. It is not without interest, therefore, that we turn back to the period when the town burst through its ancient barriers, and commenced that career of expansion which has gone on since, almost unceasingly, and seems to be without limits. A glance is first, however, necessary at the extent of the old city.

In ancient times, each of the main entrances to Glasgow was closed in by a barrier, or wall of stone, drawn across the ends of the streets, from the planes of the outermost houses on the one side, to those opposite. In the centre of each barrier was a huge gate, popularly called, "the Yett," or "the Port," which was

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\* Candleriggs and King Street were formed about 1724, across corn-fields, behind the houses facing Trongate. These two streets were much thought of at the time, and long afterwards popularly known as the "New Streets," a name still given to the latter by old citizens. M'Ure, the queer, gossiping, city historian, who wrote soon after they were laid off, talks of them with much complacency. He says of the Candleriggs, that "it is in a pleasant valley;" and of King Street, in a recommendatory style, that "there is a great dale of waist ground within this street, for builders to build on!" In a state of the town's affairs, made up at Martinmas, 1724, it is mentioned that "the price of the houses for opening the King Street," was 24,000 merks, or £1300 sterling.

locked at night-fall, and excluded direct access to, or from, the country beyond. These gates stood at—1st, The Town-head (anciently called the Wynd-head), near the Archepiscopal Castle; 2d, Across Gallowgate, where the Great Dovehill now joins; 3d, At the bottom of Stockwell, facing the only bridge then spanning Clyde; and, 4th, Across Trongate, originally near the mouth of the Old Wynd, but carried a little farther west, to the head of Stockwell, *circa*, 1588, in the reign of James VI., before he ascended the English throne.

There seems little reason to doubt that, at one time, Glasgow was encompassed, either wholly, or to some considerable extent, by walls. Mr Cosmo Innes states,\* that allusion is frequently made to the city walls, in old descriptions of property. Thus, in the reign of James IV., the expressions occur, "*infra muros civitatis Glasguensis*;" and "*extra muros civitatis Glasguensis*." But, he adds, that it is uncertain if these walls continued to exist so late as the fifteenth century. The barriers, however, remained, and although affording little or no protection to the town, they were useful for municipal purposes; and Mr. Innes quotes a proclamation by the Glasgow Magistrates, in October, 1588, by which time the walls had entirely disappeared, that "*eurie persone repair and hauld cloiss, thair yaird endis, and back sydis, swa that nane may repair thairthrou, to the toun, bot be the commoun portes.*"

The ports, therefore, marked the limits of the city, and continued to do so down till the middle of last century. A drawing of one of these (the Water-Port) is preserved in that curious work, *Theatrum Scotiæ*, by Captain John Slezer, a Dutchman, and officer of artillery, in the service of William III. Slezer visited Glasgow about 1690, and, being an excellent draughtsman, took some very interesting views of the then primitive-looking little town.† The barriers pourtrayed by him had mimic embrasures, and reached up beyond the eaves of the houses at either end, the gables of which faced Clyde. "The Port" was arched, the rim of the arch cutting through the barrier, about half way up its vertical height. The gates were of solid oak, with large, broad-headed

\* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, vol. i. pp. 14, 15, and authorities there cited.

† The first edition of Slezer's volume appeared in 1693. This ill-requited officer died of a broken heart, about June, 1714.

iron studs, driven deeply into the wood, and grated harshly on their creaking hinges, when the self-important warder gave access to, or egress from, the city, through these ancient portals.

Several successive "New Towns" have sprung from the old one; but the *first* of these was towards the *west*. It comprehended what is now Argyll Street, and the following seven, which branch off from it, at right angles, viz., Virginia, Miller, Queen, Buchanan, Jamaica, Maxwell, and Dunlop Streets, with one solitary square, St. Enoch's.

It is proposed to record some *memorabilia* connected with the early history of these streets; but, before doing so, it is convenient to take a retrospect of the locality destined to receive the New Town; and probably the most advantageous point of time for the survey, is the year 1745, when the rebel army visited Glasgow, under Charles Edward, an event which forms a somewhat prominent feature in the civic history.

The westmost house of any note, at that time, in Glasgow, was the princely residence erected by Daniel Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, in 1712, and long popularly known as "The Shawfield Mansion." Mr. Campbell represented the city in the Scotch, and afterwards in the British Parliament, and was a zealous promoter of the then unpopular Treaty of the Union.\* When the Rebellion of 1745 broke out, however, the mansion had become the property of Colonel Macdowall, of Castlesemple. In it the Pretender took up his abode, and held levees; while the Stockwell afforded quarters to Lord George Murray, and various other officers of the rebel army.

This fine old Glasgow house stood immediately *within*, and next to, the West Port of the Old City, on the north side of Trongate, and looked down Stockwell. So much has been already written about this antique mansion, that it would be superfluous to re-open the subject at any length. But it is believed that no pictorial representation of it is popularly known. This defect is now supplied by the drawing which forms the frontispiece. It has been taken from the original design by the architect employed by Mr. Campbell to superintend the building of the mansion. That

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\* Mr. Campbell died at his country-house of Woodhall, near Holytown, in June, 1753, and was succeeded in his large estates by his grandson, Mr. Daniel Campbell, then studying at Geneva.

architect was Mr. Colin Campbell, of London. He published a superb, and now very rare work, in five folio volumes, titled, "*Vitruvius Britannicus*; or, The British Architect; containing the plans, elevations, and sections of the regular buildings, both public and private, in Great Britain, in 200 large folio plates, engraven by the best hands, and drawn either from the buildings themselves, or the original designs of the architects."\* In the second volume, published in 1717, the picture of the Shawfield Mansion appears, plate 51. The architect thus shortly describes it:—"Daniel Campbell, Esq., has built this house, after my design, in Glasgow, the best situated, and most regular city in Scotland. The principal apartment is in the first story; the stair-case is so placed in the middle, as to serve four good apartments in the second story; the front is dressed with rusticks of a large proportion, and a Doric cornice and balustrade; the garrets receive light from the roof inwardly; the whole building is of good stone, and well finished. *Anno, 1712.*"

Subsequent owners ornamented the gateway and street-wall in front, with a variety of curious figures, carved in stone, representing sphinxes, busts of human figures, &c., which long made the place an object of popular attraction.†

On emerging from the West Port, the scene was quite rural. There was no street, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but a mere country-road, flanked by a succession of small parks, divided by hedges. A few mean houses, malt-kilns, and barns, were scattered along the way-side, at wide intervals, with an occasional one-storey thatched farm-steading. In front were dung-hills, according to the pleasant Scottish fashion; but these subsequently subserved the important purpose of widening the road, by being included in the *solum* of the street, into which the suburban way became amplified, by order of the magistrates. The parks skirting this western outlet from the city, were principally in corn, or cultivated by gardeners, raising vegetables for sale; while the

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\* "Sold by the author, over against Douglas' Coffee House, in St. Martin's Lane; John Nicholson, in Little Britain; Andrew Bell, at the Cross Keys, in Cornhill; W. Taylor, in Paternoster Row; Henry Clements, in St. Paul's Church Yard; and Jos. Smith, in Exeter Change. London: 1717."

† The sphinxes are still extant, on the gateway of a small property called Muirend, in the parish of Cathcart. They were removed there, when the Mansion was demolished, in 1792, to make way for Glassford Street. I possess some of the minor memorials.

hedge-rows were interspersed with pear and apple trees, for which Glasgow, from the monkish times, was famous. Many of the owners of these suburban grounds were small brewers, or "maut-men," members of that fraternity which supplied the city, before the fragrant plant of China was much used in the north, with the favourite, foamy beverage, then popularly designated by the quaint, expressive term, "yill."

Immediately beyond the Port, and on the *south* side of the road, stood a small way-side inn, called "The Black Bull," the landlord of which, for many years, was James Graham, alluded to more particularly in the sequel. This was the first Black Bull Inn in Glasgow, and must be distinguished from the large, well-known hotel, under the same title, built long after, nearly opposite, by the Highland Society.\* A small sign, with the Tauric representation painted thereon, rather hideously, was suspended at right angles from the front of the house, as is often yet to be seen in country-towns, and which swayed to and fro, and creaked, in the wind. This old Glasgow sign was the original from which so many scores of copies were subsequently taken, to grace, as well as designate, hostelries all over Scotland, wherein were to be found "Entertainment for Man and Beast." In front of the little "Black Bull" was a deep, open draw-well—afterwards covered in—famous in the palmy days of cold punch, and alluded to, in *Cyril Thornton*, as "the West Port Well."†

\* The second tenement west from the Stockwell stands on the site of the first Black Bull Inn, and was built by James Graham, above referred to, in 1763.

† I well remember this favourite old Glasgow well more than forty years ago. There was a huge oblong wooden box, probably twelve feet high, and four or five broad at the ends, with a semicircular roof, and painted blue, the same colour as the night policemen's *sleeping-boxes*. The broad sides of this huge well-cover faced north and south; and two tremendous leaden arms, several feet in length, fixed near the top of the box, hung vertically, and when water was to be drawn, moved alongside like a pendulum. The ends of the well looked east and west; a thick, curved spout projected from each, with a central perforation, vastly convenient for the crowds of schoolboys who resorted thither to quench their thirst by stopping the mouth of the spout with the palm of the hand, and applying the drouthy lips to the jet of water squirted through the hole. The well-handles had great round knobs at the bottom, and made a famous swing for the juveniles, the loss of the fine limpid water of these days being of no consequence. The box used to be covered with glaring lottery placards, by "Bish," "Hazard," and other contractors of old. On ordinary occasions, the well was surrounded by the town's-folks with wooden "stoups," waiting their turn; and when any procession or "show" took place, especially "the lords" from the Black Bull, the well-roof was clustered with boys.

Such was the general aspect of the locality destined to be transformed into the first New Town. What had been heretofore fields waving with corn, or rejoicing in crops of cabbages and "kail," was at no distant period to be covered with buildings, and thronged with a busy population.

In describing the new streets, it will be convenient to introduce them chronologically, according to the order in which they were opened.

#### I. ARGYLL STREET.

It has been mentioned that the suburban road, leading out from the West Port, ran between cultivated fields. These were called "crofts." A general name was given to these, according as they lay on the north or south sides of the way. The parks on the *north* formed the westmost section of "the Lang Croft," which originally stretched from High Street to St. Enoch's Burn, at what is now Mitchell Street, and was bounded on the north by the Grammar School Wynd, "the Back Cow Lone" (Ingram Street), and the lands of Meadowflat, nearly in the line of the modern Gordon Street. The fields on the *south* side were a portion of "St. Enoch's Croft," which, in ancient times, reached from Saltmarket westward to "Broomielaw Croft," at the present Jamaica Street. Argyll Street is a comparatively modern appellation to this old road, not dating farther back than the last quarter of the bygone century. It was long previously known under three different and promiscuously-used names—"St. Enoch's Gait," "the Dumbarton Road," or "the Wester Gait," and is so mentioned in ancient papers. Of these appellations, the first is the oldest, and derived from the circumstance of the road or "gait" having, in remote times, led out to a chapel, dedicated to St. Thanew, the reputed mother of Glasgow's patron saint, whose name is supposed to have been popularly corrupted into that now indicated. This chapel, which was demolished at the Reformation, stood where St. Enoch's Square now is, and traces of its foundations were met with when that square was formed.

The "Wester Gait" was causewayed for the first time in 1662, as far west as St. Enoch's Burn. The causewayers were brought in from Rutherglen to do the work,\* but this having been rudely

\* *Vide* Town Council Records of the period.

executed, and the road little attended to, the latter became full of holes, and in wet weather was a perfect quagmire. As already said, the roadside was a favourite place for the deposition of dunghills, or, as they were more pithily called, "*middens*," huge heaps of which were accumulated out nearly to the middle of the way; a practice by no means calculated to excite the pleasing sensations described by voyagers along the shores of Araby the Blest. In fact, the same evil prevailed to no inconsiderable extent within the old city, notwithstanding numerous magisterial proclamations. One of these municipal edicts, in 1755, runs thus:—"Whereas of late, advertisement was given to all concerned, not to lay down any middens of dung upon the sides of the causeways, avenues, or highways, leading into the city, *by which the passages may be rendered uneasy for carriages, travellers, or otherwise*, and to remove all such middens of dung, under the pains and penalties mentioned in the former advertisements; and that nevertheless several persons do yet continue to lay down their dung, and allow the same to lie upon the sides of the causeways, highways, and entrances into the city; they are therefore hereby required immediately to remove the same, and not to lay down any more for the future, *within the limits of the town*, otherways they will be fined and punished by the magistrates in terms of law."\*

The first grand impetus to improvement in the Wester Gait, was the removal of the barrier and port, which had become ruinous. This was done by order of the magistrates in 1751, and followed up by a stringent enforcement of the anti-nuisance proclamations. Proprietors along the line began to advertise their grounds for building purposes. The first to set the example was Provost John Murdoch, an eminent merchant, who erected an elegant mansion for his town residence a few hundred yards west from the old Black Bull. He was followed by Colin Dunlop, Esq., of Carmyle, who built a similar edifice close to that of the provost. Both of these fine antique houses still exist,—the first being now the Buck's Head Hotel; the other, the sorely-altered tenement immediately to the east.†

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\* *Glasgow Courant*, June, 1755.

† *Vide* the history of these two houses of Provosts Murdoch and Dunlop, in a previous volume of *Glasgow: Past and Present*, under the title of "The two oldest houses in Argyll Street," by the writer of the present notes.

Another important improvement was the erection of a first-class hotel. This was done as an investment by the Highland Society.\* For that purpose they purchased, in 1757, from William Macdowall, Esq., of Castlesemple, then owner of Shawfield Mansion, a piece of ground lying between the west wing of that house and the south-east corner of what is now Virginia Street. The price was £260 11s. 6d. On this ground the well-known "Black Bull" was built the year following, by that respectable body.

The first tenant of the new hotel was James Graham, before referred to; and as the edifice is another of the landmarks of Old Glasgow, this ancient landlord's queer advertisement announcing the opening, is worth recording. In the *Glasgow Courant* for June, 1759, the following notice occurs:—"James Graham, vintner, who formerly possessed the inn at the sign of the Black Bull, on the *south* side of Argyll Street, has now removed to the New Inn, commonly called the Highland Society's House, consisting of 29 fine rooms, with a large dining-room, 37 feet long and 32 feet broad. Great care has been taken to keep the bed-rooms at a distance from the drinking-rooms. He proposes only to entertain his guests in the new house until Whitsuntide, 1760, and that they shall sleep in the old house until this time, when it shall be fully seasoned. He therefore hopes that all noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, who formerly favoured him with their custom, will continue their good offices, and they may depend on meeting with the most civil usage in the power of their humble servant, James Graham."†

Graham continued to occupy this hotel seven years. Among other interesting points in the early history of this inn, it may be

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\* The Highland Society was formed in 1727, by seventeen gentlemen, originally from the Highlands, who had settled in Glasgow. One of these was Mr. Daniel Campbell, of Shawfield, before referred to. Indeed, twelve out of the seventeen founders were Campbells, a surname which seems long to have predominated in the Society.

† In the *History of the Highland Society*, printed in 1831, it is stated that the ground on which the inn stands was bought in May 1760; but the above advertisement proves that the purchase must have taken place at least two years sooner. The name of the tenant first mentioned in that history is George Harrison, but James Graham, of the old Black Bull, had evidently preceded him seven years. In later advertisements the inn accommodation is stated to have been "23 bed-rooms, 6 parlours, one large hall 37 feet square, a kitchen, 6 cellars under ground, a dwelling-house consisting of a back room and shop, both under ground, stable for 38 horses, hay-loft capable of holding 5000 stones of hay, coach-house, a corn-loft 43 feet long and 26 feet wide, byre, &c."—*Glasgow Journal*, January, 1765.



noticed, that in May, 1761, the corpse of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, after whom Argyll Street had shortly before been named, lay in state, by a curious enough coincidence, in that very street, within the Black Bull Hotel, *en route* to the family vault at Kilmun. It was attended to the inn by "a very numerous company of noblemen and gentlemen, the magistrates of Glasgow, and several of the professors of the College.\*

James Graham left the Black Bull at Whitsunday, 1766. He was succeeded by George Harrison, who, among other things, established a "fly on steel springs," to run thrice a week to Edinburgh. The rent of the hotel was £100. A person named Heron followed him, on a nineteen years' lease, at Whitsunday, 1768, the rent being increased to £140 per annum. On the expiry of that lease, in 1789, some repairs were made, and the inn let, for other nineteen years, to George Durie, at a still farther increase of £245. When his lease ceased, additions were made, and two of the front rooms converted into shops, under the directions of the late Dr. Cleland,—the inn proper being let, in 1806, to George Burn, at £575, one of the shops at £100, the other at £75, to different tenants, and all on nineteen years' leases. At the expiry of these leases, other two front rooms were converted into shops, and the whole let on tacks for seven years, from Whitsunday, 1825, at a total rent of £1168.†

These rents afford an index to the increased value of property in the street, during an early and subsequently important period in its history. The Black Bull, after having been eighty years a hotel, ceased to be so at Whitsunday, 1849, and was converted into a warehouse, the tenants being Messrs. Mann, Simpson, and Byars.‡ Its ancient outline is, however, still well defined, and seen to advantage from the south side of the street. The history

\* *Glasgow Journal*, May, 1761.

† *Vide printed View of the Scheme of Erection of the Highland Society*, 1831.

‡ After the old Saracen's Head Inn, Gallowgate, had ceased to be a hotel, *circa*, 1791, the Lords of Justiciary, who, during a long series of years previously, took up their residence there while on the Glasgow Circuit, transferred their patronage to the Saracen's west-end rival, the Black Bull, and occupied apartments there. They continued to do so nearly half a century; and their Lordships uniformly walked from the inn in their judicial robes, and wearing the dreaded cocked-hat (assumed in Court when pronouncing sentence of death), along Trongate, to the Old Justiciary Hall, at the Cross; and after 1812, down Saltmarket, to the Hall in the new jail, accompanied by hundreds of spectators.

of this first-class old hotel, if given in detail, would present a great variety of curious matter, being so much interwoven with that of the city in its transition-period, and long afterwards. The tenement is still the property of the Highland Society.

Immediately east of the Black Bull, stood the office of the Ship Bank. This edifice consisted of three storeys, and was a twin tenement to the one still standing at the south-east corner of Glassford Street. Both were built, *circa* 1759, by Mr. William Macdowall of Castlesemple, already mentioned, and a leading partner in the bank.

It is scarcely possible to pass over this highly respectable old establishment, which was the first native bank in Glasgow, and whose office was so long a well-known land-mark in the street, without some observations, though these may interrupt, a little, the thread of strict narrative.

The Ship Bank commenced business at the corner of the Salt-market and Bridgegate, 105 years ago. It then consisted of six partners. The firm was Dunlop, Houston, & Co.; and their first cashier was Mr Arthur Robertson, also a merchant. When the bank began, the following advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Courant*, of January, 1750 :—

“That Colin Dunlop, Alex. Houston, & Company, bankers in Glasgow, have opened their office in the house of Arthur Robertson, in Bridgegate, their cashier; and to acquaint the public that the persons concerned in the said company are, William Macdowall, of Castlesemple, Andrew Buchanan, Robert Dunlop, Allan Dreg-horn, Colin Dunlop, and Alexander Houston, merchants in Glasgow, who have given in bond and obligation, jointly and severally, for the payment of their notes current, in the name of said Colin Dunlop, Alex. Houston, & Co., and the said Arthur Robertson; and which bond is registrate in the Town Court books of Glasgow, to be seen by any who pleases.

“N.B.—Attendance to be given on lawful days, at above office, from 10 to 12 forenoon, and from 3 to 5 afternoon, excepting Saturday, and that day only from 9 to 11 o'clock forenoon.”\*

After carrying on business in the Bridgegate twenty-six years, the Ship Bank purchased from Mr. Macdowall the tenement in

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\* The bond by these enterprising old merchant-bankers is still preserved, and their signatures are full of character.

Argyll Street, already mentioned, next the Black Bull, and removed thither in 1776.

The Argyll Street bank-office wore a very quaint aspect. It had two windows to that street, one on each side of the door, and several in the east end, looking into what is now Glassford Street; all were strongly secured with iron stanchions, not unlike a country jail. On entering the rather dark lobby from Argyll Street, a passage led to the right, at an acute angle, into the business rooms, of which there were two, on opposite sides of this minor passage. The one room looked into Argyll Street, and had a small low counter, behind which stood a teller, with short fustian sleeves above those of his coat, like a grocer's shopman. Here bills were cashed and paid.

The room opposite contained the *élite* of the establishment, and inspired a feeling both of curiosity and awe. Here sat the well-known sagacious bank-chief and able financier, Mr. Robert Carrick, surrounded by his staff. He usually wore an olive-coloured coat, drab breeches, and white stockings. Everything was, as it were, *defended* from the public; and people transacting business had to stand almost on tip-toe to look over the high wooden screen, with a narrow shelf on the top, which separated them from the bank *employees*, and bawl out what was wanted. The space for the public was very small. Here money was lodged and drawn; and a most inconvenient corner it was, for there was no counter where money could be properly handled. It was necessary to place the cash drawn on the little shelf already noticed, and count the parcels of notes, in the crowd, the best way one could. The cashier kept the money for daily use in a small desk, covered with black leather, and every time a cheque was presented and marked, up went the lid of the cashier's desk, which he rested on his brow till he took out the money; down it went again, when the party was served; and this operation continued during business hours incessantly. I remember the faces of most of the old staff distinctly, forty years ago. In fact, after seeing them once it was not easy to forget. They made a profound impression on both old and young, from the solemnity of aspect, queer dress, quick, sharp rejoinders, &c. When it was necessary to speak confidentially with Mr Carrick, he beckoned the way to another room, opening off the left side of the street lobby, where a principal clerk sat alone, writing up the London and

Edinburgh accounts, and other strictly private matters. This functionary went out till the conference was over, and then resumed his duties. The bank was closed an hour in the forenoon for refreshment, during which Mr Carrick visited the mercantile concerns of which he was a partner. It was a rule that the youngest apprentice slept within the bank all night, as a protection !\*

Mr Carrick lived above stairs ; but had also a country house at Mount Vernon. The approach to the bank house, was round at the back of the tenement ; but Mr Carrick had a private entrance at the end of the bank lobby. In rear of the edifice, was a large open space reaching up Glassford Street, as far as the present Post Office. A high brick wall enclosed this space from the street, within which were generally a number of hay stacks, belonging to Mr Carrick. To conclude this episode, the Ship Bank office continued in the old-fashioned tenement in Argyll Street, till it was pulled down in the summer of 1825, when the establishment was removed to new and more commodious premises, built after Mr Carrick's death, on the west side of Glassford Street, within the vacant space already alluded to, and now the Commercial Hotel.†

Reverting to the period of the building of the Black Bull in 1758, seven tenements, of four storeys each, in flats, were soon after erected in the space between Provost Dunlop's mansion before alluded to, and the head of Stockwell. One of these was built by James Graham, the Black Bull landlord. Most of these "lands" still exist, and may be recognised by their antique aspect, and the rows of chequered stones with which the corners are ornamented, a feature common to many edifices of the same era, in this and other parts of the town. The tenement still standing at the south-west corner of Virginia Street, and intended to harmonize, in its architectural outline, with the Black Bull, was built about 1761, by John Robertson, a wright, on ground acquired by him from George Buchanan, Esq., of Mount Vernon. The "Wester Gait" gradually filled up with tenements, in flats, erected principally by wrights and builders, on speculation, though several gentlemen, following the example of Provosts Murdoch

\* One of these ancient apprentices and bank-protectors is still alive, a fine intelligent old gentleman, aged upwards of four score.

† *Vide* farther particulars about this, and other old Glasgow banks, in *Glasgow: Past and Present*.

and Dunlop, erected along the line town-mansions for their own exclusive residence.

One remarkably fine specimen of these street-mansions stood at the south-east corner of what is now Queen Street, with a garden, and belonged to John M'Call, Esq., "Virginia merchant." Another, which I well remember, stood nearly opposite, close to the north-east corner of Maxwell Street, a little way back, with a parterre, iron railing, and gateway in front. This fine old edifice was the town-house of Mr. Houston, of Jordanhill. In common parlance, these gentlemen's houses were distinguished from the "flats," by the very odd phrase, "self-contained," perpetuated to the present day.

A number of the closes derive their names from those of the original proprietors or builders of the "flats" or "lands" along the street,—such as Moodie's Court, Buchanan's Court, Turner's, Craig's, Adam's, Morrison's Courts, &c. The tenements themselves generally shared the appellation. One of these may be selected as a specimen, viz., "Shortridge's Land." This tenement still exists, at the north-west corner of Dunlop Street, next the Buck's Head. It was built in 1761 by Bailie John Shortridge. This bustling old magistrate was a great improver of Argyll Street. He built the "land" just mentioned on speculation; but, with an apparently profound knowledge of the queerish habits of the burghers within the old city, he laudably resolved to introduce a code of rules and regulations, reformatory thereof, within the extensive jurisdiction of his own four-storey land in the New Town. His zeal took effect in the new title-deeds granted by him to purchasers. It is rather instructive to read the worthy man's views on reformation, guided, as he seems to have been, by the excellent principle that prevention is better than cure. For example, it was solemnly provided by Bailie John Shortridge, that people are "not to fix any broads or boxes without the kitchen windows, either for throwing out of water, or any nestiness, or dropping of bottles, the fowl water being to be conveyed from the kitchen, in the said tenement, by a lead pipe; no nestiness or water shall be thrown out at any of the widows" [he had evidently been in Edinburgh], "nor shall any carpets or floor-cloaths be shaken or cleaned over any of the fore-windows looking to Argyll Street, but shall be cleaned over the pass-windows, under the penalty of five shillings for each transgression. The

dung or fulzie to be made in the tenement is to be carried to the middenstead belonging to the land, and to be laid down thereon ;” but it was then to become the exclusive property of the bailie, who, on his part, “ undertakes to keep the midden decent, by carrying away the contents four times each year, or oftener, if needful !”

Perhaps this was the first time that such prohibitions appeared in Glasgow title-deeds, and the catalogue evinces considerable ingenuity.

The style of the flats appears in the following advertisement by Shortridge, in the *Glasgow Journal* of April, 1766 :—“ Two stories of that large tenement of land newly built by John Shortridge, on the south side of Argyll Street, each story consisting of a kitchen and eight fire-rooms, with closets to most of the rooms, and two large cellars and a garret to each storey, to be sold unfinished, that the purchasers may finish them to their own liking. The rooms and presses are all well lighted, the braces and bed-places well disposed, two rooms in each storey have private doors from the stair-head, for writing-rooms or kitchens” [a flattering conjunction of lawyers and cooks], “ and each story is laid out so as to serve two families, if needful. Several of the rooms are large, and the roof high, and at the head of the closs there is a private well, with very fine soft water.”\*

The New Town flats became occupied by a very respectable class of citizens, and, when sold, brought in general good and increasing prices. Thus, in “ Shortridge’s Land,” before referred to, the second floor was sold by the bailie, in 1771, to Robert Barclay, of Capelrig, writer in Glasgow, at the price of £854. After residing in it twelve years, he died, and the testamentary trustees of this well-known and most respectable old lawyer, consisting of William Mure, Esq., of Caldwell, and others, sold the flat to Mr Peter Blackburn, merchant, grandfather to the present chairman of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, who removed thither from a flat in King Street, and resided there nearly twenty years. The same floor was sold again, in 1804, to Mr. Mathew Taylor, writer, son of the then Principal of Glasgow College, for

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\* Bailie Shortridge was father of Mr. J. Spreull, senior, long the City Chamberlain, the surname having been changed on occasion of Mr. Shortridge succeeding to an entailed property in Trongate, on which “ Spreull’s Land ” was afterwards built.

£1100. In 1810 it passed to Patrick Carnegie and Robert Muirhead, merchants, for £1180, who in two years afterwards re-sold it at the still higher price of £1365.

Finally, it may be said of Argyll Street, that the somewhat uncouth names by which the old suburban road had been designated, were shaken off in the course of the street improvements; and the present more euphonious appellation, which was conferred on it about 1756, in compliment to the ducal family of the west, several of whose members had evinced much interest in the welfare of Glasgow, has for the greater part of a century reigned supreme over this main artery of the first New Town.

## II. VIRGINIA STREET.

This was the first of the New Town streets, branching off Argyll Street, opened to the public. That took place in 1753, very soon after the removal of the West Port, and the erection of the mansions of Provosts Murdoch and Dunlop, noticed in the previous section. Immediately before Virginia Street was laid off, the ground was possessed by a gardener, named Dougal, for raising vegetables. It lay immediately outside of Colonel Macdowall's spacious garden, behind the Shawfield Mansion (now Glassford Street), from which it was separated by a hedge. The boundary on the west was a narrow park belonging to John Miller, maltman; while the Back Cow Lone (now Ingram Street) skirted the three, on the north. At the south end of Dougal's cabbage garden, facing the Wester Gate, was a small thatched house and a small kiln. The whole extended to about two acres.

The *solum* of Virginia Street had belonged to several small proprietors; but a few years previous to the Rebellion of 1745, the whole was bought up by Andrew Buchanan, Esq., of Drumpellier, Provost of Glasgow. His intention was to erect a town-mansion at the upper or north end, similar to that of his friend, Colonel Macdowall, and to lay off the rest of the ground on both sides of a proposed avenue up to the mansion, in plots, for gentlemen's houses. The last part of this plan was, however, commenced first.

Reserving for the site of the intended mansion a large area at the north end of the ground, Mr Buchanan caused the small houses facing the Wester Gate to be removed, a road-way to be formed,

40 feet wide, up the centre of the old cabbage garden, and building-plots marked off on both sides. The road or avenue reached from the Wester Gait up as far as about the point where Wilson Street now branches off. The first ground sold by the provost, in the new street, consisted of two plots, on the east side, to his kinsman, Mr Archibald Buchanan, of Silverbanks, now Auchentorlie. This was in 1753. These plots had each a frontage to the proposed new street of 68 feet; they stretched back 111 feet to the hedge, along Colonel Macdowall's garden; and each contained about 840 square yards. In old papers, dated 1754, the two plots are described as "lying and situated on the east side of that *new street* in the burgh of Glasgow, called Virginia Street."

On the southmost of these plots, Silverbanks built a handsome dwelling-house, with a short double stair in front, projecting beyond the plane of the edifice—a favourite style of approach to Glasgow mansions of the last century. This house was sold eleven years afterwards by Mr Peter Buchanan, the son and heir of Silverbanks, to Sir James Maxwell, of Pollok, Baronet, James Ritchie, Esq., of Busbie, and other partners of the Thistle Bank, and it was occupied by that respectable old company nearly eighty years. The price paid by the bank for the house and plot, in March, 1765, was only £810.

The Thistle Bank had commenced business in the old part of the city, about three years previously, viz., on 3d November, 1761. Sir Walter Maxwell, the original leading partner, died at Pollok, on 29th April, 1762. His place in the bank was supplied by his son, Sir James; the firm being changed to Sir James Maxwell, James Ritchie & Co., and the bank office removed to Virginia Street, in 1764, on occasion of the purchase, from Mr Peter Buchanan, of the house and plot.

The office of the Thistle was very quaint-looking inside. A short double outside stair, with an iron railing, led up to the yellow painted door, which opened in halves, into a darkish square lobby. On turning to the left, an open door revealed the little telling-room. The counter ran parallel with the street, so that the solitary teller stood with his back to the street windows. At each end of the counter were green baise curtains, to conceal what was behind; but a certain *fistling*, occasional hems, and incipient groans, formed reasonable *data* for con-



jecture that human beings were there, though what they were doing was a mystery to the uninitiated. These invisible people were the clerks, busy with the books, whom it was "not convenient" to reveal to the vulgar eye. A little brown box, with a slit, received the bills left for discount. The teller was the only bank spokesman in that room; and a brisk, active body he was. The managers sat in another apartment, opening off the lobby; and one of them was very deaf. This room looked into the bank garden behind, and not unfrequently there was a small bouquet of flowers, in a jug with a broken spout, on the mantel-piece. These flowers had a withered look, probably from the heat, for this was the "sweating room." The City of Glasgow Banking office, built after a fine classical model, now occupies the site of this first of the Virginia Street houses.

On the northmost of Mr Archibald Buchanan's two plots, he built another dwelling-house, which he sold to "Dr. Alexander Stevenson, physician." It still stands, and has been, for a great many years, known as the "Old Apothecaries' Hall."

Provost Andrew Buchanan did not live to see his building plans carried out. He was succeeded, in the Virginia Street property, by his son, Mr. George Buchanan, of Mount Vernon, a gentleman of much enterprise. He and his father belonged to the aristocratic class, so well-known to the citizens of last century, as the "Virginia merchants," of scarlet-cloak and cocked-hat notoriety. Both were large importers of tobacco, then a principal feature in the business of Glasgow.

Mr. George Buchanan advertised for sale, in September, 1755, the building plots at the south-east and south-west corners of the new street. They had double fronts to Argyll and Virginia Streets. In the *Glasgow Courant* of February, 1757, the former of these corners is described as "a piece of ground on the west side of Mr Macdowall's lodging, fronting Argyll Street of Glasgow, on the south, and the Virginia Street on the west." It is stated to be "very properly and finely situated for buildings, and will admit of several lodgings or tenements." This lot was purchased by Wm. Macdowall, Esq., the son and successor of Colonel Macdowall. It comprehended the whole space, from the southmost of Mr Archibald Buchanan's two plots, along Virginia Street and round along Argyll Street, as far east as the west wing of the Shawfield Mansion. This piece of ground was re-sold

towards the end of the year following, by Mr Macdowall to the Highland Society, for the erection of the Black Bull, as formerly stated. The opposite, or south-west corner of Virginia Street, was sold, shortly after, by Mr Buchanan to John Robertson, wright; who built thereon, *circa* 1761, the large tenement, in flats, still standing, as already mentioned. The extensive tobacco cellars of Mr Buchanan were situated in rear of Robertson's plot.

At length Mr George Buchanan, probably stimulated by the example of the elegant house built in Argyll Street, by his brother-in-law, Provost Colin Dunlop, alluded to in last section, resolved to carry out his father's original design; and accordingly erected a splendid mansion at the upper end of Virginia Street, for his town residence. It faced the south. In front, a large space was left, ornamented with shrubbery, and a wide oval carriage-way led from two porter's-lodges, on opposite sides of the street, to the broad stairs of the mansion. The whole was enclosed by walls, against which were grape, peach, and green-houses, the latter filled with rare plants, some, probably, from Mr. Buchanan's far-distant Virginian estates. The name given to the edifice, was the "Virginia Mansion." Without doubt, it was the most spacious and elegant house then in Glasgow, excepting, perhaps, the adjoining one of Mr Macdowall's.\* The position of the two lodges and the parapet wall, which ran across the street in front of the mansion, was nearly in line with the opening to what is now Wilson Street.

Immediately outside the gates, four plots were given off by Mr. Buchanan to two of his friends, namely, Mr. John Bowman, of Ashgrove, afterwards Provost of Glasgow, and Mr. Alexander Speirs, who subsequently purchased the estate of Elderslie, and was married to Mr. Buchanan's sister, Mary.† Both these gentlemen were Virginia merchants of no small degree. The plots, which they purchased, lay next each other, two being on the west, and two on the east side of the street, directly opposite. The northmost two were those of Mr Speirs. The date of Mr. Bowman's acquisition, was 14th May, 1754, and of Mr. Speirs',

\* See farther particulars of its history, by the writer of these notes, in *Glasgow: Past and Present*, under the title of "The Virginia Mansion."

† Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Speirs are in the directors' room of the Merchants' House, the lady and her daughters having made a very handsome bequest to that institution.

26th March, 1760. These four plots filled up the gap between the steadings before referred to, belonging to Silverbanks, and the south retaining-wall of the Virginia Mansion shrubbery. The two plots acquired by Mr Speirs, measured 1883 square yards; each had a frontage of 100 feet; and the price of both was £141 4s. 6d.

Dwelling-houses, something in the style of the antique edifices still lingering in Miller Street, were built by Mr. Bowman and Mr. Speirs, on their *westmost* plots. Those opposite were left unbuilt for many years, being reserved as gardens, and to preserve the pleasant view from the windows eastward, which reached all the way to the Candleriggs, and included the fine gardens behind the Shawfield mansion and Hutcheson's Hospital. The subdivisions in Virginia Street, and the arrangements of the adjoining properties, are well exhibited on Barry's old map of Glasgow in 1780.

In the course of years, many changes took place in the ownership of these properties. Mr. Buchanan's fine mansion, and the houses of Mr. Bowman and Mr. Speirs have been demolished; both sides of the street built up, with tenements for places of business; and the whole aspect of the locality altered. A hasty survey of some of these changes is probably worth while.

Mr. George Buchanan died on the 20th of July, 1762, and was succeeded by his son, Andrew, a minor. In 1770, this young gentleman, with consent of his mother, Mrs. Lillias Dunlop, who was life-rented in the Virginia Mansion, and of his paternal and maternal uncles, Mr. James Buchanan, of Drumpellier, and Mr. Colin Dunlop, of Carmyle, sold the mansion to his uncle-in-law, Mr. Alex. Speirs, before alluded to, who made it his residence during many years. He left it to his son, Mr. Peter Speirs, under the burden of his mother, Mrs. Mary Buchanan's life-rent. It was subsequently sold to Mr. James Dunlop, of Garnkirk; and after passing through a variety of intermediate owners, and being occupied successively as a ladies' boarding school, counting-houses, and lawyers' chambers, it became the property of the Glasgow and Ship Bank, by which company it was demolished in 1842; and the present spacious office of the Union Bank of Scotland erected on its site.

When Mr. Speirs purchased the Virginia mansion, he sold the minor house and both his plots, to Mr. George Oswald, of Scotstoun, another Virginia *Don*. The price of both house and ground,

was £1600. The eastmost plot is described in the conveyance, as "the little garden" opposite the house. This was in June, 1770. Mr. Oswald possessed the house and garden twenty-three years. In 1793, he sold both to Mr. John Dunlop, of Rosebank, merchant in Glasgow.

Four years after Mr. Dunlop had acquired the garden-plot, he sold the north half to Mr. Robert Brown, and the southmost half to Henry Hardie & Co., manufacturers in Glasgow.\* By this time Mr. Dunlop had removed to Borrowstounness, as collector of customs there. Wilson Street had also been laid off, through Provost Bowman's garden plot immediately adjacent. Hardie & Co. were taken bound to lay a pavement along the south side of their purchase, which skirted the north side of what is now Wilson Street. They seem to have bought the ground merely on speculation, for they did not build; but after holding it as a garden for three years, Hardie & Co. sold their half of the original plot in 1800, to Mr. John Leckie, writer. In the summer of that year, he built the tenement, still standing, at the north-west corner of Wilson and Virginia Streets, now the office of the National Security Savings' Bank. Mr. Leckie also sold to Mr. James Graham, jun., cotton yarn merchant (commonly called "Veracity"), a steading of the unbuilt portion facing Wilson Street, and in rear of the new corner house, on which Mr. Graham built the two-storey edifice still standing, in which he lived many years. Beyond Mr. Graham's, was the house of Dr. Gibson, father of the present surgeon of prisons.

Following out the history of the house at the corner of Wilson and Virginia Streets, Mr. Leckie sold it in 1811, to Mr. Henry Glassford, of Dougalston (son of Mr. John Glassford, the great Virginia merchant, after whom Glassford Street is named), and Provost James M'Kenzie, of Craigpark. The price was £1990. In 1815, these gentlemen sold it to Messrs. Campbell, Rivers, & Co., the partners of which were Messrs. Richard Denniston, Colin Campbell, and George Scheviz. The price was £2500, being a

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\* The well-known Mr. Robert Carrick, banker, was a partner of this firm. He was son of the Rev. Robert Carrick, minister of Houston, who died there, 1st May, 1771, at a great age. The other partners of Henry Hardie & Co., were John Brown, of Langfine, Nicol Brown, Henry Hardie, and John Berry. When the Ship Bank was shut, during an hour every forenoon, it was Mr. Carrick's practice to go to the place of business of Hardie & Co., and other firms in which he was a partner, and examine the books, &c.

rise of £510 in four years. The house was again sold in 1820, to Messrs. George and Robert Denniston & Co., of which firm the partners were Messrs. James Buchanan, younger, of Ardenconnel, Alexander M'Grigor, Richard Denniston, James Robert Denniston, and Robert Denniston. The trustees of that firm sold the house in 1828, to the Paisley Bank for £2700; and the Glasgow office of that old banking company was removed thither, from the small flat in Trongate, opposite the Tontine—a very decided improvement.\* The well-known Mr James M'Queen, editor of the *Courier*, negotiated this purchase for the bank. Again, when the old Paisley Bank was amalgamated with the British Linen Company, about 1838, the Virginia Street office of the former, became the property of the latter; but as the British had an office of their own in Queen Street, they sold the one in Virginia Street, the year after, to the Glasgow Insurance Company for £3000; being £500 more than the bank took it over at, the year before. This insurance company, being short-lived, parted with the house in 1842, to the City of Glasgow Bank, which had its first office there, under the management of Mr. Henry Paul, brother of the late manager of the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh. Lastly, the City Bank sold the house in 1851, to the present owners, the trustees for the National Security Savings' Bank.

Thus, since Mr. Leckie built this Virginia Street house in 1800, it has changed owners nine times; and sixteen times since old Provost Andrew Buchanan acquired the *solum* of it, as a kail yard, about one hundred and fourteen years ago.

I well recollect the general aspect of Virginia Street, more than forty years since, when at College, and attending the writing academy of the well-known Mr. John Sanderson, an Englishman, whose name, I have no doubt, will still be remembered by many an old pupil, in his then large school. The class-rooms of Mr.

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\* The entrance to the old Paisley Bank office in Trongate, was by a narrow dark close. The stair was equally so, and people had to grope their way up, the best way they could. I was often in that bank, when articulated to a lawyer, with large sums of money; and having a wholesome dread of the fate of Begbie, I used to accelerate my steps up and down the dismal bank entry, as much as possible. Another dreary office, not far off, was that of the Falkirk Bank, in a close on the north side of the Gallowgate, next the well-known jewellery shop of Mitchell & Russell, then the most fashionable of the kind in Glasgow. To enliven this last office, there was a respectable canary in a cage, which sang most melodiously, unconscious of the sometimes queer scenes below. Old Colonel Walker, of the "Grocer Corps," used to "sit on the bills" there, with his huge jack boots, and rubicund countenance. He, moreover, chewed tobacco.

Sanderson were near the bottom of Virginia Street, west side, where, long afterwards, Messrs. Watsons, the National, and the Union Banks, had successively their offices. At the time I speak of, the boys from College used to come down in troops to Mr. Sanderson's, after having drawled through, with no particular relish, but smartened by old Professor Richardson's threepenny and six-penny fines (so particularly inconvenient), the dreary readings in Livy, Cicero, Horace, Tacitus, and other *favourites* of the shinty-players.\* We came down along "Bell's Wynd" and Wilson Street, paying flying visits to the biscuit-shops, and on our arrival at Virginia Street, there used to be quite a commotion in that quiet locality, from the pranks of the liberated and noisy College *juniores*. The street was dull and dreary in these days, and, in that respect, is not much changed now. There was no outlet then at the top, except on the west side of the Virginia Mansion, by a very narrow passage, scarcely allowing two persons to pass. A favourite amusement of the boys was leaping from the great broad stairs of that fine old mansion, on the cotton bags, then often lying on the street, in front, and trying how many steps could be cleared at a bound. Where "Virginia Buildings" and the archway to Miller Street now are, was then occupied by several dreary-looking two-storey houses, the windows thickly encrusted with dust, and well bespattered by many a swirling shower. They seemed never to have been subjected to the inconvenience of a glazier's wipe, and imparted a peculiarly desolate look. The Excise Office was beside them, the entrance to which was by a huge red-painted wooden gate, and we used to see "the gaugers" taking "seized stills" in through the (to us) forbidden door, and not unfrequently a smuggler also. Below the Excise

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\* The name of Professor William Richardson cannot be mentioned by any of his old students, without sentiments of high respect. He was an accomplished scholar, kind and considerate as an instructor, and one of the most amiable of men. The Professor was a native of Aberfoyle, of which parish his father was minister. In early life he was secretary to Lord Cathcart during his embassy to the Court of Russia, and resided several years at St. Petersburg, in the reign of Catherine. On his return to this country, in 1773, Mr. Richardson was appointed Professor of Humanity in Glasgow College, and he occupied that chair till his death, on 3d November, 1814, at the age of seventy-two. In society he possessed very felicitous conversational powers, and very fascinating manners. He is prominently alluded to in *Cyril Thornton*. His remains were attended to the grave by great numbers of his old students, who revered the memory of this most worthy man. An excellent likeness forms the frontispiece to a volume of his poems and plays, printed at Edinburgh in 1805.

Office was a small stripe of green (exactly opposite the old Thistle Bank, now the site of the City Bank office), rented by a dyer. This man had all sorts of dyed garments hung up to dry on stretchers—men's coats in particular—and many a set-to the boys and this blue-faced renovator had, for their zeal to accelerate the drying process was great, and evinced itself in making the resuscitated apparel perform the most violent and lofty gyrations, with untiring industry, though the result was by no means satisfactory to the crabbed cleanser, whose notions on drying differed to some extent from those of his juvenile tormentors. Next came Mr. Sanderson's school, and immediately adjoining, the large upholstery warehouse of Mr. Reid, which was consumed by fire, and many lives lost by the falling of the roof. Mr. Reid's premises also faced Argyll Street, where, I think, Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead, the undertakers, have now their office.

The Black Bull court-yard was, in these days, a notable place. It formed the favourite arena for settling all "affairs of honour" among the boys, and had the advantage of a pump-well for washing the bloody-noses. Seldom a day passed but two or three battles took place there, "*owre the bonnet*," several of these "shines" going on at once. I well remember one memorable tussle there. A big lad, from a neighbouring school, who went by the name of "Nick," challenged the whole of us, time about. We accepted, and several throwing aside their red gowns, "*squared*," and made the onset, one after the other, each getting a hearty thrashing, and the pump-well being in active use. But at last, a little boy, son of General L., who had some "science," retrieved our tarnished fame, and gave "Nick" such a drubbing, that we were never more molested by him. One of the boys who "held the bonnet" on this occasion, was the late amiable author of *The Philosophy of Sleep*, and other works, besides numerous amusing papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the signature of "A Modern Pythagorean," &c. The other boy became a judge in India, distinguished by a profound knowledge of Eastern languages, and died on the voyage home, after a very extended residence in that far-distant clime. Poor "Nick" was killed at the sanguinary battle of Moodkee, in the Punjaub war.

Since these early days, nearly the whole west side of Virginia Street has been demolished, and large tenements erected on the site of the old houses. Perhaps the greatest improvement is the

spacious range of tenements named "Virginia Buildings," and the thoroughfare to Miller Street. These buildings occupy the site of what was Provost Bowman's residence, and the minor one of Mr. Speirs, both already noticed. Mr. Bowman's house was sold after his misfortunes, in 1798, by Mr. Walter Ewing M'Lae, of Cathkin, the trustee, to Mr. John Lang, writer in Glasgow, many years Dean of Faculty. Both it and Mr. Speirs' former house subsequently became the property (in 1808 and 1816 respectively) of Messrs. Findlay, Duff, and Co., merchants, the partners of which were—Mr. Richard Denniston, Mr. Colin M'Lauchlan, Mr. James Buchanan, jun., now of Craigends, Mr. Robert Findlay, of Easterhill, and Mr William Duff, in Liverpool. Virginia Buildings were erected by that extensive and highly respectable firm, *circa* 1817; and as Mr. Findlay's individual property behind extended westward to Miller Street, the present line of communication between the two streets was opened through the combined grounds at the same time, to the great convenience of the public.

### III. MILLER STREET.

The *solum* of this fine old street, and of the antique town-mansions on both sides, which belonged to the Glasgow aristocracy, in days long gone past, forms another *traverse* of the Langcroft, and extends to about two acres. In the early part of the reign of Charles I., ere Cromwell had drawn his sword, the proprietors of nearly the half of this ground, were two sisters, quaintly named, in the old papers, "Jonet and Peggie Watsons," who held it, jointly, with John Robertson, a merchant of some note in these days. "Two riggs" more belonged to "John Smith, notar,"—thereafter to Andrew Spreull, and John Spreull, of Milton; and the remainder, to an old Glasgow family named Reid, ancestors of the intelligent gentleman who writes so ably under the well-known signature of *Senex*.

On the 20th November, 1647, the two ancient maidens above mentioned sold their *pro indiviso* interest in "the Langcroft Riggs" to John Woodrow, younger, maltman in Glasgow; and on 27th February, 1701, he acquired from the heirs of John Robertson the share held by the latter. Again, on 13th May, 1703, Mr. John Spreull sold to Mr. Woodrow the two riggs belonging to



him, lying alongside. These purchases of Woodrow's extended to six roods.

On 25th September, 1749, Mr. John Miller was served heir to his grandfather, John Woodrow, before noticed, and became formally invested in these Langcroft patches by two instruments of sasine, dated respectively the 27th October, 1749, and 19th July, 1757. A few years afterwards, Mr. Miller purchased from Mr. John Reid two additional roods of ground, to secure the property which he inherited from Mr. Woodrow, and thus became exclusive owner of the whole area of what is now Miller Street.

When the succession thus opened to Mr. Miller in 1749 (four years after the Rebellion), he found that his neighbour on the east side of the Langcroft Riggs was Provost Andrew Buchanan, the projector of Virginia Street, and that a group of small vegetable gardens, belonging to different owners, lay along the west march. Where Mr. Miller's ground faced St. Enoch's Gait, there was, and had been, from the time of the two spinsters Watson, a malt-kiln and a barn. These lay between two small properties, both belonging to Mr. Reid, already alluded to, who was also a maltman. That on the east consisted of a very quaint-looking thatched farm-house of one storey, which stood a short way back from, and looked to, the highway, with two barns flanking it at right angles, thus forming a recess in front of the house, where cows were milked. This humble domicile remained till near the close of last century; and a drawing of it is preserved in *Stuart's Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times*. The large four-storey land facing the Buck's Head now stands on the site. Then, on the west front, Mr. Reid had a malt-kiln and thatched barn joining Mr. Miller's, with a small piece of ground behind, which reached back as far as what is now the Water Company's office in Miller Street.

Such was the chain of ancient proprietors, and such the aspect of the locality, destined not long after to be transformed from corn-riggs into one of the most aristocratic streets in Glasgow.

Mr. Miller was one of the superior class of maltmen, and possessed, in his own right, and as Mr Woodrow's heir, considerable wealth. His brewery was at Grahamston.\* He was proprietor

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\* *Grahamston* originally consisted of six acres of ground, part of the lands of Blythwood Holm, which were given off by Mr. Colin Campbell, of Blythwood, to Mr. John

of the small estate of Westerton, in the parish of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire,\* and of various heritable subjects in Glasgow, besides the stripe of ground in the Langcroft, now under consideration. He was, moreover, a Glasgow bailie.

Following the example of Provosts Murdoch and Dunlop, Mr. Miller resolved to erect a new-town mansion for his own residence, facing St. Enoch's Gait, and accordingly built, *circa* 1754, a handsome edifice at the south end of his Langcroft Riggs. It was of two storeys, with a sunk-floor, and entered from Argyll Street, by the then favourite double flight of steps placed at right angles with the south plane or front of the house. The corners and pinnacles were ornamented with stone-vases, in the style of the antique mansions still lingering in the vicinity.

This town-house of Mr. Miller occupied a large portion of his front-ground, which was narrower at the south end than farther up. A passage was, however, left along the west gable, to allow access to the offices and garden behind, which last reached all the way back to what is now Ingram Street, called in the old Miller Street papers, "the Candleridge Lone." That part of the garden nearest the house was laid off in ornamental flower-plots, and towards the upper end there was a small orchard. A stone-dyke stood across the north end of the ground, and shut in Mr. Miller's apple-garden from the then lonely bye-road (now busy Ingram Street); while hedges ran down the east and west sides, between Mr Buchanan's property and the group of small proprietors in what is now Queen Street.

This description was supplied to me many years ago by old people, who quite well remembered the antique aspect of the locality.

When Mr. Miller built his house, the idea of a street through the ground had not occurred to him. He continued to reside in his Argyll Street mansion a number of years. At length, prompted by the attempts then making to extend the town, and probably

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Graham, of Dougalstown; and march-stones were put down, under an agreement between them, dated 18th November, 1709. Mr Graham proceeded to feu off these six acres, and gave his own name to the whole; hence "Grahamston." He was an advocate. Mr. Miller's grandfather was one of the early Grahamston feuars, and built a brewery on part of it, to which Mr Miller succeeded.

\* Westerton was anciently known as the five merk land of old extent, of Blair-whoish and Dumbain, and lay originally in the parish of Kilmarnock, but latterly disjoined into Bonhill.

more immediately by Mr. Buchanan's example in opening up Virginia Street, Mr. Miller resolved to devote his garden to a similar purpose. With this view, he employed Mr. James Barrie, the well-known land-surveyor of last century, who lived in "Carsbasket's Land," Gallowgate, and whose excellent map of the old city and suburbs affords many curious points of comparison at the present day, to prepare a plan. This was about 1761. The street was to run from Argyll Street, northwards, to the Back Cow Lone. Barrie suggested a much wider line than met Mr. Miller's views, who very much disliked the surveyor's idea of taking down his elegant mansion entirely. Mr. Miller, perhaps naturally enough, thought it extravagant not only to demolish his comfortable and only recently-built house, but eventually to gift to the public so much ground besides. He compromised the point with Barrie, and came to the somewhat strange decision of cutting his house in two, the westmost half to be demolished and thrown into the proposed line, while a new face should be given to the other half, so that it should front, and enter from, the new street. This was an unlucky decision. It spoilt Barry's design, and is the cause of the narrowness of this now important artery of communication.

Mr. Miller's idea was to make a street of gentlemen's houses, "self-contained," and built according to certain rules calculated to insure amenity. There were to be twenty-four building-plots. Each house was to consist of a half-sunk and two square storeys, but nothing higher. No gables, chimneys, or "corbie-steps," were to face the street. The houses were to be entered by front doors, and a flight of steps projected on the intended pavement. The entrances to the courts and offices behind were, in the case of the houses on the east side of the street, to run along the north end of each house; while those on the west side were to be along the south. No shops and no business disagreeable to Mr. Miller and the other feuars permitted. In the first instance, the street was to be kept private; it was not to be opened at the top; but Mr. Miller agreed to allow to his feuars alone the privilege, in common with himself, of getting out and in, to and from, the Back Cow Lone, through a door in the dyke across the north end, till he should think fit to throw that end open to the public. These conditions accordingly appear in the old title-deeds.\*

\* At that time, the Back Cow Lone did not, at its western end, run into what is now Queen Street, in a straight line. From the point where the east side-wall of the Union

Mr. Miller's next step was to announce his street scheme publicly, and this he did in the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Glasgow Journal* of January, 1762:—

“A new street to be opened, from Argyll Street to the Candle-ridge Loan. The whole breadth of the ground is 224 foot; the length is 725 foot. The breadth proposed for the street is 45 or 50 foot wide; each steading to be 55 foot in front. Whoever wants to purchase steadings in said street, may apply to John Miller, maltman in Glasgow, who will shew the plan, and agree to terms.”

The street was named after Mr. Miller himself. In the meantime, he did not demolish his house, but waited to see how the new street would take. It was a long time, however, before any of the plots were sold. A prejudice took root against the street, as it was thought too far out of town! The first person who purchased a plot was Mr. Archibald M'Creddie, merchant in Glasgow. In *Jones' Glasgow Directory* for 1789, he is quaintly designated, “English merchant.” This gentleman was originally from Galloway, went to Manchester, and thence came to Glasgow, where he carried on business many years, under the firm of M'Creddie and Kaley. The plot he selected in Miller Street was No. 3, on the east side, now forming the site of the north wing of the Western Bank's buildings. The date of this purchase was 2d December, 1771. The contents of the plot were 591 yards; frontage, 60 feet. The price, £132 19s. 6d., or at the rate of four shillings and sixpence per square yard. In the conveyance to Mr. M'Creddie, Mr. Miller obliged himself “to take down and remove, betwixt and the — day of June, 1772, his new tenement of land in which he presently lives, lying on the north side of Argyll Street, and on the south side of the foresaid yeard, and to open a street of the breadth of 38 feet or 39 feet to the steading now disposed, and the other steadings laid off in the

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Bank presently is, westward, there was an awkward elbow, or bend, inclining to the north-west, which brought “the Lone,” at its western junction with Queen Street, up as far as the mouth of what is St. Vincent Place. This curve consequently removed the line in a corresponding degree north from the top of Miller Street, and from the present straight line of Ingram Street, opposite the Royal Exchange. The old curve is well seen on M'Arthur's map of 1778. It was then in contemplation, however, to straighten the Back Cow Lone, and this was subsequently accomplished, by Mr. Miller, and the other proprietors of ground within the curve, consenting to have the ancient course altered, and a new line carried straight through their respective grounds.

foresaid yeard, and that, ay and until a gaval and dyke on the south-west end of the said intended street (to the half whereof I have right) be taken down, and then the entry to the steading from Argyll Street shall be of the breadth of 40 feet."

Thereafter, the plots were gradually sold. A marked preference seems, however, to have been given to those on the east side of the street. The steadings on the west stood many years unpurchased, after those opposite had been completely built up.

It would be tedious to enter upon the history of each steading, though some rather interesting features might be presented from the old papers. Without, therefore, taking up every one of the fine old houses which once raised their fronts so proudly, and whose architectural aspect yet commands a certain degree of admiration, the following running commentary may suffice:—

Plot 1. South-east corner of Miller and Argyll Streets. On this plot stood the residence of Mr. Miller. After a few steadings had been disposed of, he carried out his design, by cutting the Argyll Street house into two, and building a front to Miller Street. It was inferior, however, in appearance and otherwise to the original. Here Mr. Miller lived till his death, *circa* 1790. He died a rich man. By his settlement, he assigned this house, first to his widow, Mrs. Christian Park; thereafter to his daughter, Mrs. Marion Miller, relict of Mr. James Alston, merchant in Glasgow, in life-rent; and he left the fee of this Miller Street mansion and all his other property, to his grandson, Mr. John Alston, jun.; besides a legacy of £1000 to Mr. William Alston, who stood in the same degree of relationship to him.

In this house Mr. John Alston also lived many years.\* After his death, the lower part was converted into places of business;† and, latterly, in 1838, the whole edifice was purchased by the Western Bank of Scotland, from the late Mr. William Kippen, of Busby, son-in-law of Mr. Alston. Mr. Miller's old mansion was, last of all, used as a temporary office for the Western Bank,

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\* Alston Street, in Grahamston, was named after this grandson of Mr. Miller.

† Stubbs, a fashionable English clothier, long occupied the main part of the first floor, entering from Miller Street; while, underneath, a portly and well-known barber, named Campbell, shaved for a penny, in a domicile, to which his customers dived from the Argyll Street pavement, at sight of the brazen symbol which dangled over the door. After a time, both tailor and barber were abolished from the premises, and the interior converted into a spacious shop, entering from Argyll Street, with cellars below.

while their present premises were building on the next plot; and finally pulled down by the bank, and the new corner tenement erected on the site in 1840.

Plot 2. Now the Western Bank. This steading was acquired from Mr. Miller in 1776, by Mr. George Ferrie, deacon of the wrights, and grandfather of Mr. Ferrie, of Blairtummock. He paid for the ground £130. The edifice which the deacon built the year following, was very spacious and intended for a bank, with cashier's residence above. This was the Glasgow Arms Bank, the second oldest monetary establishment then in the city, having been established in November, 1750.\* The original partners were thirty in number, and included some of the principal and most influential merchants.† The bank commenced business in

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\* The starting of this bank was announced in the *Glasgow Courant*, of 5th November, 1750, thus :—

“ Advertisement.

“ That the banking office of Andrew Cochran, Provost John Murdoch and Company, bankers in Glasgow, is to be opened on Tuesday, the 6th day of November, 1750, at the house of Laurence Scott, their cashier, the 2d storey of Mr. Smith's land, near the foot of the Saltmarket, Glasgow, where attendance will be given every lawful day, excepting Saturday, from ten to twelve in the forenoon, and from three to five in the afternoon, and on Saturday from nine to eleven in the forenoon; and the company have lodged in the hands of John M'Gilchrist, town clerk of Glasgow, their joint obligation for the due payment of their notes, in order to be registrated in the Town Court books of Glasgow.

The notes bore the town's arms, and were very neatly engraved.

† The following are the names of the original partners, viz., Messrs. Andrew Cochran, Provost John Murdoch, George Murdoch, James Johnston, James Donald, Andrew Ramsay, William Crawford, sen., William Crawford, jun., Robert Scott, sen., George Carmichael, Robert Christie, Thomas Dunmoor, Archibald Ingram, John Coats, John Jamieson, James Ritchie, John Murdoch, sen., John Bowman, Archibald Buchanan, Laurence Dinwiddie, John Brown, James Smellie, John Hamilton, sen., John Glassford, James Spreull, Andrew Blackburn, and Mathew Bogle, all merchants in Glasgow, John Blackstock, collector of his Majesty's excise at Glasgow, Robert Finlay, tanner in Glasgow, Robert Barbour, weaver there, and John Wardrop, writer there. *Vide* the original bond by these persons, obliging themselves, as partners of the bank, to pay the notes, dated 1st and 29th November, 1750, and recorded in the Town Court books of Glasgow, the same year.

Mr. Cochran and Mr. Murdoch, the senior partners, were brothers-in-law, the former having married the sister of the latter. Each were Provosts of Glasgow three times. Mr. Cochran held that office in 1745, when the rebel army visited Glasgow. His spirited conduct and great exertions in obtaining from Government a recognition, though tardy, of the town's claims for indemnification, and other interesting points in his history, are recorded in the *Cochran Correspondence*, printed for the Maitland Club, and edited by the late Mr. James Denniston, of Denniston. Provost Cochran died in 1777, aged 84; and a very beautiful monument, in white marble, with a suitable Latin inscription, forms a prominent object at the west end of the nave of Glasgow Cathedral. His brother-in-law and co-partner, Mr. John Murdoch, was the son of Mr Peter Murdoch, who had been formerly Provost. When the bank began, Mr. John Murdoch was Pro-

the second floor of a tenement, called "Smith's Land," near the bottom of the Saltmarket; but removed to a house in King Street, immediately below Princes Street, still standing, *circa* 1759. The first social firm was Cochran, Murdoch, & Co., which was subsequently changed several times; the particulars of which will be found in the previous volume of *Glasgow: Past and Present*. But having resolved to remove to the new town, Miller Street was selected in 1778. The then partners purchased from Deacon Ferrie, the new house above noticed, and transferred the bank thither. The price was £1340.

The last cashier of the Arms Bank was Mr. John Robertson, who lived above the office. His house was spacious and admirably planned. The dining room had three windows, and the drawing room two, looking to Miller Street. Both were decorated in fine antique taste; the walls of the former being ornamented with bunches of grapes and other devices; and the latter with festoons of flowers, and landscapes painted within raised ovals on the pannellings, a favourite fashion in the olden time. Massive balustrades of black mahogany, flanked the polished, broad, oaken stairs, leading to the suite of apartments. Behind, were a large court, coach-house, and offices, through the first of which was the entrance to the inner door of the cashier's residence, the whole protected from the street by a huge gate, which would have formed no bad defence to a fortlet.

In 1794, this fine old edifice was sold for £1620, to the great Glasgow firm of Messrs. Alexander Houston & Co., the partners of which were Mr. William Macdowall, of Garthland, Mr. Andrew Houston, of Jordanhill, Mr. Robert Houston Rae, of Little Govan, and Mr. James Macdowall, merchant, Glasgow. They did not, however, retain it long, but parted with the house in the end of the year following, to Mr. John Smith, merchant, who resided there many years. His son, Mr. James Smith, of Craigend, sold it to Messrs. James Black & Co., in the spring of 1817; and they again to the Bank of Scotland in November of that year, at the price of £3150. This parent of the Scottish banks, removed its Glasgow office from Queen Street, where it

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voet, and his town residence, now the Buck's Head Inn, had just been finished. One of the other partners of the Arms Bank, was the princely merchant, Mr. John Glassford, then of Whitehill, whose name alone was a passport for the bank to public favour.

had long been, to the Miller Street house, where their business was transacted upwards of thirteen years. Lastly, the edifice was sold by the Court of Directors, at a considerable advance of price, to the Western Bank of Scotland; which establishment, after greatly improving the interior, had its first office in the premises in 1832. But at the end of seven years, being found inconvenient, the Western Bank pulled down the old mansion of 1778, and erected, in 1840, on the site its present spacious office.\*

Plot 3 has been already alluded to, in speaking of Mr. M'Creddie. Soon after his purchase in the winter of 1771, he built a spacious house on this plot, very similar, in architectural design, to Mr. Miller's. It stood seventy-five years, and was removed in 1846 by the Western Bank of Scotland, to make room for part of the edifice now belonging to that establishment. During this long period, the house changed owners thirteen times; and it seems worth while to record, as a piece of local statistics, in a foot-note, the names of the successive proprietors of this first of the Miller Street mansions, other than Mr. Miller himself.† Thirty years ago, the lower portion was occupied by the Stamp Office.

Plot 4 was taken off by Mr. William Tait, of the firm of William and Walter Tait, a great American house, which failed at the outbreak of the Transatlantic colonial War, for an immense

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\* When the Bank of Scotland left Miller Street, they went to the premises now occupied by them in Ingram Street, built on the site of the old Star Inn.

† The following parties were successively owners of the first house built in Miller Street, viz. :—

1. Mr. Archibald M'Creddie, from 1771 till 1798.
2. Mr. James Monteith, jun., merchant, from January, 1798, till August, 1801.
3. Mr. John Monteith, manufacturer, eldest brother of No. 2, from 2d till 22d September, 1801.
4. Mr. Henry Monteith, manufacturer (afterwards of Carstairs), from 1801 till 1808.
5. Mr. Robert M'Nair, of Belvidere, merchant, from 1808 till January, 1811.
6. Mr. Alexander Campbell, merchant, from 30th January till 9th December, 1811.
7. Mrs. Helen M'Call, wife of No. 5, from 1811 till 1815.
8. Mr. Thomas Graham, writer in Glasgow (the "Chesterfield," both of the Faculty and of general society), from 1815 till 1820.
9. Messrs. Thomas Graham, Archibald Lethan Cuthill, and James Monteath, writers, and co-partners, from 1820 till 1823.
10. Mr. Archibald L. Cuthill and Mr. James Monteath, writers and co-partners, from 1823 till 1825.
11. Mr. James Robertson, ironmonger, from 1825 till 1828.
12. Mr. John Turner, jun., residing in Glasgow, from 1828 till 15th May, 1840.
13. The Western Bank of Scotland, proprietors since 15th May, 1840.



sum. So astounding was this failure, that when any remarkable event subsequently took place, in the olden time, people were accustomed to exclaim, by way of emphasis—"Ah, nothing like *that* since Tait broke!"

The house on this plot was afterwards the property of Mr. John Barns, of Kirkhill, commonly called, "Jackey Barns," a rich man, whose testamentary trustees sold it, in 1796, to Mr. John Wilson, town clerk, who again conveyed it to Mr. James Hill, writer. His chambers were long in the court behind. It passed from Mr. Hill, in 1809, to Messrs. M'Nab, M'Farlane, and Co., merchants; and again, in 1820, to one of the partners, Mr. Colin M'Naughtan, latterly of Kelvingrove. The house still stands, immediately to the north of the Western Bank buildings, and now belongs to Mr. William Park, residing at Row, Dumbartonshire.

Plot 5 was acquired from Mr. Miller on 12th December, 1771, by Mr. Dougal Buchanan, of Craigievern, who built the house still standing. It is now the oldest in the street. Old Craigievern occupied it, as his town residence, many years, and left it to Mr. David Snodgrass Buchanan, who, in 1812, sold it to the well-known firm of Messrs Graham and Mitchell, writers, by whom, and their successors, it has been occupied as lawyers' chambers, forty-three years.

Plot 6, now possessed on lease by the Suburban Gas Company. The original purchaser of this steading was Mr. Robert Hastie, a very extensive American merchant, who acquired it on 6th May, 1772. He was partner of the firm of Robert and Walter Hastie, which failed for an immense sum, in the olden time. Mr. Hastie did not build, but sold the steading, three years after, to John Craig, wright, who erected the still existing house in 1775. This old tradesman built several other edifices in Miller Street, on speculation, but became unfortunate, and his trustees, consisting of James Lindsay, William Craig, and Michael Bogle, all timber merchants, sold the house now under consideration, in 1780, to Mr. Robert Findlay, merchant, who long resided there. In 1802 he was succeeded by his son, the present Mr. Robert Findlay, of Easterhill, who was born in the house. It was afterwards the property of Mr. Findlay's firm of Messrs. Findlay, Duff, and Co.; subsequently of the Thistle Bank, and now of Misses Brown, of Crossflat, near Paisley.

Plot 7 was acquired by Mr. Walter Stirling, the munificent founder of Stirling's Library. The house was many years the residence of this amiable gentleman, and now belongs to the Library trustees, under his deed of settlement.

Plot 8. The house on this steading has the plainest exterior of any of the old buildings in the street. The steading remained many years blank. It had been acquired from Mr. Miller, in 1777, by Mr. James Jackson, merchant, who, in the year following, conveyed it to Mr. Robert Scott, of Aitkenhead. From him it passed, in 1791, to Maurice Murray, a wright, who built several houses in the street on speculation, and whose workshops were in a back land in the still existing recess on the west side of the street, nearly opposite. It was not till about 1800 that Murray erected the tenement yet standing, and this he did in flats, being the first and only instance in the street, in these days, of that class; but the house was of the same height and external figure prescribed by Mr. Miller at the outset. The street flat and offices were sold by Murray, in April, 1808; to Mrs. Anne Lockhart, described as "relict of the late Honourable Charles Boyd, second son of the deceast . . . . Earl of Kilmarnock."\* Lady Boyd, the year after, conveyed the flat to Mr. Thomas Graham, writer, who resided there many years, and had his writing-chambers behind. It is now the property of Mr. William Smith, of Carbeth. The second floor was sold by Murray to Mr. Robert Gray, jeweller, to whose family it still belongs.

Plot 9 was acquired in May, 1775, from Mr. Miller, by Mr. James M'Call, merchant, who erected the existing edifice, one of the most spacious of the antique mansions in the street. In 1810 it became the property of Messrs. Stewart Smith, and Co., whereof the partners were Mr. Stewart Smith, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Charles Hutcheson. The house afterwards belonged to Mr. Stewart Smith individually, and now to his son. It is at present occupied by the Lancefield Spinning Company.

The remaining plots may be summarily disposed of. One belonged to Mr. John Douglas, father of the gallant Sir Neil Douglas,

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\* Lord Kilmarnock was beheaded on Tower Hill for his share in the Rebellion of 1745. His second son, Charles, was with him at the battle of Culloden, and was one of those gentlemen who retired with "the Prince" to Inverness, on the afternoon of that unhappy day, when a hasty council was held, which ended in the resolution to seek safety in immediate flight.

who fought under Wellington during the whole Peninsular war, nobly led the 79th regiment at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and latterly was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland. The proprietors of other plots were—Mr. Hopkirk, of Dalbeth; Mr. Richard Denniston; Mr. Sommerville, of Farm; the Hon. Colonel George Semple; Mr. Scott, of Aitkenhead; Mr. Alexander Houston, of Jordanhill; Mr. James Alston; Mr. Robert Bogle; Mr. M'Lellan, coach-builder, whose son, the late bailie, left, in 1854, his splendid gallery of paintings to the city of Glasgow; and, lastly, Mr. James Scott, the portly surgeon-dentist commemorated in the Chaldee MS. of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Scott's house stood on the southmost of Mr. Miller's plots, west side of the street, now the office of the Glasgow Water Company.

Many of the houses had small gardens behind, with fine flowering, liliac bushes, shrubs, *geen* and cherry trees, which last were objects of no small interest to the Miller Street juveniles in the days of yore.

Thus much for the chain of old Miller Street owners.

Reverting to the period of the opening of the street, it has been stated that Mr. Miller's original intention was, that it should be closed at the top. He did not wish it to be a thoroughfare for carts, lest the amenity should be affected. Accordingly, when, in January, 1773, Mr. Miller and the other gentlemen who had built houses in the street applied to the magistrates to have it paved and lighted at the public expense, the request was refused, because the street was not a thoroughfare, there being a wall and gate preventing egress at the northern extremity. Mr. Miller, however, having soon after agreed to open the street from one end to the other, and to convey the *solum* to the magistrates as a public highway, they acceded to the petition, and, in the autumn of 1773, Miller Street was causewayed for the first time, and thrown open.

It has been already mentioned that Mr. Miller prohibited the purchasers of the street plots from building above a certain height; but it happened that at the south-west corner another heritor demurred. The ground of this adjacent proprietor reached from what is now the Glasgow Water Company's Office, southwards, to the Wester Gait, and was separated merely by a stone dyke from the lowermost portion of Mr. Miller's street. This neighbour was Robert Galloway, a baker, who perhaps naturally enough

thought that as a new street was forming along his east boundary, it would be a vastly good thing for him to erect a great tenement of four storeys, partly facing and entering from Argyll Street, and partly Miller Street. He therefore commenced operations, early one morning, by demolishing the wall on the west side of the last-named street. But he forgot that the dyke was common property to the owners on either side, and he had reckoned too much on Mr. Miller's forbearance. That gentleman was not a little tenacious of his rights. A furious lawsuit took place before the Dean of Guild Court, between Mr. Miller and the baker. This was in 1788. I have read the pleadings in this old case, some of which are rather queer. The procurator for Mr. Miller was Mr. John Wilson; while the baker was defended by his namesake, Mr. James Galloway, long afterwards Lecturer on Conveyancing, appointed by the Faculty,\* and Mr. Robert Graeme, latterly Sheriff-Substitute. These veteran scribes dwelt with much complacency on the functions and duties of the *Ædile* in old Rome, represented in some respects by the modern Dean of Guild, and hurled against each other the rules and maxims of Roman law like hail; so much so, that had Cicero or Tribonian only heard them, they must have held their breath for a brief space in silent admiration; yet all this clamour was only about a *dykeside*! The scales of justice turned against the man of dough; and it was decided that he must rebuild the broken wall, and pay costs of suit; the effect of which

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\* Mr. James Galloway, writer, above noticed, built the range of tenements on the west side of Glassford Street, known as "Galloway's Court." He was a fine old man, though a little pompous in expounding the doctrines of law to his conveyancing students. He delighted in expatiating to them on the antiquity of deeds of conveyance, and consequently of lawyers as their framers; and he used to bring forward, neck and shoulders, the purchase by Abraham, from Ephron the Hittite, of the field and cave of Machpelah, which, in the worthy lecturer's opinion, created "a strong inferential case," that at that remote time Sarah's grave, with the field and trees, must have formed the subject of consultation between her Chaldean husband and a Canaanitish lawyer, resulting in a formal deed of sale, probably as simple in style as the Scotch disposition!—in fact, that as the sacred record expressly states the transaction "was made sure," Mr. Galloway could not for the life of him see how that could be done effectually without a deed, though very likely wanting a registration clause! It is perhaps unnecessary to state the effect which this sapient illustration produced on the students; but had the ingenious prelector of the Faculty taken a wider range, he might have alarmed his auditors still more, by fishing up much "older cases" from the researches of Sir William Jones on the early laws and literature of Hindoostan, and the discoveries by Dr. Young and Champollion in the valley of the Nile, where actual, and not mere "inferential," conveyances of land, written by sacerdotal scribes, were found in heathen temples, wherein they had been deposited "for preservation," long before Abraham came into being.

was, that in erecting the large tenement still existing at the south-west corner of Miller Street, he could get access only from the Wester Gait, and not from Mr. Miller's new street. At a later period, Mr. Miller's heirs sold their interest in the common dyke to the successor of Galloway in the vacant ground between the corner tenement and the present Water Company's Office; the four-storey land opposite the Western Bank was built thereon; and thus, what Galloway could not wrest from Miller in 1788, was purchased in 1812, when the tenement last mentioned was erected. The judge who signed the decision against Galloway was Mr. Walter Stirling (founder of the library), as Vice-Dean, and the legal assessor was Mr. John Orr, of Barrowfield, then town-clerk. The restrictions imposed by Mr. Miller against building above a certain height, were entirely abolished a few years ago, by common consent of the Miller Street proprietors.

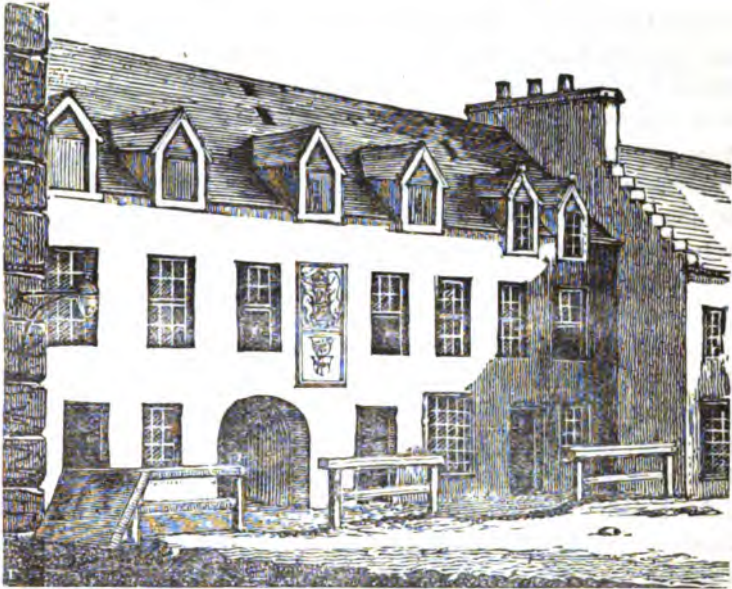
#### IV. QUEEN STREET.

From immemorial time, a throughfare existed in the line of this now important artery of the city. It was called the "Cow Lone," and led from St. Enoch's Gait, northwards to another set of old roads, which branched off near the locality of Cowcaddens.\* It was by this ancient "Lone," that Cromwell entered Glasgow in 1650; that able and energetic ruler having made a detour, to avoid a threatened danger in the route past the Archiepiscopal Castle. He marched down Cow Lone, along St. Enoch's Gait, through the West Port and Trongate, to the bottom of Saltmarket, where he took up his quarters in the old-fashioned house, only lately taken down, known as "Silvercraig's Land," nearly

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\* One of these is described, in old papers, as the "common lone," from Swan's Yett to Clayslap, now amplified into Sauchiehall Street. I recollect it well, as a very dreary road, with scarcely a house, and hedges on both sides; a number of old "saugh trees" grew in the parks. The college and grammar school boys used often to go that way, to skate and slide on the Saturdays, on "Gillespie's Ponds," near what is now India Street; and if we did not leave the ice till dusk, we preferred going home by "Anderston Walk," along which we made a rush to Grahamston, where we got the first glimpse of the town lamps, rather than return by the dismal Sauchiehall Road. I think there were only two or three houses then, at wide intervals, between Anderston and Glasgow; one of which [Mr. Knox's] still exists on the south side of the now spacious street connecting the town with its antique suburb. It was popularly called "Anderston Walk," the greater part being between hedges. What a change now, both on the "walk" and the old skating-road by Sauchiehall!

opposite the east end of the Bridgegate ; of which antique edifice the following wood cut is a faithful representation, from a die in my possession.



In short, Cow Lone was the common thoroughfare between the west end of old Glasgow, and the north-west districts, where the burghers sent their milk-cows to pasture, in charge of the town herd. This functionary collected the cattle in High Street, Trongate, the Wynds, &c., to the sound of a horn—as is yet done in some of the Scotch villages—and drove them before him, through the Wester Gait and up the Cow Lone, to the Cowcaddens parks, bringing them home the same way in the evening. Hence the name. Sometimes, however, he took a portion by a cross-road, which branched off from the High Street, westward, and joined Cow Lone, at what is now the Royal Exchange. This cross-road was generally called the “Back Cow Lone ;” but latterly, the “Grammar-School Lone,” or the “Candleriggs Lone ;” all now merged in Ingram Street, as already noticed.

So comparatively recent was this practice, that I have conversed with people who perfectly well remembered the last town-herd collecting the cows, and driving them along the streets and both

of the lones, in the manner now described. His name was John Anderson, and he lived in "Picken's Land," Rottenrow. I am in possession of his "horn;" and a very primitive-looking wind instrument it is.

The Cow Lone traversed the following grounds:—After starting from St. Enoch's Gait, it crossed a section of the open grounds of the Langcroft, till it reached the point where the Exchange is now situated. There it met the lands of Meadowflat and Ramshorn [Ramsholm?], and in its farther course northwards, formed the march between these properties. Then when it reached what is now the north-west corner of George Square,\* the lone ran between the lands called "Swan's Yett," belonging, more than 150 years ago, to Mr. Campbell, of Blythwood, on the west, and the grounds of Provanside on the east, which formed part of the extensive properties of the benevolent founder of Hutchisons' Hospital. The lone at length terminated at the Cowcaddens.

In the early part of last century [1715], the whole ground on the west side of that portion of the Cow Lone, between St. Enoch's Gait and what is now the Royal Exchange, belonged to John Neilson, originally a "land-labourer in Garroch;" but afterwards a maltman in Glasgow. His house, malt kiln, and loft, stood at the south end facing the Westergait. This ground was used as "mail gardens," for raising cabbages and other vegetables for sale. It consisted of "eight riggs of croft land," measuring about three acres, and stretched westward along the Westergait, as far as where the mouth of the Arcade now is. Behind that, it marched with another set of gardens of the same kind, which formed the *solum* of the then unknown Buchanan Street.

At the same period, the ground on the opposite or east side of Cow Lone, from the modern Ingram Street, southwards, belonged chiefly to William Anderson, jun., merchant; which became subdivided among sundry minor proprietors, as the century advanced; while the lands of Meadowflat and Ramshorn beyond, were the property of the corporation.

Before the Cow Lone was formed into a street, it was often nearly impassable, especially in wet weather, being neither bot-tomed nor causewayed. Cattle sank in it mid-leg, and were not unfrequently "laired," causing the herd no small trouble in their

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\* George Square was shaped out of the Ramshorn parks.

extrication. Such was the aspect of this old thoroughfare, so late as about 1760. At length the improvements going on elsewhere, reached this dreary region of cabbage gardens and cowfeeders. The magistrates and other proprietors along the line, resolved to have the old drove-road widened, causewayed, and laid off for building. A principal mover in this scheme of improvement, was Walter Neilson, merchant; who, in 1756, had succeeded his father in the whole ground on the west side, before noticed; and lived in the Candleriggs. This energetic proprietor employed James Barrie, land-surveyor, to prepare a plan of the whole. Following out their intentions, a written agreement was entered into, dated August, 1766, between the magistrates and the proprietors, to the following effect:—1st. The Cow Lone was to be widened, so as to form a street fifty-five feet broad. 2d, This street the magistrates undertook to causeway at the public expense. 3d, The proprietors on both sides, were to “flag and pal in” [lay pavement with curb stones] their properties facing the street, the breadth of seven feet, and none of them were to make “forestairs” on any part of the building line. The name, “Cow Lone,” painfully suggestive of bovine bellowings, and other uncomfortable reflections, besides defying all Greek or Roman polish, was very unceremoniously dismissed, and “The Queen Street” substituted, in compliment to the then youthful grandmother of our present amiable sovereign. The numerous holes and sloughs were filled up; the *solum* properly bottomed and causewayed; and the building line defined.\*

It is worth recording the names of the proprietors of plots opposite Walter Neilson’s ground, who were parties to this somewhat memorable agreement; beginning at the south-east corner next Argyll Street.

1. John M’Call, Virginia merchant, whose property reached as far up as Mr. Lumsden’s present warehouse.
2. Thomas Clayton, designed, in old papers, as “Stuccotorian” [stucco-worker].
3. John Wardrop, wright.
4. John and Gavin Bengo, skinners.
5. William Clark, coachmaker.

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\* This agreement is recorded in the register of sasines, for the burgh of Glasgow, 24th February, 1768.



6. Robert Bogle, of Shettleston,\* and

7. Hugh Wyllie, afterwards [1780] Provost, whose piece of ground stretched up to the "Back Cow Lone."

Opposite to all these, Walter Neilson had his eight riggs laid off into 14 building stances, counting from Argyll Street, north to Meadowflat. These he proceeded to dispose of; but a number of years elapsed before they were all taken up and built upon. That portion of his ground facing Argyll Street, between the mouth of the Arcade and what is now the great tenement at south-west corner of Queen Street, he sold to Bailie Walter Brock and Bailie John Robertson, and the corner 'steading to John Morison and James Burns, wrights; after the former of whom, "Morison's Court" is named. The other building lots along the west side of Queen Street, he conveyed from time to time to the following parties, counting from the south-west corner, viz. :—

Plot 2d. To Mr. John M'Kenzie, of Garnkirk, merchant; now the site of the Clydesdale Bank.

Plot 3d. To Provost William French.

Plot 4th. To James Baird, jun., who soon after went to London, and the lot became the joint property of Provost Peter Murdoch and Mr. William Clark, merchants.

On these three plots were erected three elegant mansions, separated by private lanes. Each had the favourite double-stair in front, at right angles with the plane of the house, ornamented with iron railings, and leading up to the elevated *plateau* or landing place at the front doors.

These mansions were in the same antique style of architecture as those on the east side of Miller Street; but larger. The northmost of the three exceeded in size the other two. It was, in fact, a double house, the entrance to the upper half being from the rear. These houses receded a little from the building line, so that the stairs did not encroach on the street, from which they were separated by an iron railing, and will be well remembered as conspicuous objects, by old citizens. They were very commodious.†

\* Mr. Bogle erected an elegant town mansion on his ground in Queen Street. It stood nearly opposite what is now the National Bank, and had a garden behind, the east or back wall of which bounded Colonel Semple's town house in Miller Street.

† The northmost of these three houses is associated in my mind with many pleasing reminiscences, having lived in it for some time when a boy at College. At that period, the other half of the house was occupied by Mr. Garden. Our house was reported to

Plot 5. Mr. Michael Bogle. There were two houses close together on this plot. They stood a short way back from the street, with a small green in front, and an iron railing. There were large offices behind. In my college days, the southmost of these two houses was occupied by Mr. Jasper Lyon, and the northmost by Mr. Daniel Hamilton, of Gilkerscleugh, then Sheriff-substitute of Lanarkshire.\*

Plots 6, 7, 8, were acquired by Mr. James Ritchie, of Busby; one of the ancient Virginia *Dons*, and long a principal partner of the Thistle Bank. He erected on the centre lot the elegant mansion afterwards belonging to Mr. Kirkman Finlay. It stood a considerable way back from the line of street, had a lofty iron railing in front, and a very handsome iron gate. A broad belt of pavement led from the gate up to the spacious front stairs of this princely mansion, and the space on either side of the flagged approach was covered with gravel. In 1816, Mr Finlay built counting-houses for his great establishment, on the southmost unoccupied portion of plot No. 6, and fronting the street. The National Bank Buildings now occupy the site of these three plots.

Plot 9 was purchased by Mr. James Gordon, and afterwards by Mr. Andrew Thomson.

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be haunted, a black servant of a former proprietor having died in it; and it was confidently affirmed, that a person with good eyes might see him "walking," in the old-fashioned lobbies, in a black sheet! I cannot say that I ever saw this sable apparition, though I remember I had a wholesome dread of making his acquaintance. He was understood to pass the day-time in a dark closet, the door of which was seldom opened, and from which eerie noises frequently came; but whether these were caused by the deceased African's shade, or the action of water in the cisterns on the top of the house, may be safely left as a ghosteological theme for Mrs. Crowe in her next edition of *The Night-side of Nature*.

\* Many a game of cricket I have played on the then retired Queen Street, with Mr. Hamilton's sons—one of whom is now lieutenant-colonel, and the other major of a very distinguished regiment in the service—our red gowns being thrown on the railings in front of their father's house. I well remember "a battle" which the colonel had with a stranger lad, from another street, who intruded, as we thought, into our beat. I "held the bonnet," with a son of the only Episcopalian clergyman then in Glasgow; accessions of strength came to both sides; the bonnet was thrown aside, and a regular set-to took place in pairs, where "bloody noses" were dealt and received, with amazing impartiality, till the whole street was in a ferment. This "sanguinary engagement" took place exactly opposite the present Exchange; and was put a stop to by the sudden appearance of the policeman, with his red collar, who only occasionally came into Queen Street; but was a second Asahel in running, and bore the euphonious sobriquet of "Rowley-powley," from the obliging habit he had of throwing his cudgel at our heels during the chase. So little traffic was then on this now important street, that I recollect the grass growing on it, in many places along the sides.

Plots 10 and 11 were bought, in 1770, by Mr. George M'Call. At a later period, Mr. Archibald Hamilton became proprietor. The houses on these lots were built of a sandy-coloured stone, and entered from a court behind. They had a very dull look. At one time the Bank of Scotland had its office there.

Plots 12, 13, and 14. Though these are last on the list, they were among the very first taken off from Walter Neilson, and destined to be, *par excellence*, the heart of Glasgow. On these lots now stands the Royal Exchange. From the importance of this section of the street, some points in its intervening history seem worthy of notice.

As already said, Mr. Neilson's northern boundary was the Corporation property of Meadowflat, then perfectly rural. A low stone dyke divided the two properties running east and west, nearly in line with the north side of the present Exchange Square. This dyke belonged to Mr Neilson. Among the first persons who applied to him for ground to build upon, after the Cow Lone was improved, was Mr. William Cunningham, of Lainshaw; one of the greatest "Virginia merchants" in Glasgow. He made an enormous fortune, by a sagacious speculation in tobacco, about the time of the revolt of the American colonies. This gentleman took off three plots from Mr. Neilson. His first purchase was of lots 12, 13, and part of 14, to which he entered at Whitsunday, 1770; the second purchase was seven years later, and included the remaining portion of lot 14. The total frontage to Queen Street, was 201 feet 6 inches; the superficial contents, 4617 square yards; and the price of the whole, £761 7s. 9d.

On the ground thus first acquired, Mr. Cunningham built, soon after 1770, one of the most splendid houses then in the west of Scotland. It is said to have cost £10,000. It stood back from the street, and consisted of three storeys, with wings placed at right angles to the mansion, and facing each other. A parapet-wall ran along the street, with two iron gates at the north and south ends; and the large area in front of the house was covered with gravel. Behind the mansion was a garden, with jargonelle trees trained along the wall. What was, many years afterwards, the telling-room of the Royal Bank's first office in Queen Street, formed the drawing-room of this magnificent old edifice, the windows of which looked out on three sides, east, south, and west. It was a splendid apartment, the walls and roof beautifully

ornamented in the antique style, with raised wreaths of flowers and other tasteful designs. The door of the mansion was not raised, as in most others of that day, but had only a few broad steps in front, thereby showing off, probably, to greater advantage, the graceful proportions and fine architectural style of the edifice. Such was Mr. Cunningham's Queen Street house when fresh from the builder's hands, upwards of 84 years ago.

On the 3d November, 1789, the house and ground passed into the possession of Messrs. Andrew, John, and James Stirling, merchants, under the firm of William Stirling & Sons; and remained in that highly respectable old Glasgow family upwards of twenty-eight years, till the Royal Bank purchased the whole from Mr. William Stirling, in December, 1817.

When that bank removed its office from the south-east corner of St. Andrew's Square to Queen Street, in 1817, considerable alterations were made on the mansion, to render it suitable for a banking-office. As already said, the drawing-room was converted into the telling-office. A handsome double stair, with iron railings, was at same time raised outside, as high as the sill of the drawing-room windows, and led at once to the lobby, off which the telling-room was entered on the left, through folding doors covered with crimson cloth. The cashier's reception-room was on the right. Other portions of the building were reserved for the cashier's residence. The wings were allowed to remain.\*

Finally, the Royal Bank sold Mr. Cunningham's antique mansion to the committee for forming the New Exchange, in September, 1827, the chairman of which was the late Mr. James Ewing, of Strathleven. The old house was not pulled down, but is incorporated with the present Exchange, immediately within the portico.

So much for the disposal of Walter Neilson's ground on the

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\* I well remember, during the Radical uproar of 1820, when fears were entertained that the bank would be plundered by the mob, that a captain's guard of the Glasgow sharpshooters, was more than a week quartered in these wings, with triple sentries at the gates, while videttes moved briskly along Queen and Ingram Streets. The company of that regiment, to which I belonged, was on duty at the bank, on the night the news came to Glasgow, of the skirmish at Bonnymuir, between the hussars and yeomanry, and the misguided Radicals; and there was great excitement in the town, lest the mills might be set on fire. Another company lay in St. George's Church; a third in the Trades' Hall, Glassford Street; and a fourth in the Laigh Kirk session house, all on the alert. The rest of the regiment was posted with our Colonel (Hunter) and Major (Alston), elsewhere.

west side of the lower half of the old Cow Lone. But something may be added regarding the portion beyond. It has been stated, that where Neilson's property ended, "the Lone" continued north, between the lands of Ramshorn and Meadowflat. When this old thoroughfare was improved, there was no George Square. It was not begun till the spring of 1781, and I have conversed with an old man who remembered having often ploughed it as part of a small farm.

What is now the west side of that square, is nearly on the east boundary of the lands of Meadowflat. These lands consisted of about eleven acres, and stretched back, or westward, as far as St. Enoch's Burn, now covered in at West Nile Street. Their southern boundary was partly Walter Neilson's ground, and thence westward, nearly in a line with Gordon Street. The west march was the burn, which divided them from the Blythswood lands; and then the line continued north to a point a little beyond Sauchiehall Road, passing in its course the east side of what was afterwards "Harley's Byres." The northern boundary was "Swan's Yett," before mentioned.

Meadowflat belonged about two hundred years ago to the founders of Hutchesons' Hospital, but was purchased from their representatives by the magistrates, as corporation property, about the middle of last century.

Shortly before the Rebellion of 1745, the Meadowflat lands were chiefly in grass; and it having been supposed that coal might be found there, one Robert Craig bored them, by direction of the owners, to the depth of 27 fathoms, but without a satisfactory result. They were then let to two gardeners, James Wilson and William Bryce, on a tack for three nineteen years, from Martinmas, 1744 (ending in 1801), at a rent of £25 sterling. Two small thatched houses, for the use of the tenants, were built at the beginning of the tack, facing Cow Lone, between what is now St. Vincent Place and Walter Neilson's father's ground. These two ancient gardeners raised fruit and vegetables for sale, and Meadowflat was thickly planted with pear, apple, and other trees.\* An old hedge ran parallel with, and enclosed the garden from, the upper section of the Cow Lone.

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\* In the *Glasgow Courant* for December, 1759, there is the following advertisement :—  
" William Bryce, gardener at the head of the Cow Lone, Glasgow, sells fruit and forest

Now, when Mr. Cunningham built his spacious mansion in Queen Street, he found Meadowflat, on the other side of his north dyke, an orchard in full bearing, in the occupation of the above-mentioned gardeners, and quite rural. A very good idea of the whole locality may be obtained by looking at M'Arthur's four-sheet map, published in 1778, a fine copy of which is preserved in the library of the Andersonian University. When George Square was laid off, the old hedge, along the upper Cow Lone, was removed, and the range of dwelling-houses, still existing on the west side of the square, built nearly on its site. But the old tenants' two houses continued till 1802, when their tack had expired, in which year a number of gentlemen formed themselves into a joint-stock society for erecting a theatre in a style suitable to the rapid increase which Glasgow had made.

Accordingly, these public-spirited individuals purchased from the magistrates, in 1802, the old farm-houses, and a piece of the Meadowflat ground reaching along Queen Street, from Mr. Stirling's property, northwards, to the line of St. Vincent Place, then staked off, but not yet built upon, along which the ground thus purchased stretched west 170 feet. The west boundary of this theatre-ground ran nearly in line of the modern North Court, off Exchange Square. The price was £2440. On this ground a theatre was erected in 1803, unequalled out of London, at an expense upwards of £18,000. The names of the gentlemen who formed the committee for carrying through this undertaking, were Messrs. Laurence Craigie, John Hamilton, Dugald Bannatyne, William Penney, and Robert Denniston, all merchants. The ground not required for the theatre, and lying between it and St. Vincent Place,\* was afterwards sold; and on it stands the tenement which unfortunately narrows so much the south-east corner of that fine cross street of the Meadowflat lands. The subsequent history of this magnificent theatre is well known. At one time it yielded a rent of £1200 a-year, but was ultimately sold for £5000; and on the 10th of January, 1829, it was totally consumed by an

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trees—the kinds too tedious to mention—with a large quantity of thorns and cabbage plants of diverse kinds, with green cale plants; as also, at his shop, third west from the New Wynd, head of Trongate, sells garden and grass seeds, all fresh, and new, and genuine in their kinds."

\* Robert Ferrie, wright, purchased from the magistrates, about 1803, a large slice of that part of Meadowflat lying between Buchanan Street and the theatre, and built the houses on the south side of, and facing, St. Vincent Place.

accidental fire, which broke out during a forenoon rehearsal; the lessee at that time being Mr. Seymour. The fine tenement now occupying the site of the theatre was soon after erected by the late Mr. Archibald M'Lellan, coach-builder.

A few remarks may now be made regarding the east side of Queen Street. It has been mentioned that the piece of ground next the Back Cow Lone belonged, in 1766, to Provost Hugh Wyllie. In 1769, the northmost portion of it, measuring 120 feet along Queen Street, was sold to the trustees for the Highland kirk. This bit of ground is described as "part of that yeard on the east side of that lone commonly called the Cow Lone," and is said to reach backwards to "the yeard of John Miller, maltman." When the kirk trustees made their purchase, there were two tobacco cellars on the ground, and it was fenced off from the back Cow Lone by a low stone dyke, running from west to east. These trustees proceeded forthwith to erect on the plot thus acquired, a very primitive-looking place of worship, in the grim Anti-Burgher style. It faced Queen Street, and stood a little way back, within a parapet wall. When it was built, Ingram Street had not been formed. The "Back Cow Lone" was still in its prime. Where it approached Queen Street, it took a short turn northwards, so that "the Highland Kirk," at that time, stood on the *south* side of the Lone. But when the old thoroughfare was amplified, improved, and named after Provost Ingram, the bend at its west end was cut through, and the line carried straight on to Queen Street, as formerly explained. In this way the kirk became placed on the *north* side of the new Ingram Street, while the crooked part of the old Lone was thrown into the kirk ground. The elegant tenement of the British Linen Company now stands on the site of this old "Highland Meeting-House."

The remaining portion of Mr. Wyllie's ground (now the south-west corner of Ingram Street) was sold, for a sugar-house, to Mr. M'Nair. A huge, dismal-looking building it was. The present tenement was erected on the site of the sugar-house, by Messrs. Carsewell, builders, and was lately sold for nearly £29,000! I remember well the aspect of the rest of Queen Street, to the south of the sugar-house, forty years ago. Next the sugar-house (which had a front both to Ingram and Queen Streets) was a back brick-building, the ground in front being often covered with logs of wood; next (where Canada Court now is), was a back entrance to

Mr. M'Lellan's coach-work (the regular approach being from Miller Street); then came a dyer's; and many a thrifty citizen could, and no doubt did, admire his thread-bare garment, dangling in the open air on a stretcher, after emerging from the dyer's tubs, so vastly improved as hardly to be recognised by the owner. After the dyer's came a very wide one-storey building, used as an iron warehouse, by Mr. John M'Arthur, with a court behind; and still southwards, was a brick wall, with a large wooden gate in the centre, painted blue, which opened into a small court, on each side of which were brick buildings for drysaltery stores. Large lumps of chalk, empty barrels, vitriol bottles, baskets, and other "clanjamfery," were generally seen, in admired disorder, within the open gate; while two large saugh trees overshadowed the little counting-house, and formed a convenient perch for crowds of street sparrows, which the boys used to try to shoot with pistols, generally loaded with the economical ammunition of hard pease! The discharge of these volleys, naturally enough, disturbed the calculations of the vitriol dealer, who came hastily out, in a menacing attitude, but seldom did more. He was a thin, curious-looking old man, with long legs like a spider's, and an expression very much resembling that of an owl. His premises were nearly opposite what is now the National Bank. Next him, to the south, were the extensive works of Messrs. Wardrop, copper-smiths, now indicated by "Wardrop's Court." A large wooden gate led into their premises, from which issued an almost incessant clang of heavy hammering, by no means harmonious to the neighbourhood. The rest of the street was pretty much the same as it is at present, down to Argyll Street. Mr. Lumsden came to his premises in Queen Street about the period I am speaking of; and I remember he had only been a short time there when his tenement took fire, and there was a tremendous blaze in the upper floors, filled with coloured and other papers, which were thrown out into, and nearly covered the street in front of the house. The fire-engines of the day were a very sorry affair; but the tenement was saved.

#### V. JAMAICA STREET.

When the magistrates contemplated the extension of the town beyond the West Port, they resolved to throw an additional



bridge across Clyde, and, in co-operation with the Merchants' House, to form a street leading to it from the Westergait, through a portion of their joint property. The point selected for this purpose was immediately to the west of St. Enoch's Burn, which formed the boundary between St. Enoch's Croft and the Broomielaw Croft.

Accordingly, in 1751 the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers:—"That the field belonging to the Merchants' House, beautifully situated between the Broomielaw on the south, and the West Street [Argyll Street before it had got that name] on the north, is now planned out in a large, open street, of 45 foot wide, with convenient lots of ground for building upon. The plan may be seen at any time in Mr. Robb's shop, below the Exchange Coffee-House [north-west corner of Saltmarket], and persons who incline to feu, may apply to the Dean of Guild, who will acquaint them with the terms."\*

At that time the Broomielaw Croft was chiefly corn-fields, and the portion of it facing the Clyde was covered with the remains of an old wood. At the south-east corner of this croft stood a bottlework, on a small piece of ground originally feued at a very low rate, by the magistrates, about 1730, to a company of merchants, who had resolved to introduce into Glasgow the art of bottle-making. Brown mentions, in his *History of Glasgow*, that for many years a few workmen, at a three-pot furnace, more than sufficed to supply the demand, both of the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland, so much so, that the wine-merchants of Leith and Edinburgh, when they came afterwards to erect a bottlework, had the Glasgow workmen sent to them several months in the year, to make up their spare time. It was this annual suspension of the fires in the Glasgow bottlework that gave rise to the popular story of the necessity of doing so, to prevent breeding salamanders! The Glasgow Company continued to prosper, and built three successive works on the original feu, the last having a cone one hundred feet high, a familiar object to most old Glasgow people. They brought down an Englishman, named John Clerk, about 1755, to teach the manufacture of fire-brick, and this clever artist continued in their service many years, and to him we owe, in a great measure, the knowledge of that art.

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\* *Vide Glasgow Courant*, 3d June, 1751.

Now it was immediately to the west of this old bottlework that the new bridge and street were to be formed. The street was made first. It does not appear, however, that the building stances went off very readily. Ten years after the advertisement before quoted, another was put in the newspapers, offering these for public sale; by which time the *solum* had become the sole property of the corporation. This second advertisement states—

“That several lots or steadings for building upon, on each side of the new street, called Jamaica Street, leading from St. Enoch’s Gait to the Broomielaw, each stading consisting of 55 feet in front, are to be exposed to sale, by public roup, within the Court Hall of the Tolbooth of Glasgow, on first Tuesday of February next, between 12 and 2. The town is to causeway the new street, and to straight the burn [St. Enoch’s]; and the purchasers are to be obliged to erect a stone tenement of ashler work, fronting to the street, of two storeys at least, besides the ground storey and garrets, and to cover the same with a slate roof. The plan of the street is to be seen in the Town Clerk’s Chamber, any time betwixt and roup.”\*

Still the street buildings went on very slowly, and only towards the north end. On M’Arthur’s old map of Glasgow, the whole of the west side of Jamaica Street is represented as unbuilt, except one stance at the north-west corner, and two a little farther down; while on the east side, the buildings did not extend more than about half-way. Very little difference is shown on Barrie’s map, published a few years later.

The foundation stone of the bridge was laid, with great solemnity, by Provost George Murdoch, in 1767; and the procession started from the Old Saracen’s Head Inn, Gallowgate; then, and long after, the principal hotel in Glasgow and the west of Scotland. The bridge was finished and opened in 1772.†

The bridge contractor was John Adam, a mason. This man built all the range of houses facing Argyll Street, from St. Enoch’s Burn westward to, and a short way down the east side of, Jamaica Street, including “Adam’s Court,” named after him.

But the principal house in the street was built for Mr. George Buchanan, of Hillington. It was a large, self-contained edifice,

\* *Vide Glasgow Courant*, December, 1761.

† The first carriage that passed along the new bridge was on 2d January, 1772.

on the east side of the street, and stood on a portion of the ground acquired by Adam from the magistrates. Mr. Buchanan had coach-house and offices behind, with a right of entrance through Adam's ground along the north side of the mansion. This house was afterwards possessed by Provost Black, and had the antique double stairs in front, so characteristic of the street architecture of that day. The extensive premises of Messrs. Arnot and Cannock now occupy the site of this old Jamaica Street residence of the laird of Hillington, which was only taken down about four years since.

Immediately south of Mr. Buchanan's house, was a tenement in flats built by Mr. James Henderson, of Enoch-bank; and south of that, two, erected on speculation by Andrew Lawson, a mason, and a person named Boyd.

On the west side, near the bottom, was a large wood-yard, belonging to Yuille and Lindsay, wood merchants; and towards the north end of the street, the three tenements shown on M'Arthur's map were built respectively by David Laurie, a wright (father, I believe, of the founder of Laurieston suburb); one Oswald; and Bailie John Robertson, also a wright, and who did much for the improvement of Argyll Street.

Such was the early aspect of Jamaica Street. It remained till within these few years dull and unpromising. Now, it is one of the most important arteries of the city; and property has increased there prodigiously in value; in proof of which, one tenement lately erected in that street was let for twenty-one years, at a rent of £1250, with an addition of £100 during each of the last six years of the lease! while another property was sold in September, 1854, at the rate of £14 2s. 6d. per square yard.

#### VI. DUNLOP STREET.

Mr. Colin Dunlop, of Carmyle, who was Provost of Glasgow in 1770, acquired from Mr. John Wilson, of Shieldhall, in 1748, several acres of St. Enoch's Croft, stretching from about the present Morison's Court, westward, nearly to what is now Maxwell Street; and, southward, as far as the old Green, facing Clyde, then, and long after, a favourite public promenade. It was from Mr. Dunlop that Provost Murdoch purchased, in 1749, the plot on which the latter erected, the year following, his elegant man-

sion, already noticed. The price paid by Mr. Murdoch for this piece of ground was £100.

When Mr. Dunlop entered into this transaction, the idea had not occurred to him of opening a street across the Croft. That was an after-thought, arising probably from the success which had attended the efforts of other proprietors, in feuing off their grounds in the vicinity. At all events, he and Provost Murdoch continued to occupy their elegant mansions, about twenty years before Mr. Dunlop resolved to give off ground, in the rear, for a street to branch from Argyll Street southwards. It was unfortunate, however, that he had not left sufficient room for a proper entrance. In giving off the ground to Mr. Murdoch, in 1749, Mr. Dunlop had gone close to the westmost boundary of his front ground at this point, and left only a strip of about 10 feet broad, along the west side of Mr. Murdoch's steading, for access to the coach-houses and offices behind each mansion. A stone wall ran along the north side of the croft, where Dunlop Street now becomes wide; in which wall was a gate opening into the pleasure-ground within.

Matters continued in this state till about 1770, by which time Bailie Shortridge had erected his great tenement, already referred to, fronting Argyll Street, immediately to the west of Mr. Dunlop's ten-feet entrance. The bailie adopted Mr. Dunlop's plan, of leaving a passage ten feet wide within his own east boundary, for access to the upper floors of his lofty tenement. In this way, there happened to be a breadth of twenty feet between the west wall of Mr. Murdoch's mansion and the east gable of "Shortridge's Land;" the eastmost half being Mr. Dunlop's, and the westmost Mr. Shortridge's. These parallel stripes of ground, thus originally private to each property, were subsequently, though not without some sharp litigation, amalgamated into a passage twenty feet wide, common to both. This is the cause of the present inconvenient throat, or narrow entrance to Dunlop Street, not likely to be easily overcome, considering the great modern value of Argyll Street front property.

About 1770, Mr. Dunlop got a plan of the intended street, prepared by James Barrie, who seems to have been in requisition by most of the new street makers of that day. It was to be 40 feet broad, and to run due south, from the common twenty feet passage, already noticed, through Mr. Dunlop's garden to the old green. The houses were to be "self-contained," similar to those

in Miller Street; and clauses were framed, prohibiting "any work or manufacture on the grounds, which may be deemed a nuisance." Accordingly the building lines were staked off—the *solum* causewayed—and the street named after Mr. Dunlop, its founder.

Among the first of Mr. Dunlop's feuars was Dr. Moore, the well-known author of *Zeluco*, and father of the celebrated Sir John, who fell at Corunna. At that time, Dr. Moore had been practising in Glasgow, as a surgeon; in partnership, first with his old master, Dr. Gordon, and latterly with Mr. Hamilton, professor of anatomy. Hitherto Dr. Moore had resided in the antique three-storey tenement on the north side of the Trongate, nearly opposite the Tron steeple, called "Donald's Land." There his brave son was born.\* But desirous to move to a more fashionable locality, the doctor resolved to build a residence in Provost Dunlop's new street; and accordingly purchased a piece of ground from him for that purpose on the west side. It was the third plot behind, or southwards from Bailie Shortridge's tenement. The house was of two storeys, and erected soon after 1771. It is still standing, a plain, quaint-looking edifice, forming No. 22 of Dunlop Street. There Dr. Moore's family resided till he finally removed to London, when it was sold. In this now queer old house, the gallant Sir John spent some of his boyish days; and when we look at it, now so sadly altered, a feeling of no ordinary interest is excited towards this once favourite domicile of Glasgow's gallant son.

Almost immediately opposite Dr. Moore's house, two were built about the same time, respectively by the well-known Rev.

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\* As some discussion took place in the newspapers lately, as to the precise place, in Glasgow, where Sir John Moore was born—some alleging that it was in the Gallowgate, others at the bottom of Virginia Street, the Stockwell, &c.,—I may repeat what I communicated through the columns of the *Glasgow Herald*, that it was in none of these localities, but in "Donald's Land," above noticed. The authority for this, is Sir John's aunt, wife of the late Rev. Dr. Porteous, of St. George's Church, Glasgow, who told it to Dr. Clelland; as stated by him in the appendix to his folio volume, titled *Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the City of Glasgow*, published by John Smith & Son, Glasgow, 1832. The birth was in a small back room on the first floor, which was pointed out to me by the late Mr. John Donald, of Kinninghouse, proprietor of the tenement; and whose father was Dr. Moore's landlord at the time Sir John was born. This fine old "land" is now [1855] in course of being taken down, preparatory to the erection of a large range of buildings on the site of it, and of other old houses at the bottom of Nelson Street. A drawing of "Donald's Land" has been preserved, and an inscription is to be cut on the face of the new tenement, to mark the birth place of one of Glasgow's most distinguished soldiers.

Mr. Porteous, of the Wynd Church, and the Rev. Dr. John Gillies, of the south, or College Church parish. Other building stances continued to be acquired, and everything seemed going on very harmoniously; but an unexpected event happened in the new street, which created a sad commotion.

In these days, the most violent prejudice, if not horror, prevailed in Glasgow against the representation of the drama. The "playhouse" was regarded as the temple of Satan; and it is a curious fact, that neither the magistrates nor any private proprietor would sell, feu, or lease ground for a theatre, on any terms, within the whole city. The first projector of such a place of amusement was therefore obliged to erect it beyond the burgh, out at Grahamston; and when the owner of the ground was remonstrated with on the enormous price asked, viz., five shillings per square yard, he coolly replied, that as it was intended to be occupied by a temple of Belial, he should expect an extraordinary sum for the purchase! This was Mr. John Miller, of Westerton. But when the Grahamston theatre was at length erected, and the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy engaged to appear, such was the popular ferment against it, that on the evening of the performance, in the spring of 1764, the edifice was set on fire, and that accomplished actress lost her whole wardrobe, valued at upwards of £900, including garnets, pearls, and other ornaments. This outrage was occasioned by the fanatical ravings of a Methodist preacher, who harangued the people, and told them that he dreamed the previous night he had been in the infernal regions, at a grand entertainment, where all the devils in hell were present, when Lucifer, their chief, gave for a toast, the health of John Miller, who had sold his ground to build him a house, which was to be opened next day for them all to reign in! There were, however, many honourable exceptions to this most illiberal view of theatrical matters; among whom were Mr. William Macdowall, of Castlesemple; Mr. William Bogle, of Hamilton Farm; Mr. John Baird, of Craigton; Mr. Robert Bogle, of Shettleston; and Mr. James Dunlop, of Garnkirk. These gentlemen were principal supporters of the drama in Glasgow, and subscribed £300 a-piece towards the erection of the theatre. The ladies of Glasgow, at the same time, generously presented Mrs. Bellamy with forty silk gowns to assist in renovating her wardrobe, destroyed through the ravings of the bedlamite already mentioned.

In these circumstances, what must have been the amazement of the good folks in Dunlop Street, when they learned that, instead of the Grahamston theatre, a "playhouse" was forthwith to be built at their own doors! A most graphic account of their consternation and proceedings is given in the *History of the Scottish Stage*. There was not the same difficulty in getting ground for such a purpose in the new Dunlop Street, which had occurred elsewhere. Mr. Dunlop had sold a large piece of ground on the east side of that street to Mr. Robert Barclay, of Capelrig, writer in Glasgow, who, being superior to the popular prejudice, had no difficulty in re-disposing of it to Mr. John Jackson, manager of the Theatre-royal, Edinburgh. This was in 1781; and Mr. Jackson immediately proceeded to lay off the ground thus purchased for a theatre, suitable to what he conceived Glasgow ought to have. Mr. Jackson was the son of an English clergyman, and had himself at one time been in holy orders. He was of gentlemanly manners, but firm and decided. On the morning of the day when the foundation-stone of the Dunlop Street theatre was to be laid, he received the following letter from his two reverend neighbours:—

"Dr. Gillies and Mr. Porteous offer their compliments to Mr. Jackson, and think it their duty candidly to inform him, before he proceed farther in the work, that they intend to join, with other proprietors in Dunlop Street, to apply to the magistrates to prevent the building of a playhouse (or concert-hall for acting plays) in this street, as being an injury to their property, and inconsistent with the dispositions granted by Mr. Dunlop to the feuars. We are to meet with them on Tuesday forenoon; and though we might have delayed giving any intimation till the building was begun, we thought it fair, and becoming our station, to give it thus early.—Saturday, 17th February, 1781."

Mr. Jackson was not in the least daunted by this combination. He proceeded to lay the foundation-stone, ordered the workmen to push on with the building, and then, resolving to seek the protection of law, went to Edinburgh, and consulted the celebrated Henry Erskine, at that time practising at the Scotch bar. Jackson returned to Glasgow with an order from the philosophical Lord Monboddo, one of the judges of the Court of Session, to the following effect:—"Prohibits and discharges the before-mentioned Dr. Gillies and Mr. Porteous, and all others,

from troubling or molesting the complainer in the free exercise of his property."

Mr. Jackson, at the same time, wrote a long letter to the two ministers, in a firm, yet courteous spirit, explaining his position and intentions, and assuring them, that while he had the power, he had not the disposition to molest them, in the exercise of his rights. In one part he writes thus:—"Let me persuade you, gentlemen, to take the advice of one who has seen enough of the world to point out your prudent conduct on this occasion. Would you live in neighbourly comfort with one who has pitched his tent so near you, molest him not in the pursuit of his profession; for believe it, he means to deport himself with the greatest deference to yours. The son of a clergyman, and brought up for holy orders himself, he shall ever pay honour to the sacred characters of that order. Let it be your study to preach sanctity without austerity; for be assured, whenever compulsion or restraint accompanies admonition or advice, the senses take the alarm, and nature and reason, ever rebellious under restraint, begin to weigh and to confute the unreasonable dictates of authority."—"I am ready, however, on all occasions to meet you in the lists of argument, as I am in the Parliament House, before the Lords, in Edinburgh, to whom I have already appealed."—"I have been reminded that one of you (Dr. Gillies) was last summer a fellow-traveller with me. We were not then disagreeable to each other; the conversation at Auchterarder will attest that circumstance. As we were fellow-travellers in a short journey, let us be so in a long one—in a journey of the world; and let us show to each individual of that world, that brotherly love and charity are the characteristics of good Christians. That it may be so with me shall be the constant care of, gentlemen, your humble servant, J. JACKSON."\*

All this had the proper effect; there was no farther contention; the building was soon finished, and in full operation. The total expense of the theatre, including the ground, was upwards of £3000; a large sum in these days. The audience part of the house was circular, very neat, and held, at the Edinburgh prices, from £90 to £100. Such was the first theatre within Glasgow. It was opened in January, 1782, and the performances through the season were by a detached company, occasionally recruited

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\* *Vide Jackson's History of the Scottish Stage.*



from Edinburgh, where a theatre was open at the same time, under Mr. Jackson's direction. Afterwards, the seasons of performing were so arranged, that one set of performers supplied both houses. Two months after the Dunlop Street theatre was opened, Mr. Jackson generously gave a benefit for the relief of those who suffered by the great flood in Clyde, on the 12th March, 1782; and the house was crowded to excess.

Besides the theatre, Jackson built, immediately to the north of it, a neat two-storey house for his residence. It had a small flower-garden in front, with an alcove, and honeysuckle trained up part of the walls. This domicile of poor Jackson, after undergoing many vicissitudes, was pulled down only in 1852.

To the south of the theatre, Mr. Jackson had more ground, reaching as far as the line of the transverse street, since opened, to Stockwell, and named after him. This southern portion he sold to William Craig and Son, architects.

As the theatre has all along been a principal object in Dunlop Street, a few additional points in its history are worth recording.

After Jackson had carried on the Glasgow theatre about eight years, struggling with difficulties of various kinds, he was judicially sequestrated, in the disastrous year 1790. In the proceedings, he is designed, "manager of the Theatre-royal, Edinburgh, artificer and builder." Several years passed, and at length, in 1799, Jackson, who had in the meantime made an arrangement with his creditors, came forward and purchased from the trustee the Glasgow house, in conjunction with Francis Aicken, of Gower Street, Bedford Square, London. Six years elapsed, during which the theatre did little good. In 1805 a powerful rival appeared. This was the magnificent theatre erected that year in Queen Street. There was nothing like it out of London, and it damaged the house in Dunlop Street greatly.

At last, poor Jackson, broken down with the fatigues and anxieties of a very chequered life, died about 1806. He left one son, now an artist in Edinburgh, and two daughters, one of whom is married to Mr. Wight, a banker in London. To these three children, Mr. Jackson left his interest in the Dunlop Street Theatre; and they, in conjunction with the co-proprietor, Mr. Aicken, sold it, by public auction, in the summer of 1807, to Andrew Thomson, merchant, son of old George, partner of "Thomson's Bank," which had failed fourteen years previously.

The theatre did not prove a good speculation to Thomson; which is not to be wondered at. He knew nothing about the management of that peculiar sort of property. After a short trial, he converted part of it into a warehouse for the sale of West India produce; and it was long used for that purpose. The rest he let out for almost all purposes; sometimes as a circus, at others for the representation of melo-dramatic pieces and farces; for public meetings, or anything likely to produce a return. Thus a very queer conglomeration of performances and characters might be seen there. At one time, the well-known quondam jeweller, "Bauldy Cochran," with mouth of alarming dimensions, would appear on a pasteboard horse, and sing, with much gusto, the "Greenock Post" and "Duncan M'Callaghan," to the great delight of a discerning public; at another, some itinerant "play-actor" would bring out Bluebeard, Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Robinson Crusoe, Beauty and the Beast, and other triumphs of histrionic art; while poor Montignani, the Italian dancing master, refreshed the weeping audience, with a preparation resembling coffee and chocolate, in the small side room. On the same boards, sparred with the gloves, the celebrated Tom Cribb, wearing the English champion's belt; Molyneaux, the gigantic black, whose ribs Crib fractured in the English ring; Fuller, Jack Carter, Crosbie, and other members of the "fancy," who starred it in Glasgow more than thirty-five years ago; and last, though not least, William Cobbett, with hair white as snow, blue coat, white vest, long drab gaiters, and inexpressibles, lectured to the "black nebs," from the same boxing arena, on Parliamentary Reform, Repeal of the Corn Laws, Abolition of the East India Company's Charter, and other favourite topics of that erratic pamphleteer and Gridiron editor, with his usual force and egotism.

Such were the uses to which the unlucky old theatre was generally put, during many years, till it passed into the hands of the late Mr. J. H. Alexander. When he first came to it, he found it occupied, partly as a coach-work, smithy, &c. He took down the front wall, brought it nearer the line of Dunlop Street, fitted up the whole interior as a minor theatre, and called it the "Caledonian." Sometime after that, finding it too small, he took down the whole of Jackson's old edifice, and erected a new and larger one. This second Dunlop Street theatre existed in successful operation till April, 1839, when it also was demolished; and

the present elegant house, built on the site by Mr. Alexander, with his characteristic energy, in the short space of nine months, was opened for the representation of the legitimate drama in March, 1840. Mr. Alexander died, leaving a large fortune; while poor Jackson, with superior histrionic talent, but adverse fate, died in poverty and broken-hearted.

It seems unnecessary to say more about Dunlop Street, than that it long maintained an aristocratic character. Having no outlet to the south, it never became the bustling, business street that some of its compeers have; while its inconvenient northern entrance rather favoured seclusion. The antique houses still remaining were the abodes of some of the most respectable citizens of the olden time, and retain a certain imposing air of the tasteful street architecture of last century, even amidst the disfigurements to which these domiciles of Provost Dunlop's first feuars have, from their conversion into places of business, been of late years subjected.

#### VII. MAXWELL STREET.

This rather dull-looking street is another traverse of St. Enoch's Croft, immediately to the west of the range of ground which belonged to Provost Colin Dunlop. At, and prior to, 1730, what is now Maxwell Street was a garden, and formed part of about an acre and a half of "yarding," reaching as far south as the old Green, at the modern Howard Street, and westward to St. Enoch's Wynd, the ancient inlet from St. Enoch's Gait or Dumbarton Road, to the chapel formerly alluded to, as dedicated to the reputed mother of Kentigern. At the period now indicated, there were no houses whatever on this piece of ground. It had been long the property of an old family named Mitchell, of Blairgotts, one of the members of which, in 1731, built, on the north end facing the highway, three small houses of one storey each, with projecting garrets, outside steps, and steep roofs, in the antique Scottish fashion. Two of these houses stood side by side at the north-east corner of what is now Maxwell Street; the third was placed a short way west, by itself, so that there was a considerable interval or gap between it and the other two. In a deed of the period, allusion is made to "ane houff, or but-house," attached to the westmost house, and to a barn-yard and stack-yard behind.

After passing through several hands, including one Hill, a maltman, "the acre and a half of yarding," with the houses above noticed, were sold by public auction, in October, 1770, to Mr. John Maxwell, sen., writer in Glasgow. Early in the year following, that well-known and most respectable old lawyer sold the whole, or the greater portion, to Mr. Stephen Maxwell, who did a large business in making copper stills for the West India plantations. He was also proprietor of the lands of Morriston, near Cambuslang, a leading partner of "The Merchants' Bank," established shortly before in the Saltmarket,\* and otherwise a person of some note.

This enterprising old citizen resolved to open a street, like his neighbours, through the grounds he had acquired from his namesake, the lawyer above referred to, and accordingly announced his intention, in the *Glasgow Journal*, of August, 1771, thus:—

"A street to be opened.

"There is immediately to be opened, a street, on the south of Argyll Street, reaching to the Old Green, through the lands lately the property of Walter Hill, maltman, with grounds on each side of the street, for building upon.

"Those who incline to be purchasers will see a plan of the grounds in the hands of Stephen Maxwell, coppersmith."

\* The Merchants' Bank began in the spring of 1769. Their opening was announced by the following advertisement in the *Glasgow Journal*, of 4th May, in that year:—

"Banking Company.

"That company lately entered into by a considerable number of merchants in Glasgow, and others in different places of this kingdom, under the firm of

"The Merchant Banking Company of Glasgow,

Hereby take the opportunity of informing the public, that they have now begun to issue notes, under the above firm, signed by Robert M'Lintock and Andrew Carrick, two of the partners, and John Auld, their cashier.

"The company have agreed to discount bills, at common interest, payable at a short date, in Edinburgh or Glasgow, upon being indorsed to the satisfaction of the directors or their cashier.

"Any who become creditors to the company may be satisfied with respect to their security, by applying at the company's office, near the foot, and on the east side, of the Saltmarket Street, Glasgow."

One of their notes is at present before me. They bore the figure of a globe. It was a bank more adapted to tradespeople than the aristocratic "Ship," "Glasgow Arms," and "Thistle," the only other banks then in Glasgow. Accordingly, the above advertisement created much jealousy among the "Virginia Lords," and they got the Merchants' House to pass a resolution, which was advertised in the same newspaper, on 10th May, 1769, and signed by Mr Archibald Smellie, Dean of Guild, that the Merchants' House of Glasgow had nothing to do with the bank!

The street was accordingly staked off, through the gap between the old houses before mentioned, south as far as the belt of trees on the Old Green, at the point where the modern Howard Street is, and named "Maxwell Street," after the old lawyer and the coppersmith.

The first thing Stephen Maxwell did in the new street was to build a three-storey tenement, at the north-west corner, facing Argyll Street ; and he soon after got the Merchants' Bank removed from the Saltmarket to the new land. The office was up one stair, and the cashier lived in the flat above. This quaint old tenement is still standing at the corner of the street, though lately some alterations have been made on its exterior, by which it is brushed up.

Mr. Maxwell also erected a range of workshops in rear of the front tenement, for carrying on his business as a coppersmith. This was much against the street, for the clang from the copperworks was by no means inviting to feuars, and long tended to prevent houses being built there. To the south of the workshops, however, a piece of ground was taken off, by one Robert M'Kendrick, whose quaint-looking domicile may still be seen, nearly opposite what is now the Eagle Inn. The street did not *take*, probably partly from the copperworks, and because there was no proper outlet at the south. When Mr. Maxwell failed, about the disastrous period of the French Revolution, his workshops were bought, and converted into small dwelling-houses, forming the queer-looking range of buildings still to be seen on the west side of Maxwell Street, in rear of the old tenement in which the Merchants' Bank office was situated. The street long continued dull and deserted, and only assumed its present aspect about thirty-five years ago. There is little, therefore, of note to record farther about it, except that the two queer-looking antique houses of one storey and "corbie steps" mentioned in the outset, continued to define the north-east corner, till within the last thirty years, and had a peculiarly droll appearance among the great tenements which had sprung up beside them. One of these remnants of the olden time was long occupied as a barber's shop, over the door of which the brazen symbol of the craft, innocently mistaken by the Knight of La Mancha for Mambrino's helmet, flapped distractedly to the last, in the breezes of the Wester Gait, inviting all passers-by to do homage at the Barberian Shrine.

## VIII. BUCHANAN STREET.

In treating of Queen Street, it was stated that Walter Neilson's ground reached along Argyll Street, as far west as the present Arcade. A hedge ran along Neilson's west march, all the way from Argyll Street up to the lands of Meadowflat, where it met a cross drystone dyke, which formed the south boundary of these grounds. That cross-dyke ran westward as far as St. Enoch's Burn.\* All the ground to the south of this cross-wall, and west as far as the streamlet at what is now Mitchell Street, was a series of fruit and cabbage gardens, reaching down to the backs of the small houses and malt-kilns, which straggled along and faced Argyll Street, between St. Enoch's Burn and Walter Neilson's ground. The chief entrance to these back gardens, was by an uncausewayed cart-track, which opened off Argyll Street, near the mouth of the present Arcade, and led upwards about half-way to Meadowflat, between two hedges; whereof the eastmost skirted Neilson's property. Carts were taken in by that passage to the fields. It went by the name of "Bailie King's Close."† The whole range of ground now described was called Palion's, or Palzean's Croft (the etymology of which is doubtful), and comprehended about four acres. It was the westmost subdivision of the Langcroft.

Such was the ancient aspect of the locality through which Buchanan Street was in after times to be formed.

Some of the houses and kilns nearest "King's Close," belonged to Bailie George Buchanan, a brewer, who acquired them in the early part of last century. He had four brothers, who were respectively the Lairds of Auchentoshan, Auchentorlie, Ardenconnel, and Hillington. This ancient maltman pulled down some of the old houses, and like his friend John Miller, already mentioned, erected, for his own residence, a handsome mansion facing Argyll Street, with back court and offices, nearly opposite St. Enoch's Lane. After his death, this house was purchased in 1777, and very much improved by Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, afterwards pro-

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\* A row of trees grew on each side of St. Enoch's Burn. Immediately beyond that stream was the farm of Blythswood Mains.

† This designation was derived from the circumstance of a considerable portion of the ground on the west side of "the close," having belonged, anciently, to James King, a merchant-bailie.

vost; who went to London, and became celebrated there as a police magistrate.\*

Now, this George Buchanan had several sons, the eldest of whom, Andrew, was partner of the firm of Buchanan, Hastie, & Co., extensive American merchants. The members of that respectable old concern, were Mr. James Buchanan, of Drumpellier, Mr. Walter Brock, Mr. James Jamieson, Mr. Andrew Buchanan (already alluded to), Mr. Robert Hastie, Mr. William Buchanan, and Mr. Richard Cameron, of Carntyne. There was another firm of Andrew Buchanan & Co., composed of the before-named Mr. Andrew Buchanan, Mr. Walter Brock, and Mr. Hugh Niven, jun.

Born and reared in Argyll Street, Andrew Buchanan became desirous of acquiring property for himself adjoining that of his father. Accordingly, in 1760, he purchased from different owners, about four acres of the garden ground immediately to the west of his father's boundary, and reaching up to the Meadowflat dyke. His west march was St. Enoch's Burn; but a small portion, which lay in the angle where that rivulet crosses Argyll Street, continued to belong to John Fleming, another ancient maltman. Thus Andrew Buchanan's frontage to Argyll Street, extended from his father's house, westward to a point about half-way between what is now the mouth of Buchanan Street and the burn.

Soon after his purchase, Mr. Andrew Buchanan built a two-storey house, for his own residence, facing the Wester Gait, with a stair in front, at the point where the great tenement now stands at the south-west corner of Buchanan Street. Here Mr. Buchanan resided a number of years. A large range of the ground behind formed his garden.

In the *Glasgow Journal* of April, 1771, the following advertisement appeared:—

"Andrew Buchanan, sen., merchant, proposes to sell a steading for a house in Argyll Street, adjoining on the west to the house of Bailie George Buchanan, sen., and that the same should be built in the way of a lodging for one family. Also a brick tenement of three flats, and a stone tenement of four flats, at St.

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\* This house passed from Mr. Colquhoun in 1790 to John Morison, sometime a wright, afterwards of Craigend, who built a number of the existing tenements along Argyll Street, including "Morison's Court," named after him, and was finally pulled down in 1828.

Enoch's Burn. On suitable encouragement, he will open a street opposite to that street whereof the house possessed by Bailie Dunmore forms the west side [the short street leading into St. Enoch Square]."

Accordingly, in 1773, Mr. Buchanan entered into an agreement to sell the steading next his father's house, to the firm of Andrew Buchanan & Co. (whereof he himself, as already said, was a partner), and to James Jamieson and William Davidson, as a joint adventure, for the purpose of erecting a great tenement thereon, in flats, to be afterwards allocated among them according to lot. That tenement was built in 1774, of three storeys and garrets, with a front to Argyll Street, and windows looking west. An entry of about thirty feet broad was left between the tenement and Mr. Buchanan's own house, for access to the second and third floors of the new land, the stair to which was in the rear. Subsequently, the parties drew lots for the choice of flats. The ground floor, entering from Argyll Street, fell to Mr. Jamieson; the second flat to Andrew Buchanan & Co.; and the third, with attics, to Mr. Davidson. This tenement is still standing at the south-east corner of Buchanan Street; and is the oldest edifice in that now important artery of the city. The space set aside for an entry, forms part of the present narrow entrance into Buchanan Street.

Mr. Buchanan proceeded to convey the flats to the three parties respectively, to whom they had fallen by lot; and it seems worth recording the statement, or narrative given by him, as indicating the germ of the new street destined to bear his name. The deed is dated December, 1775; and commences thus:—

"I, Andrew Buchanan, senior, merchant in Glasgow, considering that I became bound to sell to Andrew Buchanan & Co., William Davidson, and James Jamieson, all merchants in Glasgow, a piece of ground on the north side of Argyll Street, for the purpose of their erecting a tenement thereon; and which piece of ground contains 60 feet 10 inches, from east to west, and 62 feet or thereby, from south to north, with the liberty and privilege of a road or street, thirty feet broad, running from Argyll Street northward, 82 feet, as an entry to the tenement so to be built, upon their paying equally among them, the one-half of the expense of making and keeping the said street in repair, the other half to be defrayed by me; and that upon the said 62 feet or thereby, from the front northwards, the said Andrew Buchanan & Co., William David-



son, and James Jamieson, have lately erected and built a tenement, consisting of sunk cellars, three storeys and garrets, with a midden-stead and little house on the east side of the tenement, and have divided the tenement in the following manner." The proportions are then described; an acknowledgment follows, that the price of the ground has been paid to him; and, finally, the shares of the tenement are formally conveyed to each. Mr. Buchanan burdened the parties with a sixth part of the expense of keeping *the road* in repair, and reserved to himself and his successors, the "like right and privilege of entry to his lands, to the north and west of the said road or street."\*

This humble entry to the back stairs of the still existing tenement, formed the germ of Buchanan Street.

Soon after this, the revolt of the American colonies took place, and the effects of the disastrous war which followed were severely felt in Glasgow, causing the ruin of many of the chief firms in the American trade; amongst others were Buchanan, Hastie & Co., and Andrew Buchanan & Co. Before this event took place, however, Andrew Buchanan had contemplated, as his advertisement of 1771 shows, opening up his back ground by a street to run northwards to his boundary at Meadowflat, starting from Argyll Street. He had got only a certain length with this project, however, when the failure of his firms occurred. The trustee on his estate was Mr. Gilbert Hamilton, and there were associated with him, as commissioners on these extensive estates, the well-known Mr. Robert Carrick, of the Ship Bank, Mr. John Robertson, cashier of the Glasgow Arms' Bank, and Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, already noticed. This was in 1778.

In the course of Mr. Hamilton's trust administration, he carried out Mr. Buchanan's plan of the street. Eight building plots were accordingly marked off on the east side, and nine upon the west. This allotment of building ground, reached up a little beyond the mouth of what is now Gordon Street; and the new street was named after Mr. Andrew Buchanan. But the disastrous times which attended the wars, both with America and

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\* This interesting old deed was written by John Dillon, then clerk to John Wilson, jun., writer in Glasgow, and son to Luke Dillon, an Englishman, who settled in the Bridgegate, as a plasterer; and executed the stucco and plaster work of many of the houses in the first new town of Glasgow. In after life, Mr. John Dillon was Sheriff-substitute at Glasgow, and a distinguished antiquary.

France, were not favourable for the building project, and few of the steadings were sold for a long period. The skeleton of Buchanan Street is represented on M'Arthur's old map of 1778, with only one house on the east side a little above the present Arcade. This house had been built shortly before by Mr. James Johnston, merchant, and it afterwards became the property of Mr. John Gordon of Aitkenhead, who resided there many years. Gradually the building lots were taken off, so that, by the beginning of the present century, nearly all were sold. The names of the original proprietors in Buchanan Street are worth preserving, viz.:—

West side, counting from Argyll Street:—

Plots 1, 2, and 3, were purchased in 1786 by Messrs. John and Alexander Gordon, merchants. These lots included Mr. Andrew Buchanan's house, and a piece of ground which lay in to the paternal property of Messrs. Gordon.\*

Plot 4 belonged to Mr. William Glen, merchant.

Plots 5 and 6 were purchased by Mr. James M'Dowall, sometime Lord Provost.

[Nos. 4 and 5 were subsequently acquired by Messrs. John Campbell, senior, & Co., whose counting-house was afterwards long there. No. 6 became the property of Mr. Robert Denniston.]

Plot 7. William Horn, wright. This enterprising tradesman opened Glassford Street, and built many of the houses in Argyll Street. This lot afterwards passed to Mr. Adam Monteith, merchant.

Plots 8 and 9 were purchased by Mr. William Glen, jun., wood merchant.

On the east side, north end:—

At this upper extremity of the street, Mr. Gilbert Hamilton, the trustee, had purchased for himself a large slice of the ground, extending to nearly 4000 square yards. It lay next to Meadowflat Dyke, and stretched backwards, or eastward, to the garden wall of Mr. Cunningham's mansion and Mr. Hamilton's other property, in Queen Street. There was a considerable frontage to Buchanan Street. Of this large plot, Mr. Hamilton sold the

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\* Mr. Alexander Gordon, father of these gentlemen, married Isabel, daughter of John Fleming, the brewer, before mentioned, whose property adjoined Mr. Andrew Buchanan's in Argyll Street, next the burn. This Mr. Alexander Gordon built the tenement west of Mr. Buchanan's house in flats, and had his office there.

northmost portion to Mrs. Helen Graham, widow of Mr. Thomas Buchanan, of Ardoch; and another portion immediately south to Mr. Robert Muirhead, merchant. This last was purchased from Mr. Muirhead in 1779 by Mr. Alexander Gordon, who built the elegant mansion, lately taken down, facing Gordon Street. Mr. Gordon also purchased the ground opposite his house, to preserve his view to the west, now named Gordon Street after him.

This large plot of Mr. Hamilton's was followed by ground taken off, respectively, by—

1. Mr. William Glen, merchant.
2. Mr. Alex. Martin, wright; afterwards the property of Messrs. Walter Logan, and Jas. M'Inroy, merchants.
3. Mrs. Maria Campbell, widow of Mr. Jas. White, merchant, Norfolk, Virginia.
4. Mr. James Johnston, merchant, formerly alluded to.
5. Mr. William Horn, wright; afterwards the property of Mr. John Campbell, merchant, and now the Arcade.
6. Mr. John Morison, wright.
7. Mr. Robert Miller, wright.

This last lot adjoined the existing tenement at the south-east corner of Buchanan Street, already alluded to. The portion of that tenement which had been allocated to Andrew Buchanan and Co., was sold before their bankruptcy; but the lowest storey, entering off Argyll Street, was conveyed by Mr. Jamieson's trustee, in 1799, to Messrs. Robert Bogle and Co.\* This is now one of the most valuable properties in Glasgow; but so little was it thought of when that respectable old firm became the purchasers, the price was only £700. Two years later, the same floor was sold for £800; twenty years afterwards (1801), it had advanced to £1300; and in other twenty years to £1950.

At the opposite, or west corner, the small old dwelling-house of the founder of Buchanan Street remained for many years. Messrs. Gordon continued the proprietors of it from 1786 till 1815, when it was sold to Mr. George Brown, of Capelrig, from whom it again passed, a few years thereafter. Finally, the house was pulled

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\* The partners of this highly respectable old firm were Robert Bogle, Peter Murdoch, Richard Marshall, James M'Dowall, William Clark, David Elliot, and John Dunlop.

down in 1820, and the existing large tenement erected on the site of it and the adjoining ground, by Mr. William Rodger, who had become the proprietor.

Buchanan Street was intended for gentlemen's private houses, and a series of clauses to preserve their amenity introduced into the title-deeds. The street was quite on the outskirts of the city; as much so, indeed, as the present terraces at the West End Park. It was long very retired and dull. Shops were entirely out of the question, and would not have been tolerated had any person, indeed, been bold enough to make the attempt. I well remember the grass growing over nearly half of the street, where the Arcade now is. The houses were mostly in the style of architecture of those still to be seen east side of Miller Street, but larger.

The street, at first, went no farther than the lands of Meadowflat, about the present north entrance to the back of the Exchange. All north of that was under crop, till the early part of the present century; and it was customary for families living in Buchanan Street to give the farmer of Meadowflat a small gratuity to allow boys to pass through his grounds, as a short cut to the Grammar School, in George Street, then not many years opened. There was no St. Vincent Street or West George Street. The back windows of the houses on the west side of George Square looked into the Meadowflat orchard; while, what is now the Western Club, was a snug corner for hares among the cabbages; and partridges were shot on Gordon Street by gentlemen still living. It was not till 1804 that the northern part of Buchanan Street, and the two transverse streets alluded to, from its eastern side, were opened up by the magistrates, through the Corporation lands of Meadowflat. Indeed, when St. George's Church was built on these grounds, in 1807, the idea of any extension of George Street beyond, was never dreamed of. The old villa of Enoch Bank stood a short way behind the church, surrounded by fields and hedges; a favourite locality for bird-nesting. When shops were first attempted in Buchanan Street within the last thirty years, it was thought by many people to be perfectly absurd, and that they would never pay. Who would think of overlooking the thriving shops in the then fashionable lounges of the Trongate, Glassford and Hutcheson Streets, the Candleriggs, and even the Stockwell, for such an out-of-the-way place as Buchanan Street, where shop

tenants must infallibly starve for want of custom ! What a change to all this locality in 1855 !

The daughters of Mr. Andrew Buchanan, the founder of this principal street in Glasgow, are still alive, and reside in Somersetshire.

#### IX. ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

This square occupies the westmost portion of St. Enoch's Croft, skirted by the burn. In very ancient times the area of the square was a kirk-yard, within which stood a chapel dedicated to St. Thenaw,\* reputed mother of Kentigern, the apostle of Strath Clyde, and patron saint of Glasgow. Her bones were long preserved as relics, within its walls, for the religious veneration of all good Catholics, whose faith kept pace with romantic credulity. The date of erection of this chapel is shrouded in the deep gloom of antiquity ; but allusion is made to it upwards of 400 years ago, in the reign of James III. That unfortunate monarch, by a grant in 1426, directed one half stone of wax to be given for light at the tomb of St. Thenaw, "in the chapel where her bones lie," near the city of Glasgow.† At the Reformation, the chapel shared the fate of other religious houses, and its ruins have long entirely disappeared. But the celebrity of the edifice, when in its prime, is evidenced in the appellation given during several centuries, not only to the road leading out to it from the heart of ancient Glasgow, but also to the croft or long stretch of cultivated ground between the Saltmarket and the site of the chapel already alluded to.

Approaching more modern times, however, the *solum* of St. Enoch Square, in the early part of last century, belonged to the old Glasgow family of Luke. It passed from them to the Merchants' House, and afterwards to the Corporation of Glasgow. As the west-end improvements, already referred to, in the formation of new streets, proceeded, the magistrates resolved to build a handsome west-end church, and give off ground around it, for the formation of a *place* or square, then quite a novelty in Glasgow. The spot they selected for this purpose, whether from accident or design, was the same where the ancient kirkyard of St. Thenaw had existed ;

\* Corrupted first into St. Tenowes, afterwards St. Enoch.

† *Vide Origines Parochiales Scottiæ*, p. 5.

but then a corn field. Accordingly, in 1780, the foundation-stone of the church was laid by Provost French, and the church itself opened two years thereafter, by the Rev. Dr. Porteous, then of the Wynd Church, Trongate; while the name, which had lingered for centuries over the locality, was preserved, in the appellation of St. Enoch, applied both to the new church, and to the square then staked off.\*

After St. Enoch's Church had been built, it remained several years a solitary edifice in the fields. The building stances around the intended square went off very slowly. The first sold were those next Argyll Street, at the entrance into the square. The existing tenement from St. Enoch's Wynd westward, and round into the east side of the square, including Horn's Court, was erected by William Horn, a mason; who afterwards opened Glassford Street. The corresponding tenement on the opposite or north-west corner, was built by Bailie John Robertson, wright; who also did much to improve Argyll Street and other parts of the then new town, as already mentioned.

The rest of the stances were sold as follows:—On the east side of the square, the existing houses between Horn's tenement and Surgeon's Hall, were built by Mr. William Clark, of Kerse, a gentleman who appears to have speculated largely in house property in these days. To the south of Mr. Clark's lots, the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons erected, in 1790, their present hall; in the lower floor of which Stirling's Library was originally kept. The buildings to the south of Surgeon's Hall were erected by a wright, and need not be farther noticed.

On the opposite or west side of the square, the five northmost houses were built by James Reid, wright, and sold to various gentlemen, as private residences; while the southmost is celebrated as the scene of the banquet, so graphically described in *Cyril Thornton*.

The centre of the square itself was laid off as a green, and surrounded by an iron railing. Sheep used to be kept in it. The locality long remained very retired, and formed the residence of many of the most influential citizens. The green was afterwards tastefully planted with shrubbery. That has been removed, and

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\* On M'Arthur's map of 1778, the outline of the then newly laid-off square is shown, but neither the church nor a single house appear; all is blank.

this once aristocratic square is now occupied by counting-houses and other places of business—the only exception being the Hall of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, which has existed there upwards of sixty years. Even the church itself is changed, the present edifice having been erected on the site of the old church of 1780, about thirty years ago.

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#### IV. EASTERN DISTRICT OF GLASGOW.

HAVING sketched some features in the history of the western portion of the burgh, it seems not altogether undesirable to extend the view in the opposite direction, and introduce certain *memorabilia* connected with the eastern district. Although the fortunate influences which have raised the former to its present importance, did not operate in favour of the latter, yet the time is comparatively recent when both were on a footing of perfect equality.

The earliest approach to Glasgow from the east appears to have been in the track of the ancient Roman *Iter*, which branched from the great military-way, traversing the centre of Scotland at Carlisle, and taking a north-westerly direction, by Motherwell, Bellshill, and Tollcross, proceeded by the now greatly-widened line of Eastern Duke Street, through Drygate, crossing the Molindinar Burn, which there emerges from a gorge, and onwards by Dobbie's Lone, till this branch-causeway, for the march of the legions and the transport of their warlike stores, joined the famous Antonine Barrier, near Duntocher and West Kilpatrick.

Though this military-causeway, therefore, traversed the region of what is now Glasgow, it does not appear that the Roman engineers thought it necessary to place a fort or camp here. Probably there was no considerable group of natives congregated in this district, to cause any apprehension. On the curious map of the country by Ptolemy, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, (*circa* 146), a camp is marked as then existing at *Vanduara* (Paisley), obviously intended to command and guard the fords in Clyde, which swept near the western termination of the Roman Barrier, and where perhaps a larger native population was collected; but what is now Glasgow is a complete blank. Of course, however,

the working parties of the soldiers, while forming the road through this district, must have pitched their tents for sometime here; and, as was the invariable custom of that warlike people, in an enemy's country, a temporary camp, to receive the cohort on duty, would be constructed on an advantageous position, probably on some part of the rising grounds, where, in after ages, the Cathedral was built.\*

Fragments of this ancient Roman way from Carluke to Glasgow are still visible in some of the more secluded parts of its track, through Lanarkshire, forming what country-people call "the baulk," between conterminous proprietors. It is popularly known as "Michael Scott's causeway," and tradition declares the whole of it to have been made by that supposed wizard in one night, assisted by the devil.

This first road by civilised man into Glasgow continued, in all probability, to be the only one from the east, while the town remained perched on the heights, near the Archiepiscopal Castle. But when the bishop acquired, from the king the privileges of trade for his burgh, about the time of the Crusades, the houses gradually crept down along the line of what is now the High Street, to the new market cross, on the plain; and thus a new set of streets, or roads, came into existence, radiating from that cross. These were the Walcar-gate (changed to the Saltmarket about 1650); St. Enoch's-gait (the name of the eastmost half of which was altered to that of Trongate, about the time Queen Mary returned from France); and the Gallowgait, which has maintained its ancient appellation till the present day.

It is only the last of these, and its dependencies, that this sketch will embrace.

#### THE GALLOWGAIT.

This ill-omened name seems, from concurrent testimony, to have been given to the street, in consequence of having formed the gait or road to a large muir or common, immediately to the eastward of the town, where, in ancient times, the gallows was erected for the execution of criminals. Mr. Innes cites various instances

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\* Coins of the Romans have been found in the vicinity of the Cathedral, especially those of the warlike Hadrian, and of Crispina, wife of Commodus, the degenerate son of Marcus Aurelius, some of which are in my possession.



where the Gallowgait is mentioned at very remote periods.\* Thus, circa 1325 [the days of Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce], it is alluded to, in writs, as *vicus qui dicitur le Gallowgate*; again in 1433, in the reign of that distinguished sovereign and poet, James I. of Scotland, so basely murdered at Perth, the Gallowgait is spoken of as *via furcarum*; and in the days of James IV., slain at Flodden, with the flower of the Scottish nobility, and the then Provost of Glasgow, Sir John Stuart, of Minto, the expressions occur, *vicus furcarum juxta torrentem de Malyndinor*, &c. The antiquity of the Gallowgait is therefore very considerable.

As at present known, the Gallowgait stretches all the way from the Cross to the village of Camlachie; a distance of about two miles. But, down till the middle of last century, and even later, the *built part* reached no farther than the East Port, at the point where the lane, called the Great Dowhill, now branches off, being scarcely one-third of the whole modern length. It will be convenient, therefore, to review this now long street in sections; taking 1st, the division *within* the port; 2d, the port itself; and 3d, the portion *beyond*; with the off-shoots, and any other objects worth notice, appertaining to each.

#### I. GALLOWGAIT, WITHIN THE EAST PORT.

As already said, this section extended from the Cross to the city gate. About mid-way between these points, the street is crossed by the Molendinar Burn; which, in former times, ran in an open hollow at this point, but now arched over and unseen. There was a considerable brae down to the open burn from the Cross. Stepping-stones stood in the stream for foot passengers; but when swollen by rains, people rode through on horseback or in carts. The burn was a favourite place for watering horses and cattle. I have conversed with old people who remembered it in this state. But it was a very different stream in the early part of last century, compared with its present state of pollution. Rising in Hogganfield Loch, the Molendinar had a longish course through fields and gardens, and as it approached Glasgow, it drove the ancient town mill, near the Cathedral, from which circumstance it derived its somewhat uncouth name, in monkish Latin. After

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\* *Origines Paroch. Scottæ*, p. 14.

quitting the old mill, the burn emerged from the yet romantic gorge at the Necropolis, and ran at the bottom of the Drygate gardens, crossing in a hollow, what is now Duke Street (then a garden) and the College grounds, so that by the time it reached the backs of the Gallowgait houses, near the Spoutmouth, the water was comparatively clear. So much was this the case, that, in the *Glasgow Courant* for 1755, there is an advertisement, of a piece of garden ground at the Spoutmouth to let; and one of the inducements held out to a tenant, is its vicinity to the Molendinar, as suitable for bleaching!

In more ancient times, the Molendinar was celebrated as the scene of a meeting on its banks, near what was, in after ages, the Gallowgait, between those early pioneers of Christianity in Pagan-Scotland, Kentigern, the patron saint of Glasgow, and St. Columbus, from Iona; who are said to have discoursed amidst the solitude of the spot, on that new faith which they were desirous to implant, not more than a century and a half after the Romans had withdrawn from this island. A small wood close to the Molendinar, at Spoutmouth, long retained the name of "Kentigern's trees;" and is so spoken of in records so late as the century of the Reformation.

When M'Ure wrote, in 1736, the Gallowgait extended no farther than the East Port; and is described by him, as "one thousand ells" in length, "twenty ells in breadth, and had in it thirty-four new buildings." He gives a quaint running commentary on these houses, and the names of their owners. Of one he talks with much complacency, as "the great and stately lodging belonging to Thomas Orr, writer" [a brother of Mr. Orr, of Barrowfield], "being of pure ashler fine work, and new buildings on both sides of the closs, with a fine garden at the head thereof, and a well in the closs, very useful to the tenants and neighbourhood." Few of the houses, however, were more than two storeys in height, and many were thatched. Specimens of M'Ure's "new houses" still linger at, and near, the corner of Spoutmouth, and in the throat of the Gallowgait. One of the earliest sugar-houses existed nearly opposite Spoutmouth, dating back nearly to the Revolution. It belonged to a company, embracing some of the principal merchants then in Glasgow; who brought a man from Holland to conduct the process of sugar refining, then principally in the hands of the Dutch.

For some distance down the old Gallowgait from the Cross, were piazzas, similar to those in the Trongait, Saltmarket, and High Street, at the point where these main arteries of the city joined. But all these piazzas have long disappeared. The latest use to which those of the Gallowgait were devoted, was for the butter market.

The oldest off-shoot from this division of Gallowgait is the Spoutmouth, running from the north side. This lane, of now forbidding aspect, seems in former times to have possessed no small attraction to the ancient burghers, at a period when public wells formed the only mode of supplying the town with water. M'Ure mentions that "the Spout Wynd had four cisterns of very fine sweet water." These "spouts," as they were called, gave rise to the name of the alley which led to them. But their glory has long departed. In old deeds, this lane to the Gallowgait Wells has a variety of names, such as, "the Spout Vennel," "Spout Wynd," "the Gait to the Spouts," "the Road to the Spout Wells," &c. A small lot of ground, called "Laverock Ha'," bounded this old water-road on one side; but it is now so much obscured in the numerous subdivisions of property in that quarter, as to preclude farther remarks.

Immediately to the east of Spoutmouth lay the lands of Dowhill. This was a property of considerable extent. It reached from the Molendinar Burn, at Spoutmouth, eastward, along and fronting Gallowgait, to the Butts, now the infantry barracks, and northwards to the College grounds. The houses on the north side of Gallowgait, all the way between Spoutmouth and the barracks, stand, therefore, on the southern skirt of the Dowhill lands.

The name "Dowhill" has been applied to this property from immemorial time. In monkish writings it is termed, "*monte columbarum*;" and tradition connects the etymology with a real or supposed visit to this locality by the apostle of Iona, already alluded to, and to a certain miraculous upheaving of the ground while he was unfolding the precepts of Christianity to the Pagan Sun-worshippers of Strath-Clyde, assembled near the line of the future Gallowgait, to listen to the discourse of this far-famed wrestler with the priests of Baal. A considerable stock of faith in the veracity of the ancient, cowled-chroniclers is necessary before this story can be swallowed in all its parts; and modern

sceptics are inclined rather to attribute the name to the flocks of wild pigeons said to have frequented the remnant of an old forest which lingered on the solitary spot, while the little village of Glasgow's bishop was perched near the Cathedral.

Be this as it may, the lands of Dowhill belonged upwards of a century and a half ago, to the old Glasgow family of Anderson, of Dowhill and Stabcross, several of whom were provosts of the city, prior as well as subsequent to the Revolution. One of these was the well-known Provost John Anderson, maternal great-grandfather of Sir John Moore. The now populous suburb of Anderston was laid off by, and named after, this old Gallowgait laird, on part of his lands of Stabcross.

In Provost Anderson's day, the lands of Dowhill were totally unbuilt, except a few houses fronting Gallowgait, within the port. The farthest-out buildings, next the city gate, were two barns. The provost, however, disposed of a portion of the north side of Dowhill to the Glasgow College, about 1717, now forming part of the College garden. He died soon after, having been twice married. His first wife was Susannah Hamilton; the second, Mary Hay. He left four daughters; two by each marriage. The two daughters by the second marriage were—Marion, who was married to the Rev. Charles Moore, a native of Armagh, and Episcopalian clergyman at Stirling; and Barbara, who became the wife of William Fogo, of Killorn. To Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Fogo the lands of Dowhill fell, as their share of the old provost's Glasgow property, extending to upwards of twelve acres. These ladies afterwards divided the property; the westmost half accruing to Mrs. Moore, the eastmost to Mrs. Fogo.

Soon after her father's death, Mrs. Moore removed from Stirling to Glasgow, among her kindred, and for the education of her family. Her eldest son was Dr. John Moore, father of the general. When Dr. Moore, then a youth of seventeen, left the Coldstream Guards, in which he had been an assistant-surgeon, about the middle of last century, he returned to Glasgow, and practised there nearly twenty years. He succeeded to his mother's half of the Dowhill property; and as early as 1750 commenced feuing it out in lots, agreeably to a ground plan. Among the earliest feuars from the Doctor were Messrs. Richard Allan, senr., Richard Allan, junr., and Archibald Smellie, all merchants in Glasgow. These respectable old merchants acquired two acres of the Dowhill

in 1754. As a specimen of prices of Gallowgait ground in these days, they paid, per acre, £20 in cash, besides a ground-annual of £5 in all time coming. In their turn they sub-feued this ground into a number of small lots between the years 1755 and 1766. On these sub-feus, houses, dye-works, &c., were built, with access from the Gallowgait by the lanes now called "the Little Dowhill," and "the Meikle Dowhill."

Another considerable purchaser from Dr. Moore was the late Mr. James Campbell, a rich old tanner. This gentleman acquired, first of all, a large range of the Dowhill, near the Spoutmouth, where he had extensive tan-works for more than half a century. He afterwards purchased a large additional section, which will be noticed in the sequel.

Immediately previous to these subinfeudations, the rising grounds of the Dowhill were occupied partly as grass parks, and partly as a large orchard enclosed by hedges.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Courier*, December, 1755, offering part of the Dowhill in lease:—"For garden ground—To be set in tack, two acres, or thereby, contained in that park lately enclosed on the Dowhill, behind the dye-house occupied by Robert Hanna. The ground is in fine order, having been lately trenched, well dunged, and, last two years, lain lee. The situation is very commodious for dwelling-houses, or bleaching; has ready access to the burnside [the Molendinar!] and entry to it, either by the Vennal [Old Vennal off High Street], or the Butts; whoever has a mind to offer for gardening may apply, &c., &c." How different the condition of these "lee parks" now!

Dr. Moore finally removed to London in 1778, and the Dowhill has been long entirely out of the family.

The second oldest off-shoot from Gallowgait, within the port, is St. Andrew's Lane, running from the south side. During the protracted period of the building of St. Andrew's Church [began in 1739, but not finished till 1758], an entrance to it, from the Gallowgait, was formed, and named "St. Andrew's Open." What is now the square was not built for more than thirty years after, under an act of Parliament, but long remained a churchyard, covered with grass, and surrounded by a high wall. In the north side was an iron gate through which the people from Gallowgait and St. Andrew's Lane entered to church on Sundays; but it was

kept locked during the week, and closed in the lane. The principal entrance to the churchyard, however, was through a huge iron gate, in the wall facing the west, and looking down what is now St. Andrew's Street, formerly "the Bakers' Open." So late as 1785, the magistrates advertised in the newspapers, "the grass of St. Andrew's churchyard to be disposed of:" a very laudable example of civic thrift. Nearly one hundred years have passed since the old-fashioned Gallowgait-off-shoot—"St. Andrew's Open"—was formed. Though now sorely altered, and almost entirely buried under the modern London Street Bridge thrown over it, St. Andrew's Lane was at one time a place of some note. It was the residence of some respectable and well-known old citizens. It contained, also, the Sheriff-Clerk's Office;\* besides a number of merchants' counting-houses and lawyers' chambers; the whole forming a place of considerable bustle.

Among the earliest occupants, in this queer old lane, was an Englishman, named James Yates, who had extensive carriers' quarters there. He first established a waggon for conveying goods and passengers between Edinburgh and Glasgow. That was about the middle of last century. In these days it was considered a great undertaking. The waggon was a huge, lumbering machine, with an arched cover, and drawn by six horses. It started every Wednesday morning, "from the usual place, in the opening from the Gallowgait to the new church;" and the fare for passengers to Edinburgh was five shillings.†

This enterprising English waggoner afterwards extended the range of the journey to Newcastle and other parts of England. It proved a profitable concern. Yates acquired considerable heri-

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\* As I have incidentally alluded to the Sheriff-Clerk's Office, it may not be uninteresting to mark the different localities to which that minor temple of justice has been shifted during the last half century. It has been moved eight times, viz. :—1st, It was in St. Andrew's Lane, east side, in a ground floor. 2d, In Wilson Street, north side, corner of Brunswick Street, now part of the County Buildings. 3d, In Stirling Street, east end, first close from High Street, north side. 4th, In Antigua Place, Wilson Street, up one stair. 5th, In the south-east corner of St Andrew's Square, previously the office of the Royal Bank. 6th, At the Water Port, Clyde Street, in the fine old mansion of Mr. Craig. 7th, In Strang's Land, Stockwell, west side, in a close, up one stair, previously a tavern; and, lastly, it is now fixed in the identical spot in Wilson Street, where it had been at the beginning of this century, well known to many old members of the Faculty as the site of the Duke of York's Tap-room, and the Prince of Wales Tavern and Oyster House.

† *Vide* Yates' advertisements in *Glasgow Courant*, for December, 1757.

table property. Travelling by "the Newcastle waggon" became popular; and Smollett has described, with inimitable drollery, in *Roderick Random*, a series of passengers' adventures on the road, in this identical Gallowgait machine, in which he himself had travelled. Among other notable personages and incidents, the valiant Captain Weasel is introduced, and the particulars recorded, of the racy lecture administered to him by Miss Jenny, touching the sudden evaporation of courage on the part of that spider-legged son of Mars, when the highwayman overhauled the waggon; while the effect which that unwelcome visit produced on Strap is not forgotten, the chattering of whose teeth gave audible proof that valour did not form a leading element in the composition of that renowned Glasgow shaver.

I well remember, more than forty years ago, the huge "Newcastle waggon" slowly approaching the city from the east, drawn by a team of great horses, and accompanied by several English waggoners, in the then unusual dress of smock-frocks, grey hats, quarter-boots, and armed with enormous whips, all so characteristic of the other side of the Tweed, and occasioning many queer remarks as they passed along. These jolly waggoners were no doubt types of the honest "Joey" pourtrayed by Smollett.

The only street which has been opened off that section of the Gallowgait now under notice is Charlotte Street.

This once favourite locality for gentlemen's houses runs from the Gallowgait to the Green. It was formed about seventy-four years ago, and was named after the grandmother of her present Majesty. The southmost half was conducted through the centre of a large orchard, called "Merkdaily;" and the northmost, through a narrow stripe of ground which connected the orchard with Gallowgait, and bore the somewhat ominous name of Ghost-Yard.

On a curious old MS. plan of Merkdaily, now before me, by John M'Arthur, the well-known surveyor of last century, dated nearly ten years before Charlotte Street was opened, the boundaries and sub-divisions of these properties are very distinctly laid down. Merkdaily is there stated to measure four acres, two roods, and seven ells, and represented as covered with trees. It reached from the Green as far north as the point where the north side of the modern London Street crosses; its east boundary was the old thoroughfare, marked on the map as "Burnt Barns Street;" and its westmost, three small properties belonging respectively to "Mr.

Moodie," "Miss Wallace," and "Mr. Hutchison," all lying at the back of what was then St. Andrew's kirk-yard. A substantial stone-wall enclosed the orchard on the east and south; but on the west and north, hedges separated it from several small adjoining subjects. One of the properties bounding Merkdaily on the north, was the back yard of the Easter Sugar-House; another, the garden behind the tenement of Mr. Peter, of Crossbasket, which faced Gallowgait, and had a large brass knocker on the street door; and a third, was the green at the back of the town house of Mr. Aitchison, of Roughsolloch. What is now called Green Street, was then an old lone running outside the orchard dyke, and is marked on the map, as "the back of the dykes' road." This old road passed the Episcopal Chapel of St. Andrew's, facing the Green, the first edifice of that kind erected in Glasgow after the Revolution, and long known by the somewhat contemptuous epithet of "the Whistlin' Kirk."\*

It seems worth while to note some farther particulars about this property of Merkdaily. In ancient times it formed part of an almost forgotten croft, the name of which is rarely seen in old papers. It was called "Eaglesholm Croft," and extended from the Saltmarket, eastward to Burnt Barns; and from the Gallowgait south to the Green, including, of course, the area of what is now St. Andrew's Square.

As far back as the reign of Charles the Second, Merkdaily belonged to John Luke, of Claythorn; and at the Union, was the property of his son; who, in the old deeds, is described by the *soubriquet*, of "Bristol John." After passing through a variety of intermediate owners, Merkdaily and the adjoining properties of "Ghost Yard" and "Leper's Land,"† both facing Gallowgait, became vested, *circa* 1780, in the person of Archibald Paterson, merchant in Glasgow. Some years previous to his purchase, at-

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\* The title of the unique old document now referred to, is "a plan of Merkdaily yard, taken, per John M'Arthur, 1771." It is in excellent preservation.

† The name, "Leper's Land," applied to this property, both popularly and in deeds, did not originate from the place having been a *sanatorium* for persons labouring under the disease of leprosy—once so common in Glasgow and other Scotch towns—but because an old family, called Leiper, were owners of an antique house (*Scottice* "Land") and yard, as far back as the days of the Covenanters, and long resided there. A John Leiper was owner at the Revolution of 1688. Soon after that, "Leper's Land" became the property of Walter Boyd, a wealthy old brewer, in whose family it remained more than half a century.



tempts had been made to open up a street from the Gallowgait to the Green, by agreements among the smaller proprietors on the north side of Merkdaily, as well as the owners of that large orchard, whereby each should contribute a certain breadth of ground for the purpose. It was intended to have formed a square on Merkdaily, with a street to it from the Gallowgait. The former was to have been named "St. James' Square," after the king's palace in London. The plan of this projected improvement is shown on the old map, appended to *Gibson's History of Glasgow*. But the scheme was not successful. Some of the parties, indeed, went the length of commencing to build houses, at certain points on the line, but had to abandon them for pecuniary difficulties and otherwise. This is partly seen from an advertisement in the *Glasgow Journal* of 23d December, 1773, which offers for sale, by public auction, "these 4 acres, 2 roods, and 5 falls of ground, lying in the territory of the burgh of Glasgow, called Merkdaily, with the begun buildings and stones, and other materials for building, lying thereupon;" and they are recommended in the following terms:—"The above grounds have an entry from the south side of the Gallowgait, of thirty-eight feet broad [Ghost Yard], and are well situated for building upon, having a fine south exposure, and commanding a view of the Green of Glasgow, the river Clyde, and country adjacent."\*

It was reserved to Mr. Paterson, seconded by the well-known Mr. David Dale, effectively to carry through the street. As already stated, the former bought Merkdaily, and two adjoining properties lying between it and Gallowgait. He then entered into new arrangements with proprietors to the north for the proper formation of the new street. While the northmost half was destined for houses in flats; the southmost, which was to traverse Merkdaily, was to have only self-contained houses, of a superior description, for the residence of people of some note. With this view Mr. Paterson ordered ground and elevation plans to be prepared, and introduced a variety of very stringent rules and con-

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\* The last tenant of Merkdaily orchard, before it was broken up, was a gardener named William Hatridge, who supplied the then small town with apples and fruit raised there. His thatched cottage stood near the centre of the garden, and was a great resort of the town's people "for curds, cream, and straw-berries." During the building operations the clay was taken out of a portion of Merkdaily; bricks were made and burnt there, and the clay-holes were long a favourite resort of the Gallowgait boys for sliding and skating. London Street now traverses the site of the brick fields.

ditions into the conveyances of the building stances, relating to the shape, size, and position of the houses, and even to the style of external ornament. He seems to have taken for his model the then new and elegant private edifices in Miller Street; and a close resemblance may be traced between the fine old mansions still lingering in both.

The first owners of the private edifices in South Charlotte Street were the eleven following gentlemen:—On the west side, next the Green, stood the spacious house of Mr. David Dale; beyond which were those of Messrs. James Paterson, [a relative of the founder of the street—the house now a nunnery]; William M'Neill, John Craig, of Auchenairst, and Robert Blair. On the east side, directly opposite Mr. Dale's, was the residence of the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, minister of Blackfriars, [father of the late learned editor of the *Quarterly*], followed northwards by the houses of Messrs. David Black, James Jackson, William Taylor, James M'Kenzie, of Garnkirk, and William Urquhart. Each of these houses had gardens behind, with fruit trees—the remains of the Merkdaily orchard. The street was kept private by means of a large and handsome iron gate, at the south end, flanked by posterns. The whole of Charlotte Street, when new, is well shown on Barrie's map of Glasgow.

A narrow cross-lane separated aristocratic South Charlotte Street from the northern section, in flats, and of less pretension. This cross alley ran from Burnt Barns, westward to, and communicated with, St. Andrew's Lane, and was about ten feet wide, between high brick walls. It was popularly called "Balaam's Passage," from a fancied resemblance to the narrow way in which the avaricious Mesopotamian soothsayer and his ass encountered the celestial messenger, while journeying from the pseudo prophet's habitation beyond the Euphrates, on the summons of the king of Moab, and the Emirs of Midian, to aid them with counsel against the approaching army of Hebrew strangers, who had just achieved their first victories over two of the neighbouring border-kings. This droll old "passage," (the correct name of which was Charlotte Lane), is no longer visible, being swallowed up in London Street.

## II. THE EAST PORT.

This ancient line of demarcation between the old and the comparatively modern parts of the Gallowgait was taken down in 1749, during the second provostship of the well-known merchant and banker, Mr. Andrew Cochran. It was during his first tenure of the civic chair that the Pretender, and the rebel army, occupied Glasgow, three years previous to the removal of the east gate. Provost Cochran was a great improver of, and did much for, the town. This old eastern barrier had become sorely failed, and as described to me by an eye-witness, was "*a complete rickie.*" The Provost accordingly was mainly instrumental in having it removed, so as to allow the town to expand in that direction. The general appearance of the port, in its better days, has been already indicated in alluding to the others. The south end of the barrier, or traversing wall, joined the face of an old two-storey thatched house, one half of which was within, and the other without, the gate, and is so described in title deeds. The north end rested against the angle of an ancient kirk-yard, to be more particularly noticed in the sequel. The foundations of the port were not however rooted out. They were met with in 1812, during the formation of the first common sewer in Gallowgait, from Kent Street westward to the Molendinar Burn. These foundations were cut through by the sewer-trench, and lay in a bed of fine sand. They consisted of very massive blocks of stone, and their removal caused no small trouble. The wall had been several feet thick. Its precise position across the street, was a few yards west from the mouth of the rectangular lane now called "the Great Dowhill."

In the centre of the street, precisely where the gate-proper had opened, several antiques were found, at some depth, among the dry sand and rubbish; the most interesting of which was a huge key, believed on good grounds to be that of the gate itself. It was handed over at the time of its discovery by Mr. M'Credie, brickbuilder, the contractor, to a near relative of mine, who was interested in the formation of the sewer, as a neighbouring proprietor, and by him given to me. The key has now been in my possession about forty years. The circumstances of its discovery, as now stated, were mentioned by Mr. M'Credie and others in my

hearing, and I now record them for the sake of preserving the identity of this curiosity. I believe it is the only one of the keys of ancient Glasgow's gates now extant. It is in fine preservation, and measures rather more than a foot in length; the shaft has been nearly an inch thick; the blade is two and a-half inches square, and the wards remarkably well and sharply cut. There is a large ring at the one end, freely admitting the hand; while at the other is a longish pike, customary in antique keys, for deeply piercing the thick massive lock on the oaken gate, which, in the olden time, shut in the city. The whole workmanship is superior; and competent judges assign to it considerable antiquity. The lock and key had probably been made in Holland.

### III. GALLOWGAIT, BEYOND THE EAST PORT.

On emerging from the city gate, a narrow country road, chiefly between hedges, led out to the ancient village of Camlachie, about a mile distant, and in its course passed through the centre of the Gallowmuir. This road went by the name of "the Camlachie Lone."

The first object that attracted attention outside the port was a small, deserted kirkyard, called "Little Sanct Mungo." This ancient resting-place of the forgotten dead lay on the north side of the road, and close to the barrier. It was surrounded by a ruinous stone-dyke of considerable thickness, with "boles." The interior was overgrown with rank grass, nettles, and fox-glove; nearly hid amongst which were a few narrow, grey stones, much encrusted with fog, and deeply set in the earth, marking graves of the long-departed. A few withered trees, the remains of an old wood, lingered in the back-ground, close to the ruinous dyke. This kirkyard was veritably believed to be haunted; and within it sights were seen and noises heard by no means exhilarating. In moonlight, the wrinkled trees had a peculiarly ghastly look—their shadows thrown into the old graveyard, slowly moving and flickering, as the night-wind moaned through their creaking branches, and hissed and rustled in the long, wiry grass, and waving black nettles. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that this was considered one of those "uncanny" spots, dreaded, after night-fall, by the honest burghers of these superstitious times. In fact, to pass "Little St. Mungo," in the witching-hour,

was a thing not to be done unnecessarily, and required no ordinary stock of resolution. Nay, on some occasions, such as Halloween (that very ancient Pagan festival to the Lord of Death), any such transit would have been not only rash, but positively dangerous. Woe, then, betide the solitary Glasgowiegian overtaken by night, coming into the then little town by the road through the dreary Gallowmuir. We can imagine him quaking with the dread of seeing "*something*," and as he peered cautiously around, seeking, with quickened step, the shelter of the town gate.\*

The history of this eerie place reaches back more than three centuries and a half. Shortly before the Reformation began to dawn, a pious ecclesiastic, prompted probably by the odour of sanctity with which the monkish legend already noticed had invested the Dowhill, resolved to build, on a part of these lands, a chapel, and dedicate the edifice to the apostle of Strath-Clyde. The name of this ecclesiastic was David Cunningham. He was Archdeacon of Argyll, Provost of the Collegiate Church, Hamilton, and an official of Glasgow. He was also Rector of Glasgow College in 1489. It was in October, 1500, that the chapel was built at this person's sole expense, while James IV. sat on the Scottish throne. The archdeacon set apart for its endowment several properties, viz., 1st, A tenement in St. Thenaw Street (the Trongait); 2d, Two roods of land in the Gallowgait, beyond the Molendinar, "acquired from Mariot Dickson, near the garden of Thomas Monteath, and from Richard Browster;" 3d, An acre, lying in "*monte columbarum*" (Dowhill), bought from D. Spreull; 4th, A barn, and six roods of land in Provanside; and, 5th, Certain "annual-rents, out of the lands of Drips and Melvan's Orchard, near Ruglen."†

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\* These and numerous other curious city legends were related to me many years ago by old people. One, in particular, who was born in 1719, and reached the great age of one hundred and three, had a most tenacious memory to the last, and quite well remembered all the city ports, and the Pretender reviewing the rebel army in the Green. I have many a time listened with no small interest to the tales, descriptions, and ballads, of this intelligent centenarian, drawn from a store seemingly inexhaustible. Another informant was a very old gentleman, long one of the magistrates. I mention these sources of information to show that the description of Little St. Mungo's Kirkyard is not fanciful, and because so little happens to be known about this queer old place.

† *Vide* the Chartulary of the See, printed for the Maitland Club, vol. ii. p. 501, and the preface to the Book of *Our Lady College*, presented to that club by the late Marquis of Bute, 1846.

Little did this pious founder dream of the storm of the Reformation, destined so soon to burst with all its fury on the Church of Rome. The names of Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Melville, were then unknown.

We lose sight of Little St. Mungo's chapel for nearly a century, during which time it no doubt experienced the rude assaults which an infuriated populace, goaded on by religious phrenzy, directed against all popish edifices, and, in their zeal, ruthlessly destroyed some of the finest architectural triumphs of which Scotland could boast.

The chapel re-appears, however, along with the surrounding kirkyard, in 1593. An old deed has very recently been discovered in the city archives, which I have had the privilege of examining. It is a conveyance of both, by Donald Cunningham, of Aikinbar, and Marion Lyon, his spouse, to Sir Mathew Stewart, of Minto, provost,\* Robert Chirnside, and John Stewart, bailies, "for thame and the counsall of Glasgu," dated 10th May, 1593. From this ancient deed, it appears that the chapel and kirkyard had sometime before (probably about the era of the Reformation) become the property of Archibald Lyon, a merchant in Glasgow, of considerable note. He was probably the same person spoken of by M'Ure, as having been his grandfather, and possessed of no less than forty shops in the Gallowgait, besides "a great lodging for himself and family on the south side, whereupon his arms and his lady's are yet [1736] to be seen upon the gate of his said lodging to this very day." Mr Lyon disposed the chapel and kirkyard to his daughter Marion, and to her husband, Donald Cunningham, of Aikenbar, a relative of the founder.

The price at which these spouses sold the queer old place to the town, was "twa hundrith merkis numerat money usuall of this realm" [£10 16s. sterling]; "of the quhilk," the sellers, "hald thame weill content, assyithit and payit." They stipulated, however, that the "chaipell, hous, and zaird should be convertit into ane hospitall for the puir, to be foundit be the saidis provest, bailleis, and counsell, and to na uthir use in all tymes cuming;"

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\* This was the last of the Minto knights who filled the provost's chair. He was a great Royalist and Episcopalian, and gave mortal offence to the Presbyterian party by ejecting the minister of Cambuslang from the pulpit of the Cathedral by main force, to make room for the Episcopalian bishop. M'Ure indulges in a few serious reflections on Sir Mathew's conduct on this occasion, not much to the knight's advantage.

"and, farder, the said provest, bailleis, and counsall, grantis to the said Donald and his spous, twa lawfull and sufficient persounis to be admittit fre burgess of the said citie, at thair requiest;" a privilege of which, by an endorsement on the deed it appears, that Donald availed himself, at least twice; his first nominee having been "Robert M'Cuir, taillzeor." At the time of this sale, the arms of Cunningham were emblazoned on the chapel; for the deed takes the provost and magistrates bound "not to alter ye Conzng-hames armes of ye said kirk, presentlie yairupon, in all tymes cuming, sa lang as ye wa' [wall] standis."

The following is the description of the property:—"All and haill the chapell and hous, callit St. Mungoi's Chaiplane, with kirk-zaird, and pertinentis thair of, lyand in the east side of the toun of Glasgu, bezond the Gallowgait Brig, betwix the landis of Dowhill on the north, and the *Hie Street on the east partis*."\*

The kirk yard was surrounded by trees, an old custom, reaching back to Paganism, and some value seems to have been attached to them by Donald of Aikenbar, and the provost, probably as fine old timber, for there is an express clause, whereby, "ye said Donald and Marioun, sellis and dispones to ye saidis toonschip, all and haill, the treis, baith growand and cuttit, about, and in the samyn, to be instantlie intromettit with, be the saidis provest, bailleis, and counsall, to the use of the said kirk."†

The provost and magistrates having thus acquired Little St.

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\* This "Hie Street" has long disappeared. It is traditionally recorded to have been a road down from the Drygate to this little Popish chapel, and continued southwards in the line of what is now South St. Mungo Street, or Burnt Barns. The present Saracen's Lane is nearly in its track; but that is comparatively quite a modern opening. The existence of this ancient cross-road off the Gallowgait, hitherto resting only on tradition, is now proved by the deed of 1593.

† This curious old deed is in fine condition, as if it had scarcely ever been out of the fold. It is in the custody of Andrew Cunningham, Esq., Keeper of the Register of Sasines for the burgh, whose courtesy in allowing me access to this, and many other curious and valuable papers under his charge, I beg to acknowledge. The contents of this ancient conveyance are now made public for the first time. It is signed only by "Donald Conynghame, off Aikinbar," and by "Mynto, Knt." Eight witnesses are mentioned in the deed as having been present at the subscription; but none of them sign, that formality in the authentication of Scotch instruments not having then been settled by statute. One of the witnesses was the celebrated David Weems, inducted minister of the Cathedral, only a few years after the Reformation; another, "James Forret, of Burrowfield;" a third, "Gabriel Corbat, of Hardgraif;" a fourth, "Ninian Andersounne, of Woodyde;" a fifth, "William Young, in Partik;" the remaining witnesses were two of the town officers, and "Robert Herbertsounne," writer of the deed.

Mungo, followed out the stipulations, by converting it into an hospital. It became a receptacle for lepers, and those attacked by the plague. Various entries appear in the Council records for disbursements in repairs. The last known allusion to the chapel itself, occurs in these records, about 250 years ago, shortly before James ascended the English throne, on the death of Elizabeth. How much longer the chapel stood cannot be ascertained. But the kirk-yard, surrounded by an old-fashioned dyke, continued as a place of sepulture till a much later period; though it also became deserted, for that purpose, early in last century. Allusions are made to it repeatedly in the records of the Town Council; one of which, on 11th June, 1644, states that, "the gers [grass] of Little St. Mungo's kirk-yaird is set to Johne Andersoune, for ane dollar gevin to the offischirs to buy their denner."\*

At length, after the East Port had been removed, the magistrates resolved to sell Little St. Mungo's kirk-yard; and in November, 1754, put an advertisement in the *Glasgow Courant*, offering it for public sale in the Tolbooth. It is described in the advertisement, as "that old kirk-yard, lying without the Gallowgait Port, on the north side of the high road." At that time, there were no hotel in Glasgow, though there were several good minor inns; and the magistrates were desirous to have one erected on a large scale, for the proper reception of people of quality visiting the city. Accordingly they entered into an arrangement with Robert Tennent, a gardener and vintner, to build a first-class hotel. This man had long been tenant of the "White Hart" Inn, belonging to Mr. Orr, of Barrowfield, a little way outside the East Port, nearly opposite what is now Campbell Street. The site which the magistrates thought the best for this new hotel, was no other than the old deserted kirk-yard of Little St. Mungo. Accordingly they sold it to Tennent, on the 24th of November, 1754, on condition that he should erect thereon a hotel, in conformity with a plan; and, by way of encouragement, they allowed him to take the stones for building it from the ruins of the Archbishop's Castle at the town-head. Surely the object in view might have been attained without that piece of civic vandalism. However,

\* *Vide Memorabilia*, selected from the minute books of the town of Glasgow, from 1583 till 1750, by James Hill, Esq., page 131; printed for private circulation, 1835. From old papers in my possession, it appears that the extent of frontage of the kirk-yard to the "Camlachie Lone," was about 160 feet.



Tennent proceeded to fulfil his bargain. He demolished the kirk-yard dyke, with its old-fashioned "boles;"\* rooted out the foundations of the ancient chapel, as well the deeply-sunk, moss-covered gravestones; and thus terminates the history of the ruins of Little St. Mungo, so long the object of superstitious dread to the worthy burghers of the early part of last century. What old Donald Cunningham, of Aikenbar, and his well-beloved spouse, Marion Lyon, would have said, had they witnessed the desecration, must be left to conjecture. But it was certainly rather a queer idea, to plant an inn in a kirk-yard, converting the graves into wine cellars and kitchens, as was actually the case.

Within twelve months after the agreement with the magistrates, Robert Tennent completed the building of the hotel, which was long considered one of the most spacious and elegant in Scotland. As it was the first of the kind attempted in Glasgow, and as some points in its history are not devoid of interest, it seems worth while to bestow some farther notice upon this old Gallowgait hotel, before proceeding to other objects in the street.

In the conveyance by Provost George Murdoch and the magistrates to Tennent, dated 26th September, 1755, immediately after the hotel had been finished, the property is described as—"that old yeard, or burying place, called Little Saint Mungo, lying immediately without, and next adjacent to the place where the Gallowgait, or east port of Glasgow, lately taken down, was situated on the north side of the High Street, leading from the said port to Camlachie; bounded by the High Street [Gallowgait] on the south; the lands of Mr. William Craig† on the west; the lands called the Dowhill on the north, and the lands, now of John Thomson, on the east parts; and whereon the said Robert Tennent hath now, at his own cost, built a great inn, all of good hewn stone."

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\* A small fragment of the ancient kirk-yard dyke is still visible in one of the closes on the west side of Great Dowhill, near the bottom; that lane being, in fact, a stripe of the westmost portion of the kirk-yard.

† This was the Rev. Dr. Wm. Craig, at that time minister of the Wynd Church, to which he had been inducted in 1738. He was also the first minister appointed to St. Andrew's Church in 1763, after having been in the Wynd Kirk 25 years. In 1761 this excellent old divine lived in the third floor and garrets of a tenement in Gallowgait, near the burn. His son was the well-known Lord Craig, born in the Gallowgait, one of the most eminent jurists of his day, and an ornament to literature, of whom Glasgow may well be proud. He studied law in Glasgow College, under that second Gamaliel, Professor John Miller.

The name which Tennent gave the hotel was "The Saracen's Head." It consisted of three storeys, and had a frontage to the road of one hundred feet. In the centre the main part of the building receded a little, with good architectural effect, and a flight of broad stairs led to the entrance hall. Behind was a spacious ball-room, a large court of offices, stables, &c. A carriage entry to the ball-room was opened along the west side of the inn, which was the origin of the lane, now known as the Great Dowhill; while the entrance to the stables was by a private entry, skirting the east side of the hotel, and now called "Saracen's Lane."

Robert Tennent next announced to the public the opening of the Saracen's Head, in the following quaint advertisement, which appeared in the *Glasgow Courant* for October, 1755, viz. :—

"Robert Tennent, who formerly kept the White Hart Inn, without the Gallowgate Port, is removed to the Saracen's Head, where the port formerly stood. He takes this opportunity to acquaint all ladies and gentlemen that, at the desire of the magistrates of Glasgow, he has built a convenient and handsome new inn, agreeable to a plan given him, containing thirty-six fire rooms, now fit to receive lodgers. The bed-chambers are all separate, none of them entering through another, and so contrived that there is no need of going out of doors to get to them. The beds are all very good, clean, and free from bugs. There are very good stables for horses, and a pump-well in the yard for watering them, with a shade within the said yard for coaches, chaises, and other wheel carriages.

"As the said Robert Tennent has been at a very great expense in building this inn, and making it commodious for his guests, he hopes to have the countenance and encouragement of all his old friends and customers, who may depend on their being rightly accommodated and well used. There is a large room, where an hundred people can be entertained at one time."

An enormous sign was also hung up on the front of the house, representing a man as large as life down to the knees, with an ample white turban, claret-coloured robe, very wide light inexpressibles, and a broad red sash round the body. He was in the act of drawing a most uncomfortable looking scimitar, which he had managed half-way out of the scabbard. The countenance was well adorned with hair, and the glaring eyes seemed ready to start from the sockets. He was evidently in a violent passion,

and the whole expression most alarming. This was intended to represent a Saracen !\*

Such was the Saracen's Head Inn when fresh from the builder's hands. It was a bold undertaking for Tennent in these days, but he did not succeed. He lost the whole money he had made, and died only about two years after the inn had been opened.\*

A committee of Robert Tennent's creditors took the charge of his affairs, consisting of three well known names, viz. :—Alex. Oswald of Scotstown, George Murdoch, the former Provost, under whose auspices the inn had been planned, and Allan Dreghorn, of Ruchill, father of the celebrated "Bob. Dragon." They let the inn to Mrs. Catherine Siddell, the widow of Tennent, at fifty guineas per annum, during her lifetime, or as long as she chose to possess it. In the old papers she is described as a woman of remarkable energy and industry, which may account for such an unusual and indefinite tack-right. On her death, a few years after, the inn was sold to James Graham, vintner, already alluded to as having been lessee of the Black Bull, then the rival hotel in the Wester Gait. The price paid by Graham was £1150—a large sum in these days. This was in 1768. Graham continued landlord for about nine years. The inn prospered, but unluckily he engaged in building speculations, which did not succeed. He failed, and died about 1777.

As in Tennent's case, a committee of Graham's creditors took charge of his affairs, one of whom, named Niven, was a well-known barber, and bailie of the city, and the identical person Smollett had in his eye when he pourtrayed Hugh Strap, in *Roderick Random*.

Graham's widow was the same active, industrious woman that her predecessor in the inn, Mrs Tennent, had been. Her name

\* This queer old *sign* is still extant, and scores of copies have been taken from it all over the country. It did duty on the old Saracen's Head Inn, and afterwards on the new inn, on the opposite side of the street, bearing the same title, built after the former had ceased to be a hotel ; thus reaching over a period of more than three quarters of a century. It is the oldest sign now in Glasgow.

† Robert Tennent appears to have been at one time a man of considerable means, and much respected. He was a gardener as well as vintner. His garden formed what is now the property of Annfield, (afterwards noticed), and with some adjoining ground, consisted of about thirteen acres. Preparatory to his removal from the White Hart to the Saracen's Head, Tennent sold all this land and some houses thereon, in order to realise funds to assist in paying for the building of the "Great Inn." Poor Tennent died on Thursday, 3d February, 1757. The *Glasgow Courant* of that date, says of him that he "was well qualified for his business, and respected by all ranks."

was Jean Leckie. She undertook to pay her husband's creditors, on having his whole property conveyed to her. This was done, and Mrs. Graham became sole proprietrix of the Saracen's Head, in 1777. She is well remembered by people of the olden time, as the gaucy, glib-tongued, managing landlady of the Saracen. Under her management the inn did well for many years.

It was long the chief rendezvous of all distinguished strangers, and the place selected for balls, county meetings, magisterial and public dinners, &c. &c. When the foundation-stone of the first Jamaica Street Bridge was laid, by Provost George Murdoch, the procession started from the Saracen's Head;\* the sporting Duke of Hamilton regularly put up there; and many of the Scotch nobility danced in the spacious ball-room, at county and other balls.† When Dr. Samuel Johnson returned from his tour to the Hebrides, with Boswell, in 1773, they resided in this house, and were there visited by the College professors and other notables. Speaking of their arrival in Glasgow (which Johnson very much admired), Boswell, in his amusing volumes, states :—

“ On our arrival at the Saracen's Head Inn at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single line since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember he put a leg up on each side of the grate, and said, with mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it,—Here am I, an Englishman, sitting by a coal fire. The professors of the University being informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson [founder of the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow], breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while Dr. Johnson viewed this beautiful city. Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messrs. Fowlis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow,

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\* Provost George Murdoch was the first provost of Glasgow who wore a gold chain, and he sported it for the first time in this grand masonic procession.—*Vide Cleland's Enumeration, for the Census of 1831.*

† I remember on one occasion hearing the late venerable Earl of Glasgow, whose father so nobly fought and bled, side by side, with the immortal Wolfe, at Fontenoy and Lauffeldt, state, when commenting on the changes in Glasgow during his long life, that he had frequently walked a minuet in the Saracen's Head ball-room, and seen the most distinguished company assembled there; adding, that without doubt it was the finest hotel in these days in Scotland.

dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which the professors went away; and I having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messrs. Fowlis." An amusing account is then given by Bozzy, of the onset which these two clever Glasgow printers made on the great lexicographer, and the dilemma in which the latter was placed.

Little did Dr. Johnson imagine that he had taken up his quarters in an old kirkyard, otherwise it is not improbable that superstition, which entered so largely into his character, might have proved more than a match for philosophy, and seriously disturbed his slumbers among the dead lepers, besides lessening his encomiums on Glasgow.

The old Lords of Justiciary, when they came on the Western Circuit, always resided in the Saracen's Head, and walked from thence, in procession, along the Gallowgait to the Court Hall, in the antique Tolbooth, at the Cross;\* and when the numerous magisterial dinners took place in these days, at the same hotel, the circumstance was made known to the public by a couple of the town-officers being put on duty at the head of the broad stairs, outside the inn door, in their red coats, and with shouldered halberds. All the Saracen's head-waiters wore livery, and were profusely powdered. The whole establishment was conducted in first-rate style.

The first time that the London mail-coach came to Glasgow, in July, 1788, it drew up at the Saracen's Head, and so great was the interest excited by the expected arrival, that Cleland relates, the landlord of the inn and a great crowd of horsemen went out as far as Tollcross and met the coach, welcoming it to the west. After the edifice had ceased to be used as an inn, the stables,† which included sixty stalls, continued to be rented more than

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\* The allusion to these judges of the olden time recalls some memorable names accustomed to honour the now nearly-forgotten old Gallowgait Hotel with their presence. The Saracen's Head often received the celebrated Lord Hailes; Lord Kames (whose mother was a daughter of Mr. Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, near Camlachie, and whose grandfather was the distinguished Principal Baillie of Glasgow College); that admirable lawyer, Sir Islay Campbell, Lord President; the coarse but shrewd Lord Justice-Clerk Macqueen, of Braxfield; Sir Thomas Miller, of Barakimming, Lord President, and son-in-law to Provost Murdoch, of Glasgow; Lord Bankton, author of the excellent *Institute on the Laws of Scotland*; besides many other men of renown.

† These fine old stables are now converted into a candlework; and the ball-room has for more than half a century been used as a place of worship by various sects.

thirty years by a well-known contractor for the conveyance of the London mail, and as a posting establishment.

Many amusing stories are preserved of the sayings and doings in this old Gallowgait inn, when in its prime; a good sample of which will be found in the ninth volume of *Chambers's Journal* [June, 1840], titled, "A Dinner Party of the Last Century;" where a very graphic account is given of a dialogue between the landlady and a certain Doctor Seggie, lately returned from a continental visit, on the novelty of hot plates at dinner in a cold day.

The gaucy landlady, Mrs. Graham, married a second time, a lawyer, much younger than herself. He was an elder in the Tron Kirk. A reverse of fortune took place at the outbreak of the French Revolutionary war. In 1791, a meeting of creditors was called; and, although this industrious landlady was probably not in law bound for her husband's debts, injudiciously contracted in buying ground and building, yet she nobly surrendered all her heritage to the creditors, receiving only in return an annuity of sixty guineas during life, secured on the inn, and the privilege of a lease of the farm of Hogganfield, to which she retired, after having done the honours of this first Glasgow hotel more than 24 years.

The inn, as well as a large range of adjacent ground, belonging to Mrs. Graham's second husband, were sold; and, in 1792, became the property of the late Mr. William Miller, of Slatefield; who opened up what is now Saracen's Lane, feuing it off into building stances; and converted the inn itself into dwelling-houses and shops, in which state it has since continued. It is among the oldest edifices now remaining in Gallowgait, outside the port.\* Strange enough, too, *vestigia* of the ancient kirk-yard were revealed, during the alteration of the inn by Mr. Miller. In digging among the cellars, many bones of the dead were turned up, to the no small dismay of the work people.

Returning to the sketch of Gallowgait beyond the port, in the

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\* I am in possession of some of the old plenishing of the inn, purchased in 1791, at the sale of the furniture, &c. These include several very quaint prints that hung on the walls—queer mantel-piece ornaments—the enormous blue china punch-bowl, which usually graced the head of the table on all grand occasions, &c. This bowl holds several gallons, and has evidently seen much hard service, being clasped in several places. The city arms appear in the bottom; with the motto, "Success to the town of Glasgow." A curious procession is also represented, probably to the shrine of Bacchus.

early part of last century, an old road led off from the Camlachie Lone, at a point opposite the ruins of Little Saint Mungo, and went by the double appellation of "St. Mungo's Lone" and "Burnt Barns." It formed the ancient outlet from the East Port to the Green and to Rutherglen, by Craignestock. On the west side of the Burnt Barns stood a few thatched houses, which came close up to the city gate; while a large area of ground, called "The Round Croft," formed the boundary of the old road on the east.

Round Croft consisted of about two acres and a half. It was bounded on the south by the Craignestock Road (now Great Hamilton Street); on the north by the Camlachie Lone, along which it stretched eastward nearly as far as what is now Gibson Street; and on the east by another tract of open ground, called "The How Croft."

Early in last century the Round Croft belonged to the first John Orr, of Barrowfield. It was surrounded by dykes and hedges, and chiefly occupied as garden ground. A small inn, called "The White Hart" (already referred to), faced the Gallowgate; and behind it was a bowling-green and archery ground, laid off by Mr. Orr, who was a great improver. M<sup>c</sup>Ure describes this place of amusement in his usual quaint style:—"There is a beautiful lodging, and pertinents thereof, and a curious bowling-green at the back thereof, for the diversion of gamesters at bowling thereintill, and a stately pair of butts for accommodating the archers of our city thereat, and other gentlemen adjacent, all well fenced and inclosed, by John Orr, of Barrowfield, Esq., lying betwixt his village of Caltoun and the East Port of Glasgow."

This property was sold by the second John Orr, of Barrowfield (afterwards town-clerk), in June, 1767, to John Struthers, maltman, who there erected an extensive brewery, well known long afterwards as "Struther's Brewery," and successively carried on by father and son.

About the beginning of the present century, the late Mr. Robert Struthers, afterwards of the Greenhead brewery (son of the purchaser from Mr. Orr), who had become sole proprietor of the Round Croft, resolved to lay it off in streets for building. Accordingly, about 1802, Kent Street (named after the father of her present Majesty) and Suffolk Street, which runs between it and the "Burnt Barns," were opened through this old croft and the

bowling-green, agreeably to a plan by John Weir, measurer. Among other purchasers from Mr. Struthers, were the Rev. John M'Leod, Andrew M'Kendrick, and Robert Buchan, plasterers, who entered into a joint adventure for building a new Gallowgait inn (facing the old Saracen's Head), and other tenements adjoining. In 1803, therefore, they acquired five steadings of the Round Croft, containing about 1185 square yards. The ground thus purchased extended from St. Mungo's Lane, along Gallowgait, eastwards to Kent Street, and ran up the latter and the lane about 86 feet. At the north-west angle of the croft these three parties built "*The New Saracen's Head Inn.*" The huge old sign which had so long graced the old inn, was hung up on the new, and remained there more than thirty years. This second Saracen's Head was long tenanted by one Charles Howatt, who had been an hostler in the old hotel. A rather singular prohibition was introduced into the conveyances of the Round Croft lots, by Mr. Struthers, that no churches or meeting-houses were to be erected thereon. It was not till 1814 that this restriction was withdrawn, by a formal deed, among the whole adjacent proprietors.

Continuing eastward, as already said, How Croft lay next Mr. Orr's old bowling-green, on the Round Croft. The eastern boundary of How Croft was what is now the Calton Mouth, formerly called Blackfauld, then in course of being formed into the village of Calton. As far back as the Union, How Croft belonged to a wealthy old brewer, named Walter Boyd. He resided on the Croft, and had his malt-kiln and barns there; besides being proprietor of various detached acres on the Gallowmuir, then beginning to be improved. Old Walter was succeeded, *circa* 1730, by an only daughter, Margaret Boyd, who married a preacher of the same surname. Their son, the Rev. William Boyd, became minister of Penningham, in the south of Scotland, and, on the death of his parents, having become apparently desirous to get rid of his then distant Glasgow property, the Penningham minister sold off the old brewer's How Croft, and other subjects, about 1781, to different people. The principal purchaser was one James Gibson, a wright. This man bought from the Rev. Mr. Boyd the greater part of the How Croft, with the intention of opening a street through it from the Gallowgait. He began to build tenements facing the Gallowgait, and laid off a new street, which he



named after himself. But he aimed at more than he could accomplish. He failed, and his creditors finished and sold off the tenements. This was the origin of Gibson Street in the Gallowgait.

Before going farther eastward, it is necessary to notice Campbell Street and Græme Street.

Both of these now somewhat antique streets traverse the Dowhill. The former is named after the late Mr. James Campbell, tanner, formerly alluded to; and the second, after the late Mr. Robert Græme, originally a writer in Glasgow, and afterwards Sheriff-Substitute there. These two gentlemen entered into a joint speculation, *circa* 1781, and purchased a large area of the lands of Dowhill, from Dr. John Moore, before referred to; and subsequently additional adjoining ground was acquired by them from the creditors of the landlord and landlady of the old Saracen's Head Inn.\*

The boundary of Messrs. Campbell & Græme's purchase on the north was the College grounds, which stretched round and formed the march also on the east, where M'Farlane Street now is. When these gentlemen acquired the property, it was a large garden, or orchard, and is so represented on M'Arthur's old map of Glasgow in 1778. The fences had become much broken down, and the fruit trees formed a great temptation to trespass. The new proprietors resolved to put a stop to this, and at sametime turn the property to the best account. Two streets were accordingly projected by them, one to run along the north boundary; the other along the east; and to join at right angles. Accordingly the following advertisement was inserted by them in the *Glasgow Mercury* for June, 1782:—

*"Building ground to be sold.*—That large yard lying at the back of the houses immediately east of the Saracen's Head Inn, Glasgow, is to be sold in lots or steadings for building.

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\* Mr. Campbell was, besides, proprietor of three estates—Petershill, Bedlay, and Shirva. He had three sons—James, Alexander, and David. I have a melancholy satisfaction in recording the names of this now extinct family, all of whom, father and sons, I intimately knew. The eldest son, when a dashing young man, was well known as "Claret Campbell." He afterwards went to India as an officer in the Scotch Brigade, and was at the battle of Assaye, under Colonel Wellesley, and in the war with Holkar. When he came home, his father settled on him Petershill. The second son, affectionately known in a wide circle as "Sandy Campbell," was a member of the Faculty of Procurators, and universally beloved. The estate of Bedlay, with its fine old chateau, was settled on him. He died there, 19th August, 1852. Shirva went to the youngest son, David.

"The situation of the ground is remarkably pleasant and well-aired, being bounded on the north by the Observatory yard, and on the east by other grounds belonging to the College of Glasgow, neither of which will ever be probably built upon.

"A street of 40 feet wide is to be opened from the Gallowgait, and another of 35 feet wide from the Dowhill, which are to join with each other, and by this means an easy communication will be formed betwixt the Gallowgait and High Street.

"That part of the ground lying next the Observatory yard will answer exceedingly well for manufacturers who may incline to build work-houses behind their dwelling-houses, as all these lots will have a sufficiency of back ground for the purpose; or will suit equally well those who would choose small pleasure plots of ground behind their houses.

"For the encouragement of purchasers, a considerable part of the price will be allowed to lye upon a ground annual.

"Apply to James Campbell, tanner in Glasgow; or Robert Græme, writer there, for further particulars.

"As the above ground has of late been very much destroyed by people making roads through it, and the fences almost ruined, besides considerable injury done to the bushes and fruit-trees, it is required that no person presume hereafter to go into the said yard without liberty asked and given, otherwise they may depend upon being prosecuted for so doing with the utmost rigour."

The 35 feet street referred to in this advertisement, is Græme Street, which forms an extension of the ancient entrance from High Street to the back of the grounds by the Old Vennel. The College had enclosed their grounds opposite the Dowhill, by the still existing stone-wall built in 1777, and the new street was to run alongside. The 40 feet street is Campbell Street. It was opened in 1784. Various building lots were given off in both streets, and they gradually filled up. There was no restriction as to building churches or meeting houses on this property; and accordingly no less than three were erected in Campbell Street alone, all belonging to rival sects. On one side of the street was the "meeting-house" of "The Old Light;" on the opposite, that of "The New Light," which grinned across at each other in all the fervour of that puritanical exclusiveness and intolerance, which so much characterized these bodies in the olden time. The "Relief Kirk" looked quietly on, flanking "the Old Light" con-

venticle, in which last the "Gifted Gilfillan" of *Waverley*, and Cuddie Headrigg's mother in *Old Mortality*, would have found many kindred spirits, and apt scholars, in all manner of objugation and rant.\*

M'Farlane Street, immediately to the east of the two just noticed, was not in existence at the period under review. This street is another traverse of the Dowhill, close to the eastern extremity of that property. When Alexander M'Farlane, Esq., of Jamaica, about the middle of last century, left, by his deed of settlement, the whole of his valuable astronomical instruments to the College of Glasgow, the Professors resolved to acquire more ground adjoining the old College garden, which then went no farther east than the Molendinar Burn, and to build thereon an Observatory, suitable to receive, and turn to the advantage of the students, the gift so generously conferred. Accordingly, they purchased, *circa* 1757, a considerable range of the eastern portion of the Dowhill adjoining the Butts. This purchase had the advantages of communication with the eastern outlet from the city, and of a gentle eminence after crossing the burn, on the way down from the College courts; and as in these days there seemed little chance of the locality losing much of the quietude necessary for studying that majestic science, for the prosecution of which Mr. M'Farlane's gift was intended, the Professors resolved to erect the observatory on this little eminence, which, in old papers, is spoken of as "the summit of the Dowhill." The foundation

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\* I well remember the queer interior of these old "meeting-houses" more than forty years ago, so very different from their present brushed-up aspect, with the then unpainted seats, clumsy candle-holders dangling from the roof; huge wooden pillars or props to the deep slanting gallery; funny-faced clocks, which ticked and struck unceasingly; the sour countenances of "the hearers;" and last, not least, the droll-looking beadles, one of whom had a wry neck, and used to *tack* from side to side of the long flagged passage as he essayed to conduct the ungowned "preacher" from the still quaintest session-house, with its sanded floor, fir chairs and water-stoup, up to the "poopit," and who, after his exertions, fell into a heavy, and by no means inaudible, slumber in the "bench," among the "auld wives" in red duffies and white mutchees, who, from considerate regard to their auricular infirmities, were privileged to occupy that conspicuous position, and gazed upwards at the preacher with outstretched necks, like a flock of startled cranes, or as the deaf mother of Saunders Mucklebackit in the *Antiquary*, when under inconvenient interrogation. Perched on the top of one of the pulpits was an artistic effort to convey the idea of Noah's dove, with outspread wings, and a branch in its bill. This remarkable ornithological specimen was painted yellow, rather corpulent, and at first sight might have been mistaken for a member of the duck family, but it improved on acquaintance, and did the artist great credit for perfect originality.

stone was laid with much solemnity, in presence of the provost, magistrates, and other important persons, on 22d August, 1757, and the edifice named "The MacFarlane Observatory." In each of the four corners was deposited a medal, with a Latin inscription, commemorating both the gift and the building, and having a representation of the constellations tastefully engraved thereon.

This fine antique astronomical temple, now nearly one hundred years old, still stands, retaining a certain aristocratic air, amidst the crowd of upstart buildings, which the expansion of the city has recently brought into its vicinity. Though it has been long unsuitable for its original purpose, the MacFarlane Observatory remains a monument to the generous donor whose name it bears.

The stripe of ground running south from the Observatory to the Gallowgait, flanked the eastmost part of the property subsequently acquired by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Græme, and for about sixty years remained almost wholly unbuilt. Down till about the middle of the last century, the Gallowgait toll bar stood nearly opposite its southern extremity, and the toll-keeper lived in a small house, nearly fronting it. This old toll bar is frequently mentioned in papers farther back than the erection of the Observatory.

At length the Professors resolved to lay off this stripe of ground for building purposes. In 1815 a street was opened through it, and named after Mr. M'Farlane, before-mentioned. Two years later St. John's Church was built at its northern extremity, by the magistrates, the first incumbent in which was Dr. Chalmers; but the street having no outlet to the north, has little of the bustle which generally characterizes those of Glasgow.

Immediately to the east of the lands of Dowhill, and separated from them by an old servitude road running north and south, lay a large open range of ground called "The Butts." It fronted the Camlachie Lone, and stretched backwards nearly to the line of the modern Duke Street. This is, and has long been, emphatically *le Champs de Mars* of Glasgow. Here the ancient Burghers mustered at the "weapon-schawing," and practised archery, from which originated the appellation of the Butts. It has continued to be a *place d'armes* till the present day. Prior to the outbreak of the French revolutionary war, there was no proper accommodation in Glasgow for troops. The soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants, and those on picquet-duty mounted guard in an

antique building at the bottom of Candleriggs, called the "Guard House." But soon after the war began, Government resolved to erect barracks for the reception of a regiment of infantry, and selected the open ground of the Butts for that purpose. Accordingly, in 1795, the War-office purchased from the magistrates this property. It contained 16,055 square yards; and the present infantry barracks are erected thereon. The buildings cost £15,000, and have accommodation for 1000 men. The first regiment which occupied this Gallowgait Barracks was the Argyllshire Fencibles, under the command of the then Marquis of Lorn, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Twenty-five years later, the Secretary-at-war acquired two additional lots of ground adjoining, one containing 1550 square yards. This was in 1820, the time of the Radical insurrection, in order to obtain increased room for troops. But these barracks have long been considered inconvenient—the officers' quarters in particular; and Government has for some time past been on the out-look for a more suitable locality, where the requisite improved accommodation may be procured, and infantry and cavalry garrisoned in one place, instead of being quartered widely apart, as was the case so long as Glasgow could boast of a cavalry barracks.

Many a gallant corps proceeded during the French war direct from the Gallowgait Barracks to the continental battle-fields; and many a regiment, thinned in its ranks, but covered with glory, has been welcomed back, amidst the acclamations of thousands, to its old quarters on the Butts. Among other instances, I well remember the 71st Light Infantry, commonly called "the Glasgow Regiment," wearing the tartan trews and smart little Highland bonnet, their fine bugle-band playing inspiring airs, marching out of the barracks under command of the brave Colonel Cadogan, on their way to the bloody fields of Spain. Crowds of the town's people accompanied them several miles, cheering enthusiastically. I recollect Cadogan distinctly. He rode at the head of the regiment on a fine black charger, waving his sword in response to the acclamations; and seemed the very *beau idéal* of a soldier. It is recorded of him on one occasion afterwards, when the regiment was hard pressed, addressing his men—"Seventy First! Down the Gallowgait with them;" words which acted like a talisman, and the Glasgow bayonets carried everything before them. Many brave Gallowgait lads fell with their gallant Colonel on the heights

of Puebla, in the sanguinary and decisive battle of Vittoria; and a monumental tablet to Cadogan records his valour in the nave of Glasgow Cathedral.

On the south side of Camlachie Lone, immediately opposite the Butts, was a property named Claythorn. It extended from what is now the Calton-mouth, eastward to the Gallowmuir; and the lands of Blackfauld, now Calton, bounded it on the south. Claythorn belonged, as far back as the time of Cromwell, to an old Glasgow family, named Luke, long considerable proprietors in different parts of the Gallowgait, and several of the members of which were merchants of note. In the hall of the Merchants' House there is a fine portrait, more than a hundred years old, of John Luke of Claythorn, who left the House 4000 merks, and died in 1731, aged 67. His daughter was married to Provost Peter Murdoch.

Claythorn has long been sub-divided among small feuars, and covered with buildings; but the ancient name of the property is still preserved in "Claythorn Street," which runs off from Gallowgait at right angles into Calton. A narrow opening, called "Marshall's Lane," opposite the barrack gate, traverses Claythorn, in which was situated many years ago, the only Roman Catholic place of worship then in Glasgow.\* It was a small unpretending edifice, built in 1797, and capable of containing 600 people. There, the few "Papists," as they were popularly called, long assembled under one priest to celebrate those rites, which the Glasgow people in the olden time scarcely tolerated.\* I well remember seeing the Catholics, on Sundays and festivals, going stealthily along Gallowgait, and suddenly darting off into the obscure "Marshall's Lane," as if to escape observation. The Glasgow people were not overly fond either of Irish or Catholics; and

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\* Clelland states that previous to 1792, the few Catholics in Glasgow assembled for mass in a flat in Blackstock's Land, Saltmarket. In 1792 the Tennis Court in Mitchell Street was rented by the Catholics as a place of worship. They removed from thence to the small edifice in Marshall's Lane, Claythorn.

† When Lord George Gordon visited Glasgow in 1779, he entertained 100 gentlemen of the Anti-Catholic party at dinner in the Black Bull Hotel. He afterwards dined by invitation at Anderston, and returned to the hotel by torch-light, amidst immense acclamations. One of the principal followers of his Lordship in Glasgow was Mr. John Paterson, spirit merchant, who had a fine country seat, named "Bunker's Hill," near Rutherglen. So enthusiastic was Paterson in the cause, that he usually went by the name of "Lord George." Several letters from his Lordship to Mr. Paterson are in my possession, and breathe the strong Anti-Catholic feeling of the time.

within my recollection it was quite a novelty to hear the brogue. Now, Glasgow contains upwards of 60,000 Irish; has seven Roman Catholic chapels, a nunnery, and 17 Popish ecclesiastics of different grades, while four additional chapels, and a corresponding staff of priests, are located at different points around the city.

The little Popish chapel in Marshall's Lane, Claythorn, continued to be the only place of worship for the Glasgow Catholics, till 22d December, 1814, when the present beautiful edifice, dedicated to Scotland's patron saint, was opened in Clyde Street, for the accommodation of the growing body. St. Andrew's Catholic chapel cost, along with the ground, £13,000, supplied partly from Rome, and partly raised by small weekly subscriptions from the members, as well as contributions by liberal-minded Protestant gentlemen. It holds 2300. The organ cost £630. What would Lord George Gordon have said to all this?

#### IV. THE GALLOWMUIR.

Allusion has already been made to this common, as having originated the name Gallowgait, applicable to the ancient lone or road leading to it from the Cross. Gallowmuir was about a mile in length, from west to east, and comparatively narrow. It lay entirely within the limits of the burgh, and occupied the whole remaining area of the old royalty, beyond the Butts and Claythorn, which respectively bounded it on the west. Its eastern boundary was Camlachie Burn, and a very irregular and seemingly capricious chain of royalty march-stones. The ancient road, from Drygate to Carntyne, formerly alluded to (now Eastern Duke Street), bounded Gallowmuir the whole way on the north, and it marched on the south with the lands of Blackfauld, now Calton and Burrowfield. The road from the East Port to Camlachie, now Eastern Gallowgate, ran right through the Gallowmuir, from west to east, dividing it into two parts, whereof the largest was on the north side. The muir had a variety of subdivisions, indicated by the names of High, Over, Upper, Nether, Laigh, and New Gallowmuir respectively. The lines of these old subdivisions are now scarcely traceable.

In ancient times, Gallowmuir was the property of the Corpora-

tion, and the cattle of the burgesses pastured there.\* As formerly mentioned, it was also the common place of execution, from which it derived its name. Old people in the last century recollected the gallows standing on the muir. The place was at the north-west end of the common, near the upper corner of what is now Barrack Street. At this point stood the hangman's house; and an adjoining declivity was long known, and is still recognised by old people, as "the hangman's brae," opposite the mouth of Ladywell Street.

At an early period, the magistrates began to give off portions of the Gallowmuir; and long before the union of the two crowns, this old common had been entirely broken up, into a great number of minor properties. In 1712, there were 39 feuars and tenants on the muir,† whose possessions varied from one to a dozen acres each. These small holdings were chiefly used for agricultural purposes, down till a comparatively recent period, and generally separated from each other by hedges and rows of trees. Where the muir skirted the two highways leading to Camlachie and to Carntyne, a continuous line of ash or elms was planted. Thus the Gallowmuir came gradually under cultivation, and assumed an improved and rather attractive aspect.

Soon after these improvements took place, a few houses were erected on the muir, chiefly towards the west.

One early builder on the Gallowmuir was Robert Tennant, already mentioned, as proprietor of the Saracen's Head Inn. In 1750, this man purchased upwards of thirteen acres of ground on Gallowmuir. The price was only £250, or at the rate of about

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\* On 4th May, 1529, Sir Robert Stuart, of Minto, Provost, and the Bailies and Council, made a donation to Mr. James Houston, vicar of Eastwood, and to the eight chaplains connected with "the church founded to the Lady Virgin Mary, and Ann, her mother, in the citie of Glasgow, at the south side of St. Ennoch's Wynd [Trongate], of sixteen ackors of land upon the east side of the said citie, commonly called the Gallowmuir, of which, eight ackors lye on the south side of the muir, contigue betwixt the lands of Burrowfield on the south, and the town's common muir [Gallowmuir] on the west, and other eight ackors upon the north side of the said muir, contigue adjacent to the lands of the sub-dean of Glasgow, commonly called the Wester Craiga, and the town's muir on the west and south parts, and the lands of the thesaurer [treasurer] of Glasgow, on the east part; to be holden of the town, in free donation, for prayers."—*Vide* Inventory of the ancient title-deeds belonging to the city of Glasgow, dated 1694. This curious old MS. list of the town's muniments was drawn up by Mr. James M'Bride, on the occasion of his appointment as town-clerk, in room of Mr. Robert Park, who was murdered that year in the Council Chambers by Major Menzies, in the heat of a quarrel.

† *Brown's History of Glasgow*, vol. ii., p. 94.



£16 per acre. Tennant's purchase comprehended what is now known as "Annfield," and a large park of about six acres, on the opposite side of the Camlachie Road, called "the south park of Laigh Gallowmuir." Both had previously belonged to Mr. James Bogle, secretary to the Royal Bank of Scotland.\*

On the last of these lots, Tennant erected that queer-looking cluster, still lingering on the road-side, originally called "Tennant's Toun," but afterwards and still known by the now sad misnomer of "the Whitehouses." This droll group consists of three houses, of two storeys each. The principal one stands a little way back from, and faces the high road; the other two flank it, at right angles. Thus, a court was formed in front of the main house, and a wall ran parallel with, and enclosed the court, from the Camlachie Road, on the north. The entrance was through a very funny-looking gateway, composed of brick pillars of a square form, ornamented with conical stone tops. The houses were thatched and whitewashed, from which last circumstance probably the name originated. There was a large garden behind, and the houses were embosomed in a little grove of tall elm-trees.

This antique court of houses always reminded me of the small inn-yard where Sancho was tossed in the blanket, while his indignant master looked over the dyke from the outside, unable to relieve the sorely distressed squire.

Tennant seems to have intended the place for a small roadside inn; but, as formerly noticed, when he undertook the more formidable, and to him unfortunate, speculation of building the Saracen's Head Hotel, he sold both the Whitehouses, and what is now Annfield, to realise a fund for the purpose. The purchaser was a wealthy old tobacconist, named Adam Tennent; the price £507 19s. 2d.; and the date of the sale, May, 1755. I have alluded, thus particularly, to the "Whitehouses," as they are the oldest buildings now extant along the whole line, from the East Port to Camlachie village.

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\* This gentleman, whose name frequently appears in the Gallowmuir old title deeds, was the son of Mr. James Bogle merchant, in Glasgow. His grandfather, of the same name, was a Glasgow merchant also. They had various lots of the Gallowmuir; but the property purchased by Tennant had been acquired by James Bogle, the grandfather, as far back as 1666. The secretary succeeded his father in the Gallowmuir acres in 1736, and died in 1743. At the time of his death he had left the Royal Bank, and was a Solicitor in the Court of Exchequer. His daughter, *Charles Bogle*, was married to John Lockhart, of Castlehill, and took up her father's succession, under the legal shield of an inventory.

At a late period, an attempt was made to form a square on the Gallowmuir. The person who did so, was James Graham, formerly noticed as the successor of Robert Tennant, in the Saracen's Head. For this purpose, Graham purchased several acres; but he did not succeed. After building a few houses of an inferior description, he failed, and died. His name still attaches to the old-fashioned cluster of houses, known as "Graham Square," at the entrance to the cattle market; and the design is shown on M'Arthur's map, so often referred to.

While the Gallowmuir was in the rural condition above described, about the middle of the last century, several villas were erected towards its eastern extremity. These still linger amidst crowds of upstart buildings; but sorely altered and forlorn. In the olden time, however, they were beautiful country retreats. As such, I well recollect them; and cannot refrain from saying a few words about some of these old Gallowmuir villas, before they utterly pass away.

Of these there were originally four, viz., Annfield, Slatefield, Campbellfield, and Bellfield.

1. ANNFIELD.—As already stated, this property belonged, more than 100 years ago, to Mr. Bogle. It is in the sub-division of "New Gallowmuir." The fine old villa, still standing, was built about 1770, by James Tennent, a wealthy old tobacconist. He named it "Annfield," after his wife, whose maiden name was Ann Park. It is in the architectural style of the old mansions in Miller and South Charlotte Streets. The house and grounds passed out of Mr. Tennent's family; and, in 1791, became the property of the late Mr. James Sword, who very much improved both. A large addition was built to the house, containing spacious apartments. There was a fine garden, within the walls of which were grape, peach, and green-houses, pine-apple stoves, &c.; while a bowling green afforded pleasant amusement in the summer evenings. The principal avenue to the house had a handsome lodge and gateway, the latter ornamented by two lions *couchant*, facing each other, and well executed in stone. The grounds were tastefully planted with trees and shrubbery; and along the highway, a row of remarkably fine elms grew within the retaining wall. Truly it was a beautiful place.

Mr. Sword resided at Annfield more than forty years, and died there in December, 1832. Sometime after his death, the property

was sold to the also now deceased Mr. John Reid, merchant in Glasgow; who, in 1839, laid it off for feuing purposes; as a preliminary to which, all the old timber was cut down, the clay taken out of the grounds, and this once charming retreat converted into a mere brick-field, and effectually shorn of all its old attractions. Several large tenements have since been built upon Annfield grounds; but "Sword Street" will tend to recal the hospitable old owner's name.\*

2. SLATEFIELD.—This property lies a short way to the eastward of that last described, and in the subdivision called the "Nether Gallowmuir." At the period of the Union, the grounds belonged to Walter Boyd, of the How Croft, the rich old maltman formerly alluded to, whose grandson, the Rev. William Boyd, minister of the parish of Penningham, Wigtonshire, sold the property, in 1779, to the late Mr. William Miller, then of Balornock. Very soon after, Mr. Miller built the villa named Slatefield, where he resided nearly thirty years. This, also, was a beautiful place, embosomed in trees, and perfectly retired. The house is in the same old-fashioned ornamented style of those still to be seen in Miller Street, with wings. When the materials of the "Shawfield Mansion" were sold, Mr. Miller, who was fond of the antique, purchased some of the curious ornaments of that fine old Glasgow house, and placed them in and about Slatefield, where they long remained. There was a large walled-garden behind, with hot-houses, and laid off in pretty parterres; an outer flower-garden contained many rare and beautiful plants (Mr. Miller being a great florist); while the lawn in front was terminated by a fish-pond, orchard, and shrubbery. The lodge represented a mimic fortalice, with a twelve-pounder stone cannon projecting. In the front shrubbery were two large, white, draped, classical figures, conspicuously placed against a dark back-ground of tall cypress bushes. These figures attracted no small share of curiosity in the olden time; and it was a common thing in these days for the town's-people, in then comparatively small Glasgow, accompanied by their juveniles, to stroll out, along the rural Gallowgait Road, as far as Slatefield gate, to have a peep through at the well-known and

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\* The row of self-contained houses, called "Annfield Place," on the north side of the Carntyne Road, was built by Mr. Reid, after he had become owner of Annfield; but forms no part of that property.

somewhat eerie-looking "*white ladies*." All is now changed; and although not so desolate in aspect as Annfield, the amenity is gone, though the property is valuable for feuing purposes. Many a happy day I have spent in youth at this place, when in its prime; and I recall the memories of those long departed, and the scenes of the past, with an alternation of mournful and pleasing emotions.

Mr. Miller died at his other villa, on the Broomfields, Largs, on 25th June, 1808, at the comparatively early age of 52, much beloved and respected; and Slatefield now belongs to his grandson.\*

3. CAMPBELLFIELD.—This villa is situated on the south side of the highway, directly opposite Slatefield, and the grounds consist of about four acres. Campbellfield lies in the sub-division of "Nether Gallowmuir," and marches with the Burrowfield estate on the south. In the reign of Queen Anne it belonged to John Chapman, writer in Glasgow, and commissary-depute, a cotemporary of M'Ure, who compliments him in his usual uncouth fashion, as "officiating the important office with great applause of the lieges within the jurisdiction, and especially the Procurators

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\* Mr. Miller was the first who built a marine villa at the now fashionable watering-place of Largs. This was in 1806. The spot he selected was called the "Swallows' Brae," and formed part of the battlefield where Alexander III. defeated the Norwegians under Haco, in October, 1263. Mr. Miller feued the piece of ground from Mr. Brisbane, of Brisbane, father of the well-known general and astronomer. The Broomfields, now covered with elegant villas, were then in a state of nature, and covered with whins; amongst which were many cairns over the slain. One large monolith, which had fallen prostrate, was an object of much curiosity, and known among the villagers as the "King of Norrway's stone." It is still extant, in a gentleman's garden near the spot. I well remember Largs, more than forty years ago, as a most primitive-looking place. Most of the houses were thatched. The mode of conveyance to it was very different from that of the present day. It was either by hiring a chaise from Glasgow, and going through the muir of Kilbirnie (a wretchedly bad road), consuming a whole day; or, in the huge old "long coach," called the "Royal George," on six wheels, and drawn by as many horses, to Greenock, whence either a chaise could be hired from the "White Hart" Inn to Largs, along the new shore-road, which was more level than the old one on the top of the cliffs; or a seat taken in the coach to Ayr, which changed horses at the "Brisbane Arms," Largs. I have travelled by all these modes often, and well remember the scene. The heavy baggage was sent before in a sloop, the "Brisbane of Largs," commanded by a queer old skipper, named "Robbie Hunter," who performed the voyage, barring foul weather, comfortably in eight days, grounding regularly on the then numerous shoals in the river, and waiting patiently till the next tide floated off the "Brisbane." This funny-looking *voyageur*, at last came to an anchor at the mouth of Gogo Burn, Largs, at flood-tide, and, when it ebbed, the sloop settled down on the beach, and the delivery began. Now steam accomplishes the whole journey in less than three hours.

at the Bar, finding him an upright judge, of candor and integrity." In 1762, Robert Chapman, his son, sold the acres to William Auchincloss, merchant in Glasgow, at the price of £195 5s., or at the rate of £48 15s. per acre. Mr. Auchincloss built the villa, still standing, about 1770, and named it after his wife, who was connected with the family of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. He died at Campbellfield, *circa* 1788; and the property, after passing successively through several other owners of the name of Auchincloss, was purchased in 1799 by Mr. Peter M'Adam, afterwards of Easter House, who, again, sold it in 1815, to Mr. William Wilson, father of the present proprietor. The house has the same quaint look with those already described, and, like them, is shorn of its amenity.

Campbellfield commands a fine prospect from the rear, of the vale of Clyde, and heights of Cathkin. The grounds slope southwards, and before they were so much cut up by brickworks, &c., presented a very fine specimen of the remains of an old sea-beach, noticed by Chambers in his *Ancient Sea Margins*; so that the time was, when the waves of a former sea, filling the valley across to Cathkin, and reaching far up the country, dashed, in wintry foam, or in summer broke in gentle ripples, on an ancient shore at this place, before man had arrived in Scotland a painted savage.

4. BELLFIELD—is in "New Gallowmuir," and lies between Annfield and Slatefield, but is approached from the Old Carntyne Road. In the middle of last century these acres belonged to John Glassford, Esq., then of Whitehill. This princely merchant sold them in 1759, to Mr. John Wallace of Neilstonside, father of the late Mr. Robert Wallace of Kelly. The lands changed owners again; and in 1770 John M'Alpin, merchant, purchased them from Neilstonside. Mr. M'Alpin soon after built thereon a very queer-looking villa, still extant, which he called after his wife, whose maiden name was Isobel Donald, daughter of the proprietor of "Donald's Land," Trongate, where, as formerly stated, Sir John Moore was born. Mr. M'Alpin's grand-daughter was married to the late Mr. John Blackburn, of Killearn. Bellfield was purchased from Mr. M'Alpin's heirs, by Mr. John Reid, about the time he acquired Annfield—the two properties marching with each other.

So much for the old villas on the Gallowmuir. But before parting from them, it seems not altogether out of place to make some remarks regarding a mansion of some celebrity, older than

all of them, and still standing in their immediate neighbourhood. I allude to the house of Whitehill, on the north side of that portion of the old Carntyne Road, now forming eastern Duke Street. Though this property is not actually on the Gallowmuir, it is to some extent identified with it, inasmuch as, for many years after Whitehill was built, the principal approach or carriage-way to the house from Glasgow, was along the Camlachie Road, and northwards across the muir. Things are so entirely altered in that quarter now, that this may not be very obvious. But down till 1794, when that section of modern Duke Street, between High Street and the mouth of the Drygate, was formed through a nursery garden, to carry on the line of the Old Carntyne Road straight into town, the owners of Whitehill had no proper carriage-way to Glasgow, except along Carntyne Road, and up Drygate, (very circuitous and inconvenient); or across Gallowmuir to the Camlachie Road, and westwards along Gallowgate to the Cross. In order to secure this last more convenient communication, as well as to preserve the amenity of Whitehill grounds, the early owners of that property purchased up, from several minor feuars, about seven acres on the Gallowmuir, facing Whitehill, and a narrow stripe of half an acre more, which ran down from them all the way to Camlachie Road. Through these Gallowmuir acres, an avenue or "coach-road" was formed, *circa* 1757; and a later proprietor of Whitehill built a porter-lodge at the bottom of the avenue, facing "Camlachie Lone," *circa* 1765.

But, after Duke Street was opened up, the Gallowmuir avenue was of less importance; access to Whitehill being fully more convenient by the new line. The Whitehill proprietors, therefore, parted with their Gallowmuir acres; but in the deeds of conveyance, they reserved an express right to the Gallowmuir avenue, in favour of the owners of Whitehill, in all time coming; declaring it to be a "coach road." This privilege, however, became neglected, and in process of time the road was closed up in face of the servitude. All trace of it is now obliterated. But I have a distinct recollection of the cross-road; it was bottomed with causeway stones. I have often walked alongst it; and remember seeing the stones rooted out at several points. It is also laid down on both M'Arthur's and Barrie's old maps of the last century, very distinctly. The porter-lodge, however, still stands on the Gallowgait Road, and is known by the somewhat

queer name of "Mount Hooly." This *sobriquet* it received in consequence of having got *a set* while building, supposed from some old coal workings in the vicinity, and it remained a long time without a roof. It is rather an interesting specimen of the peculiarly quaint style of lodges in the last century, of a square form, two storeys, deep, steep-pitched pavilion roof, &c. It is an old land-mark on the road side; and as such, allusion is now made to it.\*

This explanation naturally leads to some points in the history of the mansion, to which this now nearly-forgotten Gallowmuir Road was, one hundred years ago, the main avenue, viz., Whitehill.

This fine old house and grounds are situated, as already said, on the north side of the Old Carntyne Road. The whole property is in the Barony Parish, and immediately beyond the old Royalty of Glasgow. The line of the burgh crosses the Carntyne Road, at the 58th old Royalty march stone, near the north end of modern Whitevale Street, and meets the 59th a few paces west from the present gate of Whitehill; the course thence running due west, along the north side of Duke Street, to the 64th stone, near the mouth of the road up to Golfhill.

Whitehill was not the old name of the property. It forms part of the lands of Easter Craigs; which, with the adjoining Wester Craigs, belonged to the Stuarts, of Minto, the well-known provosts of Glasgow several hundred years ago; whose town house was "the Duke's Lodging" in Drygate, recently pulled down. The Stuarts purchased Wester Craigs prior to the Reformation, from the Dean and Chapter of Glasgow; and Easter Craigs about the same time, from the old family of Livingstone. I have examined a very curious old deed, in the charter chest of the Merchants' House, applicable to both properties, in favour of one of these

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\* In this antique lodge of the old Lairds of Whitehill, a sad tragedy took place more than half a century ago; a man, named Gilchrist, having there murdered his wife. He was hanged at the Cross; but the ghosts of the ill-fated pair long continued to infest Mount Hooly, to the no small terror of the neighbourhood. These spectres would have formed rather good specimens for Mrs. Crowe's interesting ghost-list, in the *Night Side of Nature*; or for Dr. Hibbert to have dilated upon, in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, as there was a very remarkable compound of the whimsical and the horrible in their conduct and appearance. But as these Mount Hooly spirits have long been *laid*, their peculiarities may be allowed to pass unrecorded, without any great detriment to natural history.

ancient Glasgow knights, dated in the reign of Queen Mary, shortly before her marriage to Darnley. "The Craigs," as their name indicates, consist of a stony ridge, which stretches from the Molen-dinar Burn, at the western side of the Necropolis (of old, the "Fir Park"), eastward to the line of the modern Cumbernauld Road, at Drygate Toll, and bounded the whole way on the south by the ancient road to Carntyne, so often referred to. In the olden time, they commanded a very extensive and beautiful prospect.

Easter Craigs formed, what is known among lawyers as a "forty shilling land of old extent," a legal description, referable to a tax imposed, at a very remote date, on lands in Scotland, as some antiquaries suppose, originally for raising money to ransom, from English captivity, one of the old Scotch kings.

In later times, "the Craigs" were broken up into a number of different properties. Immediately before Whitehill House was built, the lands lay in mere enclosures; the principal of which, as appears from old papers, went by the name of the *Whitehill Park*, probably from the natural appearance of the face of the craigs at that particular section. About the time of the Revolution, what are now Whitehill grounds belonged to John Gilhagie, of Kennyhill (which marches with them on the north), who afterwards sold them to William Anderson, merchant in Glasgow, a member of the Dowhill family. They subsequently changed owners; and at length became the property of John Glassford, Esq., the great Glasgow merchant already referred to, about the period of the Rebellion of 1745. At that time, the grounds consisted of more than 33 acres. The house of Whitehill, as it presently stands, has evidently been built at different periods; the original edifice forming the centre, and the eastern and western compartments added subsequently, but harmonising with the first. It is doubtful who built the original portion, but I am inclined to think it was Mr. Glassford. The whole forms a fine specimen of the favourite style of architecture, among the most aristocratic class of Glasgow citizens in the early part of last century. In the olden time, it was a beautiful place, with its extensive gardens, walks, and ornamental woods. The name, "Whitehill," seems to have been chosen as the most euphonious in the list of those existing on the various parks or sub-divisions composing the *cumulo* property.

Smollett alludes to Mr. Glassford in *Humphrey Clinker*; and it is supposed that the novelist had Whitehill in his view—as a place



well known to him while a Glasgow student—when speaking of the kind reception which the merchants of that city gave to the gouty old Welshman, Mathew Bramble, on his travels with his brisk young nephew, love-sick neice, and husband-hunting, antiquated sister, Tabitha; attended by their long-faced, methodist postilion, and jack-of-all-trades, the renowned Humphrey. It is queerish to think of Humphrey Clinker riding before his master's chaise, with a pair of pistols, past Mount Hooley, and up the Gallowmuir "coach road" before described, to Whitehill, to dinner.

Mr. Glassford resided at Whitehill till 1759. On the 14th of December, in that year, he sold it to John Wallace, Esq., of Neilstonside, before referred to, and in July, 1760, purchased from Mr. M'Dowall the fine edifice and grounds of the Shawfield Mansion, in Trongate, as his permanent residence, and to which he accordingly then removed.

Mr. John Wallace continued to reside at Whitehill twenty-three years, viz. :—from 1759 till 1782, during which time he executed many improvements there, and in the vicinity. He was another of the great Virginia *Dons*, and well remembered by old citizens, having among other peculiarities that of wearing a white night-cap under his hat, instead of a wig. He is so represented in the antique print of "the morning walk," accompanied by Mr. David Dale, and Mr. Laurence Coulter (the *wisest man* in Glasgow), appended to the late Robert Stuart's *Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times*.

Mr. Wallace parted with Whitehill in September, 1782, to Nathaniel Gordon, Esq., "late merchant in London." He resided in this fine old place till his death, eleven years afterwards. In 1793, he was succeeded by his son, Mr. John Gordon, afterwards, of Kennyhill, who sold Whitehill in 1797, to the well-known Mr. Robert Grahame, of Messrs. Grahame & Mitchell, writers, Glasgow.

Mr. Grahame lived there nearly half a century, and died in 1851, at the great age of 93. While he was proprietor, he sold, in June, 1804, about ten acres of the eastmost portion of the property, under a variety of very stringent conditions for securing the amenity of the house and grounds of Whitehill to the late Mr. James Carrick, senr., merchant in Glasgow, who built on these acres the still existing villa of "Meadowpark," close to the Dry-

gate Toll. The rest of Whitehill, and the mansion-house, were sold by Mr. Grahame in 1843, to the late Mr. John Reid, merchant in Glasgow, then also proprietor of Annfield, since whose death the property has again been sold by his representatives to Alexander Dennistoun, Esq. of Golfhill.

Such is an outline of Whitehill history.

In modern times the Gallowmuir is almost entirely covered with buildings, which include large ranges of tenements, various cotton mills, foundries, and other public works, besides three churches, Protestant and Catholic. The spacious and well-ordered cattle-market stands on the old muir, and more than seventeen streets traverse the latter in every direction. One of these merits some notice. It is amongst the oldest thoroughfares about Glasgow, though modern improvements have so completely transformed its features, and stripped it of its ancient aspect, that a casual observer would at once suppose it to be merely one of the numerous streets of yesterday, which have sprung up around it. Before the curtain therefore fairly drops on the droll old country road of former generations, a few words seem not inappropriate touching its history.

The thoroughfare now alluded to was, from immemorial time, known by the appellation of "the Witch Lone." Its course ran from the ancient Carntyne Road; at a point opposite the high grounds of Wester Craigs, southwards across the Gallowmuir to Clydeside. In ancient times it was the only road crossing the muir from north to south. Tradition carries its origin back to a period coeval with the building of the Cathedral, when the masons engaged in the erection of that magnificent edifice, lodged in the then more important neighbouring town of Rutherglen—Glasgow being unable to accommodate so many stranger workmen! These ancient bretheren of the mystic tie, therefore, formed a rude path over the Gallowmuir, in their daily journeys between the two little towns, crossing Clyde at one of the fords.\* The old bridge of Glasgow,

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\* The well-known Glasgow myth, regarding the ill-fated piper and his dog, lost in the maze of the *subterranean* way, popularly believed to exist between the vaults of the Cathedral and those of the Old Kirk of Rutherglen, long ago demolished, where the false Monteith plotted for the delivery of Wallace to the English, may not improbably refer to the ancient road of the masons embraced in the above tradition, but disfigured by the superstitious fancies of a rude age, impressed with awe at the mystic masonic ceremonies and processions attendant on the great work going on in Glasgow; just as another myth, probably from the same cause, associates the builders of the "Hie Kirk" with a race of pigmies.

which lasted more than 600 years, had not then come into being, while the extensive flat between the river and the ridge of Wester and Easter Craigs, across which the Cathedral builders travelled daily during the years consumed in the erection, was an unnamed wilderness. The path thus trodden by so many men, became a beaten track of communication from the one town to the other.

But whatever may have been the actual origin of the road thus lingering in tradition, there is no doubt that the Witch Lone has been a thoroughfare several hundred years. I have met with it in deeds as far back as Queen Mary, where it is designated "the *Common Lone*," showing that, even then, it was not of yesterday. The *sobriquet* of the "Witch Lone" originated thus:—

When the Minto family were the lairds of Easter and Wester Craigs, both these properties were let off on tacks to several small farmers, in patches of a few acres each. For instance, during the earlier part of Charles the Second's reign, in 1649, the tenants of Easter Craigs were—John Hill, (father and son), and John Jackson; and of Wester Craigs—John Smellie, Walter Neilson, Robert Paterson, &c. Besides the money-rent, in merks, which these queer old farmers were taken bound to pay, their tacks stipulated that Jackson should deliver to the laird "sex caponis, and sex henis, and ane boll corse corn;" while douce Johnnie Smellie, who had a bigger rent, was to come forward with "twelf caponis and twelf henis," in a becoming manner. We can conceive what an interesting splutter and skirling there must have been on the term morning, catching these doomed members of the feathered creation, naturally reluctant to be transported from the enjoyments of the pleasant Craigs' midden into the Drygate kitchen, there to undergo martyrdom, as many scores of respectable how-towdies have experienced in ancient as well as in modern times.

Now, it happened in the days of the douce "Craigs" farmers, that the deil was very troublesome in the land. From all that can be collected about him in the records of the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, based on the declarations of divers men and women, who not only were much in his company, but thought proper to enter into contracts of service with "the enemy," his appearance, as well as behaviour in Scotland, were very low and shabby. The English Satan, portrayed by Professor Porson, seems to have been quite different in these respects. That writer describes him, when visiting "his snug little farm, the Earth,"

as wearing a Parisian hat, blue coat, and darkish tights, with a convenient aperture, *en derrière*, for the outlet of the tail, which at times he switched, negligently, backwards and forwards, and at others, carried handsomely under his arm, like a cavalry sabre. But if any credit is to be given to the witnesses on the trials for sorcery in Scotland, adduced by the celebrated prosecutor of the Covenanters, Sir George M'Kenzie, of Rosehaugh, Lord-Advocate to Charles and James II., one of the most accomplished lawyers of that day, the Scotch deil paid little or no attention to the graces of the toilette, and was otherwise uncommonly whimsical. According to these intelligent witnesses, "Auld Sawney" contented himself with a mere roll of coarse blue plaiding, abominably redolent of brimstone, round his loins, and a pair of "hoggers" on his shanks; his voice was "bough and goustie;" and his favourite lurking places were about the ends of the barn; among the peat stacks; in the kail-yards, and near coal-heughs. He sneaked about these eerie localities, generally from the gloamin' till mid-night, and woe betide the unlucky wight who there for-gathered with this half-dressed Prince of Darkness! But "Cloutie" did not confine himself to the human shape. The same respectable witnesses declare that he appeared frequently as "a piet," or a black dog, with a "rockle" and jingling chain; at others, as a black grumphy, with a villainous squint, and buck-teeth; nay, he actually turned himself, more than once, into a moving hay-stack, probably intended as a delicate compliment to the landed interest, but which was certainly in better taste than the other transmogrifications.\*

Besides his own immediate acts, he thought proper to enlist a large staff of witches and warlocks, in almost every parish, whose principal business seems to have been, to terrify, bother, and perplex mankind. No wonder that Sir George M'Kenzie was sore against them; and we have to thank him for the valuable chapters he has left behind, in his *Institutes of Scotch Law*, not only as to sorcery in general, but as to the most approved plan of framing an indictment against a witch, with tests for their discovery; and

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\* Burns has depicted, with infinite humour, in his "Address to the Deil," and description of the witch dance, in *Tam o' Shanter*, the popular conceptions of the Scottish mind, regarding the appearance and behaviour of Satan, during his mundane visits.

rules for the young lawyer, how to defend the accused ; thus presenting both sides of the picture, with his usual ingenuity.\*

Now, Glasgow had her share of Satan's visitations, and of his myrmidons ; and it would have been singular indeed, if the cattle of " the Craigs " farmers had entirely escaped from their cantrips. Accordingly, their kye became yell, and like those in Pharaoh's dream, were ill-favoured and lean-fleshed. Not a drop of milk could be wrung from them, and their bellowings were both dismal and affecting. In vain was rowan-tree stuck under their tails, four-leaved clover tied to their horns, and various other experiments in natural philosophy, essayed upon the distressed brutes. They were under the power of the deil and the witches, and what more could be said or done ?†

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\* Sir George M'Kenzie's estate of Rosehaugh is situated in Wester Ross-shire, on the Beaulu Frith, about ten miles from Inverness. The present owner is Sir James Scatwell M'Kenzie. Sir George was the terror of all breakers of the law ; and, in the character of Lord Advocate and public prosecutor, his severity procured him the appellation of " bluidy M'Kenzie." There is a fine portrait of him, in his forensic dress, preserved in the Advocate's Library, of which he was the founder ; and his tomb, which is very ornate, is still to be seen in the quaint churchyard of Old Greyfriars', Edinburgh, where he was interred, in 1691, aged 55.

† At the present day, it is scarcely credible the extent to which the belief in witchcraft prevailed at the period alluded to. It was by no means confined to Scotland, or even England, but reached all over the Continent, where, indeed, it began. The phrenzy seems to have commenced in our own country during the reign of James V. The first Scotch statute against witchcraft is dated in 1563, while Queen Mary was the widow of Francis ; but her son, James VI., took especial interest in hunting down sorcerers, and in his reign more severe enactments took place. To such a height did witch-prescription run, that Barrington mentions that no less than 30,000 of these unfortunate beings were burnt in England ; 500 at Geneva in three months ; 1600 at Como in one year ; while in Scotland the number burnt is almost incalculable. More than 600 were indicted during only one sitting of Parliament in Edinburgh. The *furor* against witches in the west of Scotland was great, as testified by the numerous entries in the registers of the parochial kirk-sessions and judicial records. Glasgow had its own share. It is distressing to read the trials of these miserable beings, the victims of a most absurd superstition. They were treated with the greatest cruelty, and debarred at the trial from adducing witnesses to disprove the charge. They were tortured on the rack, and, in the agony of suffering, confessed whatever was asked. The first President of the Court of Session, David Myln, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, often presided on sorcery trials, and conducted them with great solemnity. Most counties had an officer called " the Witch-finder," whose business it was to discover sorcerers. As may be imagined, he had a great deal in his power, and was the medium through which revenge, spite, and other bad feelings, too often received dread gratification, and brought money into the witch-finder's pocket, from both accusers and accused. This miscreant official pretended to detect the unfortunate witch by moles or other real or imaginary marks on the body. These were said to be " nips " given by Satan that he might know his own, and insensible to pain. The witch-finder had a long needle, called " the brod," in a case, and this he applied to the supposed devil's mark, thrusting it deep into the

Most fortunately, however, some sagacious carl recommended that they should be driven down to Clydeside, to a running stream, and for change of air. This had the desired effect. After the cows had enjoyed for a short time the luxury of a good bite of the sweet grass on Clydeside, the spell of the Evil One flew off, and they recovered; but as soon almost as they went back to the Craigs, the malady re-appeared. Other people whose bestial were

flesh. If the unfortunate accused showed no symptoms of pain, she was ready for the flames, and *vice versa*. The scoundrel could settle the case as he chose, for the needle was so contrived, that by touching a secret spring it retired into the sheath, having all the appearance of sinking into the flesh, without almost touching it, and hence occasioning no pain to the supposed witch. But if he wished to save the accused, of course the needle had full play. Several of these needles are extant, and the trick is revealed. Woe to those whose poverty prevented them from buying their innocence. The treatment after being condemned was dreadful. The poor creatures were not allowed rest during the short time they had to live. It was thought that by tormenting *them*, they indirectly *kill* Satan. It was customary, therefore, to feed them on salted provisions, and prevent them from getting water to drink, though a jugful was placed in their view, beyond the reach of the chain which fastened them to the wall. Nor were they allowed to sleep; officials were placed beside them, whose duty it was to tease, annoy, and prevent them closing their eyes. They were often gagged by what was called "the witches' bridle." A broad iron gag entered the mouth, and pressed down the tongue, while the head was placed within an open case, fastened to a chain. They were usually burnt with this horrid contrivance upon them, the chain of it being rivetted to the stake.

The last witch tried in Scotland, in the Justiciary Court, was Elspet Rule, before Lord Anstruther, at the Dumfries Circuit, on 3d May, 1708. The jury convicted her by a plurality of votes, some having sufficient sense to disbelieve the evidence. His Lordship sentenced her to be burnt on the cheek only, and banished from Scotland. But the last Scotch witch actually burnt was an old woman, at Dornock, in 1722. The trial was before the Sheriff of Caithness. The charge against her was, that she had transformed her daughter into a pony, and had her shod by the devil! Of this singular crime she was convicted, and perished at the stake. [*Vide Pitcairn's Criminal Trials.*] A distinguished member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow, lately raised to the local judicial bench, possesses the chair of the last witch burnt at Paisley. This was the well-known case of "Maggie Lang," in 1697. This poor woman was a midwife, possessing intelligence superior to her neighbours,—a very dangerous quality in these days. The statutes against witchcraft were not repealed in Scotland and England till 1750; nor in Ireland till 1821. It will, however, hardly be credited, that even yet the belief in sorcery keeps its hold. In the *London Courier*, of 28th February, 1834, there is an account of the enchantment of a whole herd of swine, in the Forest of Dean, in England! See also the *Monmouth Merlin* newspaper of the same date. Nay, in 1851, Andrew Dawson, a veterinary surgeon and dealer in herbs, residing at a place called the "Fairy Knowe," near the Gramplans, was cited before the minister and kirk-session on a charge of sorcery, and excommunicated. It seems he cured diseases by means of *chuckey-stones*! *Vide Dundee Courier*, 25th December, 1851. Burning, as a punishment for other crimes, continued till late in the bygone century. The last case was that of Catherine Murphy, burnt at the Old Bailey, 18th March, 1789, for colouring a piece of metal to resemble a shilling! See a curious volume, *Temple Bar, the City Golgotha*; by a Barrister; London, 1853. This barbarous punishment was finally abolished by the statute 30 Geo. III. cap. 48.

similarly afflicted, resorted to the same remedy; and the course these witched beasts took, to the favoured grassy plains, was across the Gallowmuir, by the old Ruglen masons' road, which thenceforth acquired the cognomen of the "Witch Lone," which stuck to it like a burr, till squelched out a few years ago. It is very true, that some people at the present day have been so rash as to conjecture, that neither the deil nor the Scotch witches had anything to do with the distemper of these unfortunate cows, and that they were the victims rather of starvation at home, in consequence of more being kept than the small farms could sustain in grass and fodder, as shown by their rapid recovery when they got plenty to eat and drink at Clydeside; but surely the people who actually saw the deil, knew the witches, and heard the groans of the distressed quadrupeds, had better opportunities of knowing, than those who lived more than two hundred years after, and neither saw, knew, or heard any of these things.

So much for the more ancient state of matters. A few words more regarding the "Lone," nearer our own day.

The first representation we get of its course and appearance, is on the oldest maps of the locality. Thus, it is partially delineated on a very rare map, constructed for the Carron Company, dated in 1766, and titled, "New Road by Duke Street to Cumbernauld;"\* and very completely on the maps by M'Arthur in 1778, and Barrie in 1780. On M'Arthur's, the Gallowgait toll-bar is shown to have been removed from its original position at the Caltonmouth, out to the point where Gallowgait intersects the Witch Lone; and the latter appears with a row of trees on each side, from modern Duke Street to the Gallowgait, and thence southwards till it joins the lands of Burrowfield. At that time there were no houses whatever along the whole line of Witch Lone.

The Witch Lone consisted of two portions, one to the north, the other to the south of the Gallowgait. By the year 1778, the *northern* section was bounded all along its eastern side by the fine villa grounds of Annfield, already noticed; while the western side was principally bounded by the orchard of Scarlethall, a peculiarly quaint-looking old house, which stood back a little from, and faced the north side of the Gallowgait, amidst tall saugh-trees,

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\* This map was prepared in anticipation of the opening up of Duke Street, which did not, however, take place for a number of years after.

whit honeysuckle trained up the gables, and its little avenue laid with white flints. The droll old proprietor dealt in scarlet cloth, for the cloaks of the famed Virginia merchants and others, in a little shop near the Cross; hence the name of this suburban property. The Scarlethall orchard ran nearly all the way north to Duke Street, and I have a vivid recollection of the cracked "Crawford pears" and sour apples, which long grew there. About the beginning of the present century, four or five small villas, with gardens in front, were built on speculation, immediately beyond the north end of Scarlethall orchard, facing and entering from Witch Lone; and an attempt was then made to give it a more Christian-like name, the owner of Scarlethall putting up a board, calling Witch Lone "*Young Street*," rather inappropriate, considering the legend of the Hie-Kirk masons; while the villa-people, wishing to be still more genteel, dubbed this ancient cow road by the Frenchified appellation of "*Bellegrove*," a cruel satire on the asthmatical pear-trees, which struggled against time, under great-coats of green fog, in the Scarlethall grounds, with amazing pertinacity. But neither of these names could choke the old one, which continued to flourish, like the trees of Jericho, while the uncausewayed "lone" itself, long continued to exhibit all the softer beauties of a drove-road, and received the wheels of stray carts, rashly launched on its pulpy surface, with a deep and sappy embrace truly refreshing to behold, though not to experience.

Then, as regards the other half of Witch Lone, *south* from the Gallowgait, it long remained in nearly the same impassable state as the northern. The property on its west side from Gallowgait to the modern cross-road of Mile-end, belonged also to Scarlethall, and had a row of trees along three of its sides, while the eastern boundary of this *south* Witch Lone, lined also with trees, was the property of Mr. Tennent of Annfield, and went by the name of "the *White-houses*," formerly alluded to.

About the beginning of this century, South Witch Lone was slightly improved, and received the name of *Abercrombie Street*, in compliment to the gallant Sir Ralph, who fell on Egypt's arid plains; and it is now well built up.

Such is the history of the Witch Lone, and it only remains to be said, that the great improvements in the eastern suburbs of Glasgow, on the line, and in the vicinity of, this ancient thoroughfare, which have given an entirely new character to the whole of



that locality, were chiefly planned, and carried through, by the late Mr. John Reid, of Whitehill and Annfield, who died at the former of these mansions, on 12th April, 1851.

So much for the section of the Gallowgait, *beyond* the East Port—anciently known as Camlachie Lone.

It seems, however, desirable to take some notice of the queer old place to which that Lone conducted.

#### V. CAMLACHIE.

This antique suburb lies along the eastern skirts of Glasgow, and forms the terminus, in that direction, of the old road through the Gallowmuir, from the East Port, so often referred to. The name is Celtic, *Cam-la-ich-e*, signifying, "the muddy or miry bend of the burn."\* Ancient names of places are now generally admitted to be the result of some physical peculiarity which arrested the attention of the early inhabitants. In confirmation of the above interpretation of "Camlachie," it may be stated, that a very tortuous burn winds through the village and adjacent lands. This stream rises a few miles towards the north-east; but as it approaches Camlachie, it makes a sudden bend from west to south, crossing Camlachie lands, and after describing a very zig-zag course resumes its former south-westerly direction, till it enters Clyde at the low Green. In ancient times, this crooked stream, where it crossed the site of the village, flowed in a deep hollow, between two *braes*; though the great improvements, of late years, on the road and bridge, now almost entirely obscure this from a casual observer. Where the first great bend took place, there was anciently an accumulation of silt, forming a small bog; which, in a rude age, probably led to the appellation Camlachie, as above explained. The sinuosities of Camlachie Burn are well seen on Barrie's old map of the suburbs.

Camlachie is a place of considerable antiquity. It is mentioned in the chartulary of Glasgow, prior to 1300—the days of Sir William Wallace and Robert the Bruce. "Camlachie Brig" is also alluded to in a survey of the town's marches, during the early part of the reign of James VI.†

\* This etymological exposition is on the authority of a very eminent Gaelic scholar in a letter to the writer of these sketches.

† The survey alluded to, is dated in 1590, and among other quaint matters, reports that "Alesom Watson has set forth her dyk upon the east lone [Gallowgait Road], that passes fra Litill Sanct Mungois Kirk to *Camlachie Brig*."

The lands of Camlachie extend to about fifty acres ; and are divided into Wester and Easter. The former lie within, the latter beyond the line of the burgh ; the burn forming the march between them. The highway to Tolcross (of old, Tow-corse) runs through both.

# VI. WESTER CAMLACHIE.

This division of Camlachie lands, is included within, and forms part of, "Over and Nether Gallowmuir ;" though the more ancient name of Camlachie retains its hold. It comprehends about sixteen acres ; whereof the largest portion lies on the north side of the highway. If the course of the burn is crooked, the boundaries of this latter sub-division of Camlachie were, in ancient times, even more so.\*

In the days of Cromwell, Wester Camlachie belonged to Mr. William Wilkie, of Haghill, who was commissary-depute under

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\* The ancient boundaries of Wester Camlachie are now very little known, and the great changes which have taken place in that district have nearly obliterated the old land-marks. It seems worth while therefore, to snatch these ancient marches from utter oblivion. The description of them in the oldest deeds extant, is rather vague. But from other sources, the following appears to have been the track :—

1st, Of the sub-division on the *north* side of the Camlachie highway, the *western* boundary was the field, now immediately in rear of the row of villas on the *west* side of the modern Whitevale Street. The march left that field abruptly, at a point about half-way down Whitevale Street, and then ran due east along the north end of two Gallowmuir acres, lying runrig, belonging respectively to Secretary Bogle's grandfather, and Walter Boyd, maltman ;\* it next ran due south along the east side of Boyd's ground till it reached the highway, and then coursed due east to the burn. The *east* march started from the inner edge of the burn, at the 50th old royalty stone, and proceeded in the most capricious zig-zag route along the royalty stones 51, 52, and 53, at which last it left the burn by a sudden wheel in a devious course, slanting to the north-west, and bounding with the lands of Gateside, along the royalty stones 54, 55, 56, 57, and 58, where it reached the Old Carntyne Road, at a point nearly opposite what is now the Drygate Toll ; and lastly, the *north* march was along Carntyne Road till it joined the west boundary at the north-east angle of the field first mentioned, at the back of the west-side Whitevale houses. A more crooked and capricious march was seldom to be met with.

2d, On the *south* side of the highway, Wester Camlachie marched with the burn on the east, and with the Burrowfield estate on the south, along the royalty stones 49, 48, 47, 46, 45, 44, and 43, at which last the line wheeled due north along the east march of what is now Campbellfield, till it joined the highway at a point a little west from the opposite mouth of what is now Whitevale Street ; and, lastly, ran straight east to Camlachie Burn at the bridge.

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\* Of these two runrig acres one whole acre belonged to Bogle. It was flanked on the west and east by Boyd's acre in halves, and the Camlachie highway bounded the whole on the south.

Boyd of Kelburn. He sold the lands to Robert Goveane, a writer, who, soon after, parted with them to John Wilkie, a brother of Haghill. This John Wilkie subsequently conveyed Wester Camlachie to his nephew, William Wilkie, writer in Glasgow, a son of the proprietor first named. The property having thus been vested in three members of one family, successively passed into another better known.

On 1st July, 1669, William Wilkie, the lawyer, sold Camlachie to Mr. John Walkinshaw, then one of the magistrates of Glasgow. The price was 3500 merks, or about £189 11s. 8d. sterling. I have examined the curious old conveyance, which purports to have been "wrytten be Robert Allane, notar in Glasgow." There are five witnesses to Mr. Wilkie's signature, viz., two of the magistrates; George Anderson, the town-clerk; William Stirling, a writer; and, lastly, "the notar" who framed the deed. The phraseology throughout is very quaint. The deed sets out thus:—

"Be it knoune to all men be thir present lettres, me, Williame Wilkie, wrytter in Glasgow, sone lauchfull to Mr. William Wilkie, of Haghill, forsuameikle as I have perteaning and belonging to me heretabillic, all and haill theis landis, callit Cumlachie, with housses, biggings, yairds, and all pertinentis thereof, lyand within the territorie of this burgh, all contigue, on both syds of the com-mone lone, that passeth fra the samyne burgh, to that brig callit Cumlachie Brig, and boundit betwixt the landis of . . . on the wast, Cumlachie Burne on the east, the landis of Craigs on the north, and the landis now belonging to . . . on the south partis, as my infetmentis and securities of the samyne mair fullie proportis."\*

The lands were then, and long after, unenclosed, but under cultivation, for two tacks of them are spoken of in the conveyance—one by old Wilkie of Haghill, the other by his son, the

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\* These boundaries are rather vague; but I am enabled from other sources to supply the gaps. The following were the names of the ancient adjoining owners of ground:—1st, At the northmost section of the west boundary, Patrick Maxwell, mason; 2d, At the southmost section of same boundary, Walter Boyd, maltman; 3d, On the south side of the highway, the owner marching on the west [now Campbellfield] was John Chapman, writer; 4th, "The landis of Craigs" on the north, meant Easter Craigs, now Meadowpark, though, correctly speaking, the old Carntyne Road should have been cited as the northern boundary; 5th, The lands of Gateside [part of Kenniehill] bounded Camlachie on the east, as well as the burn, and belonged to John Gilhagie.

seller, the rent in both cases being a certain number of "bollis of victual meill and beir."\*

Mr. Walkinshaw, who thus acquired Western Camlachie, was an off-shoot from the old family of the Walkinshaws, of Walkinshaw, in Renfrewshire, and had become a wealthy merchant in Glasgow. He was one of the owners of the "frigate" spoken of by M'Ure as fitted out by the merchants of Glasgow to cruise against the Dutch. Soon after purchasing Camlachie, he bought the adjacent estate of Burrowfield, at one time the property of George Hutchison, one of the founders of the Hospital.†

To prevent obscurity in the narrative, it is necessary to state that there were three John Walkinshaws in succession, owners of Wester Camlachie, grandfather, father, and son, whereof the grandfather was the purchaser from Wilkie.

The first John Walkinshaw, after having been laird of Camlachie twenty years, died in 1689, and is noticed by M'Ure, with commendation, as having left £100 to the poor of the Merchant House.

The second of the name was one of the "great sea adventurers" alluded to by the same old chronicler. Both of these Walkinshaws, of Camlachie and Burrowfield, were men of wealth.

The third John Walkinshaw was less fortunate.‡ From a very early period, the coal under Camlachie appears to have been worked, which probably originated the little village as dwellings for the colliers, then in the condition of slaves resident on, and sold with, the coal property,—not unlike the state of the

\* One of these old tenants happened also to have been one of the Craigs' farmers, with the bewitched cows, formerly alluded to in handling the Witch Lone; but he does not appear to have been liable to Mr. Wilkie for any "henis," or "caponis," as he was to the lairds of the Craigs for his possession there.

† It is a remarkable circumstance, that the two properties of Camlachie and Burrowfield, thus consolidated in the person of one owner, 186 years ago, have continued ever since, without disjunction, excepting only once for a very brief space.

‡ One of this Mr. Walkinshaw's sisters was the mother of Lord Kames; another was Mrs. Campbell of Succoth, grandmother of Sir Islay Campbell, President of the Court of Session. [*Tytler's Life of Lord Kames.*] It was this third Mr. John Walkinshaw, also, who founded the village of Calton, formerly known as "Blackfauld." This he did in 1706, by giving off small feus of his Blackfauld property, which lay immediately west from Burrowfield. In the first year of his plan he had only three feuars; in 1711, one; 1714, one; 1715, two; 1722, ten; 1723, one; and in 1724, one; when he ceased to be the over-lord. [*Vide Brown's History of Glasgow*, vol. ii. p. 101.] What a difference now! Mr. Walkinshaw's little village of 19 families has swelled into a burgh of barony, or suburb, with a population of more than 20,000.

negroes on the transatlantic plantations.\* A number of coal-pits or "heughs" were sunk at different parts of Camlachie and Burrowfield. The working of coal in John Walkinshaw's time was very imperfectly understood, and consequently carried on at a great disadvantage. The pits on both properties were among what is technically called "troubles," and "running mud," and large sums were spent by Mr. Walkinshaw in endeavouring to overcome these physical obstacles, without much effect.

But this was not his sole misfortune. He became deeply engaged in the disastrous political troubles of that day, when so much hostility was shown in Scotland to the Hanoverian succession. The Walkinshaws were stanch Jacobites; and in the case of the third John Walkinshaw, his hereditary predilection for the Stuarts was strengthened by his connection with the family into which he married. He espoused, in 1703, Miss Katherine Paterson, a sister of Sir Hugh Paterson, of Bannockburn, one of the keenest partizans of the exiled family. The two brothers-in-law were "out" in 1715, and both were taken prisoners at Sheriffmuir. Mr. Walkinshaw was committed to Stirling Castle, on the charge of high treason, but escaped, through the address of his lady, who changed clothes with him, and remained in his stead. His estates were, however, forfeited.

When the Act of Pardon was passed by Parliament, in 1717, in favour of those (with some exceptions) who had committed treasonable offences, Mr. Walkinshaw was included in the amnesty, and returned to Burrowfield. But his fortune was greatly impaired. The coal-works had gone to ruin, and this once wealthy family was reduced to great straits. In this emergency, an influential friend came forward to their assistance. The person alluded to was Mr. William Douglas, younger of Glenbervie. This gentle-

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\* Anciently, in Scotland, when a collier entered at a coal-work, the law itself bound him to perpetual service there, independent of all paction with the owner; and when the property was sold, the colliers belonging to it passed to the purchaser, as a pertinent of the subject. Many curious cases on collier-law are to be seen in the old volumes of law reports. I have before me the pleadings in one of these, far in the last century, between the then coal-owners of Shettleston and Dalmarnock, both in the vicinity of Camlachie. One of the counsel was the well-known Robert M'Queen, afterwards Lord Braxfield, who handled the questions as to the bonds of colliers with his usual *saïveté* and ability. It was not till 1775 that colliers were relieved from this species of bondage and placed on the same footing with other workmen, by the statute 15th George III. cap. 28; repeated and enlarged by the 39th of the same king, cap. 56.

man possessed much enterprise, had great practical acquaintance with the working of coal, and introduced many improvements in mining operations. He agreed to become tacksman of the coal in Camlachie and Burrowfield, for behoof of Mrs. Walkinshaw and her numerous family, provided the forfeiture of Mr. Walkinshaw's property could be overcome.

The case of Mrs. Walkinshaw was a hard one. She had brought her husband a handsome tocher; and in their marriage contract, dated 26th July, 1703, Mr. Walkinshaw had bound himself to provide her an annuity of 2000 merks Scots. The deed farther stipulated, that his whole property should go to the heirs-male of the marriage; whom failing, to his heirs-male whomsoever; in consideration of which, he bound himself if there should be born *no* sons, and only one daughter, to pay that daughter 18,000 merks; if two daughters, 25,000; if three daughters, 30,000; and if four, or more daughters, 36,000 merks; all on their reaching the age of eighteen, or when married, and to be equally divided among the daughters.

Now, it happened that there were *no* sons, but no less than *ten* daughters of this marriage, and Mr. Walkinshaw's misfortunes had not enabled him adequately to secure either the annuity to his lady, or the provision of 36,000 merks to his daughters. Willing, however, to do what he could, Mr. Walkinshaw had set aside, out of the wreck of his fortune, 12 acres of Camlachie, on the north side of the highway, to his family. He also built thereon, in 1720, a substantial mansion of two stories, as a residence for his lady and daughters. This house is still standing, and has the date of its erection (1720) deeply cut in stone at the eaves. At the time it was built, it stood a little way back from the highway, with a *parterre* in front, and a large garden behind, and must have been rather a nice place. It is shown in Barrie's old map, as in his day, a mansion house, and the only edifice of any note then in the district. This old house of the Walkinshaws is now much disfigured, though the remains of better days are yet visible. Tradition still connects it with "the Burrowfield ladies," as well as with a more famous name to be alluded to in the sequel.

Reverting to the gloomy position of Mr. Walkinshaw's affairs, much sympathy was excited for the ladies. A representation of their case was made to the Crown, and a grant of the forfeited estates of Camlachie and Burrowfield solicited in favour of a trustee for

behoof of "Lady Burrowfield" (as the old papers style her), and her ten daughters. Accordingly, a gift of these properties was granted in favour of Mr. William Douglas, before mentioned, for behoof of "Katherine Paterson, wife of the said John Walkinshaw, and her numerous family." It is dated at St. James' the 2d of March, 1722, and sealed at Edinburgh, 3d July following.

Mr. Douglas entered upon the management of the estates, but after a short time, he seems to have thought it more advisable to sell Burrowfield and Camlachie, but reserving a right to work the coal in both, during a certain stipulated period. Accordingly, in December, 1723, these properties were sold, with consent of Mr. and Mrs. Walkinshaw, to the magistrates of Glasgow. The price was 30 years' purchase of the rent of the lands, and 12 years' rent of the houses. The precise sum is not, however, mentioned in the old deeds. From this sale were excepted—1st, the mansion in Camlachie, with the garden, and 12 acres immediately behind, reserved to Lady Burrowfield; and 2d, a right to "sink pits or shanks for nineteen years," [till 1742], and to "gain and win the coals therein, during eleven years more," [till 1753.]

The coal having been thus reserved, Mr. Walkinshaw—or the family friend, Mr. Douglas—continued to work it for some years. But by the year 1730, matters appear to have been in a deplorable state. The coal pits were drowned with water; there was no money available to the Walkinshaw family to overcome this evil, and the time was fast running on to which they were circumscribed for "shanking" on the estate. In these circumstances, James Walkinshaw, of Walkinshaw, a brother of the unfortunate John Walkinshaw, agreed to take a lease of the whole coal, during the remainder of the time reserved in the sale to the magistrates, (about 24 years), and to advance such money as was necessary to restore the coal-works to a proper state. This old coal-tack is still extant, and I examined it with much interest. It is dated 31st March, 6th and 7th April, 1730, now 125 years ago. The parties to it are "the Donator of the Escheat" Mr. Douglas, with consent of "Katherine Paterson, Lady Burrowfield," and of her daughters, Barbara, Margaret, Anna, Elizabeth, Mary, Jean, Helen, and Lyonella, and of their father, John Walkinshaw, for himself, and as administrator in law for *Clementina*, his youngest daughter, and such of the rest as were then minors; and on the other hand, Mr. Walkinshaw, of Walkinshaw. The tack is beautifully written, and six folio pages

in length. It was subscribed by Mr. Douglas and Mrs. Walkinshaw at Edinburgh, one of the witnesses being her brother the Jacobite, Sir Hugh Paterson, described as "late of Bannockburn;" by John Walkinshaw and the ten daughters, at Carrubers, (whither the family seemed to have removed); and by James Walkinshaw at Glasgow, in presence of William Wood, factor to the Marquis of Clydesdale, and Archibald Campbell, Writer to the Signet, who prepared the tack. The signatures of all the parties, those of the ladies in particular, are full of character, being in a fine bold Roman hand, very different from the attenuated female caligraphy of the present day.

The narrative of the tack is a very melancholy one, and it is sad to read the distress of this highly respectable old family. It sets out by stating that—"Whereas the said William Douglas, John Walkinshaw, and Katherine Paterson, considering that the coall works at Camlachie and Burrowfield, which have now fallen under the said John Walkinshaw, his gift of escheat, are in a desperate and ruinous condition, by want of monie to bestow thereupon, both that work upon the Burrowfield and Camlachie grounds being intirely given up and drowned; whereby, before anie work can be sett agoeing in anie tollerable manner upon the Burrowfield grounds, it will, at the most modest computation, take the sum of two hundred pounds sterling, to be laid out, and bestowed for that purpose, there being a necessity for making two new sinks or coall pitts thereon; besides, when such tryall is made, and sinks sett down, and the monie expended, there is a hazard that there is either no coall at all, or that the coall will not be gott for that sum; as also, considering that they have onlie a temporarie right to the said coall, and that the time they have libertie to work the same may expire, without their being able to make anie tryall of the said coall, through want of monie to bestow thereon; and considering likewise that the said James Walkinshaw hath, att the earnest desyre of the said Katherine Paterson, and her said numerous familie, and out of the favour and affection he hath to them, engaged to make tryall of the said Burrowfield coall, which may succeed and may nott, and for that purpose to bestow and risk the sum of two hundred pounds sterling upon setting down sinks, and setting the said coall work upon the Burrowfield ground agoeing, upon the said William Douglas granting the tack after-mentioned, with consent of the said Katherine Paterson, John



Walkinshaw, and their children." Then follow the stipulations of the lease—1st, Mr. Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Walkinshaw, and daughters, let to James Waikinshaw, "All and whole the coall craigs, and coall seems, in whatever part of the lands of Burrowfield, which belonged to the said John Walkinshaw, and hath now fallen under his said gift of escheat, with the whole *coall heughers, winnace men, and other servants whatever, belonging to the said coall works*; together with the whole ginns, or horse milns for drawing of water or coalls, water pumps, roup bucketts, and generallie the whole other materialls belonging to the said coall works." 2d, The tenant has power "to keep the said coal heughers, winnace men, and other servants att their work or business, and to apprehend and incarcerate such of them as shall flye, run away, or refuse to come back when desyred." 3d, The currency of the tack is 24 years, with a break in the tenant's favour at the end of the first two years. 4th, The rent was to be £40 sterling annually, but none to be paid the first two years, as it was calculated that it would take that time fully to put the works into proper order, during which there could be no profits, and, in fact, no coal got; but on the other hand, the tenant, while bound to expend the £200, was to have no claim of reimbursement should no coal be got, or the trial prove otherwise unsuccessful.

Such are the main features of this antique coal lease.

Five months after it had been executed, the magistrates of Glasgow sold both Camlachie and Burrowfield, under the burden of the reserved coal working, already explained, to John Orr, Esq., merchant. This took place on the 29th September, 1730. The price was £10,000 sterling.

But the interference of James Walkinshaw, in becoming tacksman of the coal, for Lady Burrowfield and her family, was productive of little or no good. They had to encounter farther trials and difficulties. In the early part of 1731, the unfortunate John Walkinshaw died; and his widow and numerous unmarried daughters, were left in straitened circumstances. As formerly stated, all Mrs. Walkinshaw's tocher had been lost, and the provisions stipulated in her favour, in the marriage contract, had not been implemented by her husband. In order, however, to secure the wreck of his property, the widowed Lady Burrowfield took an assignation from all her daughters, of their claims of provision under their father and mother's ante-nuptial contract, for the

36,000 merks; and founding thereon, and on her own claims of annuity, led a declarator and adjudication before the Court of Session. She obtained a decree; and the abbreviate, which is dated 9th September, 1732, was directed against all her deceased husband's property, including the coal, tacks, &c. It would appear from the adjudication, that most of the daughters were then upwards of 18 years of age; and that three of them, viz., Barbara, Katherine, and *Clementina*, were "out of the kingdom," probably for their education in France. It is not generally easy to reach the ages of young ladies; but the Misses Walkinshaw had to condescend on the fact, in this dreary period, so as to bring out their claims, legally, as their deceased father's creditors.

At length Lady Burrowfield and her daughters, after consulting Mr. Douglas, resolved to sell to Mr. Orr, now the proprietor of Camlachie and Burrowfield, all her reserved property of the mansion-house and ground at Camlachie; and James Walkinshaw agreed to relinquish to him the coal lease. This was accomplished, by a formal conveyance, in May, 1734. The price of the house and 12 acres of ground, was £500 sterling. It appears from this deed that an attempt had been previously made to work the coal under these acres also; for the conveyance includes "the coal-wall or coal ceam of the said twelve acres of land, with the sinks and pits set down thereon, with the water machine for drawing the said sinks, so far as the same is still standing on the said lands, and whole utensils and other pertinents thereof." In speaking of the Camlachie mansion-house, it is described as "the new house on the north side of the said street, lately [1720] built by the said John Walkinshaw, and office houses thereto belonging."

Thus the Walkinshaw family became entirely divested of Camlachie and Burrowfield, and thenceforth drop entirely out of the history of these lands. Mrs. Walkinshaw lived till the advanced age of 90, greatly respected. One of the daughters [*Clementina*] became celebrated as the mistress of Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender; and was one of the most beautiful women of her time. The great ascendancy which she obtained over him, and the estrangement of his friends which took place in consequence, are well known in the history of the troubles of that unhappy period.\*

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\* Charles Edward became acquainted with Miss *Clementina* Walkinshaw when in Scotland. She was one of the Jacobite ladies who waited upon him, during his short

Another of the Misses Walkinshaw held a situation of trust in the household of the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of George III., at Leicester House.

Mr. John Orr, who became proprietor of Camlachie and Burrowfield, was a rich Glasgow merchant. He extended the range of his purchase at Camlachie, by acquiring, on 22d November, 1734, the lands of Gateside, consisting of about twenty-six acres, and bounding Wester Camlachie along the crooked march, formerly noticed, on the east. The person who sold Gateside to Mr. Orr, was Mr. John Gilhagie, then of Kenniehill, with consent of Agnes Anderson, his mother, and William Anderson, his uncle, a merchant, and sometime one of the magistrates of Glasgow.\* This acquisition enabled Mr. Orr to straighten his crooked eastern march, and carried his property eastward to Netherfield, on the Old Carntyne Road;† with the Camlachie Burn (before it com-

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residence in the Shawfield mansion, Glasgow, end of December, 1745, and beginning of January, 1746. After his escape to France he sent for her. By this lady, the Pretender had a natural daughter; whom he legitimized by a deed recorded in the register of the Parliament of Paris, 6th September, 1787, the year before he died.

\* Gateside formed part of the ancient estate of Kenniehill, through which the modern road to Cumbernauld, by Drygate Toll (authorised to be opened by Act of Parliament in 1766) now runs. It is described in ancient papers, as an "eight shilling land of old extent, being part of the thirty shilling land of Kenniehill." The name, "Gateside," probably originated from this section of Kenniehill having skirted the old "gait" or "lone," from Glasgow to Carntyne. The family of Gilhagie had long been owners of both properties; and also of Easter Craigs. Several of the lairds had been merchants of note, and acquired considerable wealth. Like their old neighbours, the Walkinshaws, they appear to have been engaged in coal working, on the Gateside property, with the same unfortunate result. In one of the Scots Acts of Parliament, dated 1698, there is a melancholy description of the series of misfortunes which had overtaken one of the lairds; I think, the father of the seller of Gateside to Mr. Orr. He had petitioned the Scotch Parliament for aid, and his distresses are embodied in the act. It states, that the great fire in 1677, which destroyed almost the whole houses on both sides of Saltmarket, had consumed all Mr. Gilhagie's houses there, with "his plenishing in them, and his two well furnisht builtis [shops] and merchant ware; causing a loss of 20,000 merks; that, same year he lost £500 sterling, by one of his ships, laden with wine from France, being cast away off the west coast of Ireland; and the failure of adventures he had made (the first from Glasgow) to Archangel, Maderia, and the Canary Islands; "and that, since he had lost 20,000 merks more, by his coal works near Glasgow; by all which, and the rigidity of severalls of his creditors, by captions, &c., he is deprivyd of all means of industry, for subsistence of himself and his familie, who are in very sad circumstances at present," &c. This melancholy state of matters ultimately led to the sale of all the property of this old Glasgow family, including, as we have seen, Gateside.

† Netherfield formed part of "the fiftie-six shilling, aught pennie land of old extent of Haghill;" and, in the reign of William and Mary, belonged to John Tod, of Haghill, a maltman. It was called the "Netherfield of Haghill," and lies at the bottom of

menced its more tortuous course) as his southern boundary. In order, also, to straighten the western march of Camlachie, Mr. Orr soon after purchased the runrig acres, alluded to in a previous foot note, from Mr. Secretary Bogle, and from Mrs. Margaret Boyd, the successor of old Walter Boyd, brewer. This squared the Camlachie west boundary, on the north side of the highway, down to the line of that road, at the point where the old Whitehill Lodge of Mount Hooly now stands.

Hitherto, Camlachie and Gateside had been wholly unenclosed; but Mr. Orr, who was a person of much enterprise, followed out his improvements by surrounding both these properties with a massive stone dyke. This he seems to have done in the year 1735. It ran from the house built by Mr Walkinshaw, in 1720, westward, along the Camlachie road, to what is now the entrance to Mount Hooly; the dyke then ran due north, till it joined the Carntyne road; it then coursed eastward along that road to Netherfield; and, lastly, turned due south, in the little ravine between that property and Gateside, finishing at Camlachie Burn. A row of fine elm trees was likewise planted by Mr Orr, all along the inner side of the dyke, and the lands thrown into parks, subdivided by quick-set hedges. In these days, all this was regarded as a very considerable undertaking. In papers dated one hundred years ago, the wall is spoken of as "the *great* park-dyke of Camlachie, built by John Orr, of Burrowfield." It was well entitled to that appellation, for it was more than six feet in height, two feet thick, and enclosed a large range of property.\*

the eminence of Haghill, the name answering closely to this physical peculiarity. The Netherfield property was also the scene of coal workings by some of its owners, not more successfully than those adjoining. There was a queer old house on it in the days of the Todds, now incorporated with the modern one, which stood long unoccupied, probably from the vicinity of the coal operations. It was said to be infested by the spirit of an ancient laird, which highly disapproved of the honeycombing of the land, by the coal workings; and testified the dissatisfaction by "walking" in the lonely house, and groaning in a very sorrowful and alarming manner.

\* In the *Glasgow Courant* of 19th November, 1750, "the enclosed lands of Camlachie, Gateside, &c., consisting of 50 acres of arable land, all surrounded by a good stone dyke, and subdivided, with full-grown hedges," are advertised to be let. This great enclosing dyke was what is called "dry-stone," built without lime, and long band-stones were laid in the heart of it, transversely, to strengthen the structure. All of these band-stones projected from the inner side of the dyke only, the outer side being smooth, intended, according to the custom of drystone-dyke builders, to indicate that the wall was not common property, but belonged exclusively to the owner whose ground the band-stones over-hung. The whole of this extensive dyke has been long ago re-

Besides these considerable purchases in the eastern skirts of Glasgow, Mr. Orr acquired another estate in the west. In 1735 he bought the lands of Stabcross, formerly the property of the Andersons of Dowhill; so that this first John Orr was rather an extensive landowner. He was greatly respected. In M'Ure's time [1734] he was Lord Rector of Glasgow College, and gave the professors £500 sterling in aid of the library. M'Ure was so much struck with this generosity, that he made Mr. Orr a present of a book, written by himself, and addressed to him a very fulsome panegyric, to be seen at page 178 of his uncouth history.

As in the case of the Walkinshaws, there were three successive generations of Orrs proprietors of Camlachie—father, son, and grandson. The first was John Orr, now alluded to. He died in 1744, and was succeeded by his son William. While this gentleman was proprietor of Camlachie, the regiment of Lord George Sackville came to Glasgow, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel James Wolfe, afterwards so celebrated as the conqueror of Quebec. Wolfe arrived in the spring of 1749, and among other introductions brought one to Mr. William Orr. There was no barracks in Glasgow in these days; the officers and soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants. Colonel Wolfe fell to the lot of Mr. Orr, who assigned to him as a residence the mansion in Camlachie, already noticed, as built by Mr. Walkinshaw twenty-nine years previously. It was in good condition, with a garden. Here this admirable young soldier lived while his regiment lay in Glasgow; and desirous to improve his education, which had been, as he himself writes, much neglected, in consequence of having entered the army at the early age of fifteen, he had a teacher from Glasgow who went out to his quarters in the house of the old Jacobite, John Walkinshaw, and instructed the future general in Latin and mathematics.\* Wolfe was a frequent visitor at Mr. Orr's fine old

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moved, with the exception of a fragment of its western portion. That western section ran alongside, and formed the east boundary of, the old coach-road already mentioned, as leading up to Whitehill, from the lodge at Mount Hooly. The west walls of the outhouses behind the villas on the west side of Whitevale, have been raised on a portion of this ancient dyke; and to the south of these the dyke itself is still quite visible in its course through a garden at the back of Mount Hooly, some of it four or five feet high. The great changes going on in the district will in all probability soon sweep away this old landmark entirely. I recollect it in nearly its whole extent more than forty years ago.

\* I am in possession of a packet of Wolfe's letters, one of them written from this very house, and stating the fact now recorded. *Vide* Sketch of Wolfe, in a subsequent article, where these letters are quoted.

mansion of Burrowfield; and also at Whitehill, then belonging to Mr. Glassford, and often rode up the old Mount Hooly avenue, or "coach-road," alongside the dyke formerly noticed.

A few years after this, the same Jacobite house in Camlachie was destined by Mr. William Orr for a very different purpose. In 1753 he granted a tack of it, with two acres of ground adjoining, and some of the small thatched houses in the village, to a company intending to carry on a woollen manufactory there. This tack was rather curious. It was to endure 999 years from Whitsunday, 1753; thereafter, for 999 years more; then for 999 times 999 years longer; thus making the total duration about one million of years! The rent was to be £16 13s. 4d., and a grassum of £20 every twentieth year. But this grand scheme withered. The business did not succeed, and the whole thing was abandoned.\*

William Orr also built a corn-mill on the brink of the burn, south side of the highway; and erected a farm-steading in the centre of the united properties of Camlachie and Gateside. This farm-house still exists, and with the land was long possessed by tenants, named John Neilson, father and son. It stands across the march, some of the rooms being within, and others without, the royalty.

After possessing his estates eleven years, Mr. William Orr died, and was succeeded in Camlachie, Gateside, and Burrowfield, by his eldest son, John, in May, 1755. This second John Orr was a member of the Scotch bar, and is well remembered as one of the town clerks of Glasgow. He was a gentleman of great learning and talent. He pushed on the coal works on his different estates, which, after the unfortunate results attending John Walkinshaw's operations, had prudently been allowed to remain in abeyance by Mr. John Orr's father and grandfather. A co-partnery was formed between the second John Orr and his younger brother,

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\* *Vide Brown's History of Glasgow*, vol. ii. p. 102. This house was afterwards sold, in 1779, by the second John Orr, to a person named Gray, a mason. It now belongs to one Joseph Stirling. The fact of this house being the one occupied by Wolfe, is authenticated by tradition in the village. It was also pointed out by the late James Hopkirk, Esq., of Dalbeth, who died at a great age, and was well acquainted with the whole locality, as the identical house, deriving his knowledge from people in his youth, who remembered Wolfe living there. In an advertisement of this house to let, in November, 1750 (the year after Wolfe left it), it is stated to consist of "six good fire rooms, besides kitchen, garrets, closet, and office-houses."

Matthew,\* (who had succeeded to the separate estate of Stabcross,) under the descriptive title of the Camlachie Coal Company, and the business firm of John and Matthew Orr & Co. Pits were sunk in a variety of places throughout John Orr's properties, and a great coal trade was carried on for many years. But it was not successful. A fatality seems to have attended all coal operations at Camlachie. After vast sums had been expended, John Orr found it necessary to sell his estates.† This he did in 1788, to Messrs. James Dunlop, of Garnkirk, and Robert Scott, of Meikle-Aitkenhead, at the price of £16,000 sterling. But Mr. Orr reserved a right to himself, and the firm of John and Matthew Orr & Co., and their assignees, to search for, and take out, the coal under Camlachie and Gateside, free of rent or lordship for 37 years, from Whitsunday, 1771, being the currency of an existing coal tack which he had granted to that firm, thus reaching forward till 1808.

The coal-working was still prosecuted under this tack, till it ended in Mr. John Orr's ruin. He was sequestrated in 1791,‡ and thenceforth the name of Orr drops out of the chain of Camlachie owners.§

This excellent man had been elected one of the town clerks of

\* Matthew Orr was the founder of the village of Finnieston. He set aside for the purpose, twenty acres of his lands of Stabcross, and had these laid off according to a plan in 1768, in lots of half an acre each, "for house-steads and gardens," at the rate of £5 sterling of grassum or entry-money, and £2 10s. sterling of yearly feu-duty. He put a variety of stipulations in the feu contracts, for the well-being of the intended village; one of which was "that no idle or disorderly person, or persons of bad fame, shall be allowed to possess any of the houses so to be built." The name of the village is stipulated to be *Finnieston* in all time coming. It was so called in compliment to the Rev. John Finnie, who had been tutor at Burrowfield. The signature of Mr. Finnie as witness to Mr. Matthew Orr's subscription, appears at several of the old feu contracts. One of the early feuars was the late Mr. John Smith, bookseller in Glasgow. Mr. Matthew Orr died about 1786.

† In the newspaper advertisement, the referee is stated to be "Mr. John Finnie, factor on the estate of Burrowfield." This is the same person, after whom Mr. Matthew Orr named his village of Finnieston. A large map of the estates, made out by Robert Fleming, land surveyor, in 1787, is still extant, and shows the boundaries very distinctly.

‡ The trustee was Alexander Robertson, writer in Glasgow.

§ Mr. William Orr had two sons, John and Matthew, and four daughters, Esther, Helen, Martha and Janet; all were unmarried, except the last, who became the wife of Mr. Kennedy, of Auchtyfardle. Mr. Gilbert Kennedy, who died 4th January, 1855, was the son of this marriage, with whom the line of this old Glasgow family of Orr became extinct. The first John Orr, and all his descendants, are interred in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, *Vide* the inscription on the tomb.

Glasgow, in August, 1781,\* and continued to discharge the duties of that important office twenty-two years, with great credit to himself and advantage to the community, till his death, on 16th December, 1803, when he was succeeded by the late amiable and profound lawyer, Mr. Reddie.

After Messrs. Jas. Dunlop and Robert Scott had been joint proprietors of Camlachie and Burrowfield five years, the former failed. His trustee, Mr. Gilbert Hamilton, conveyed in 1799, Mr. Dunlop's half of these united properties to Mr. Archibald Grahame, formerly writer, then managing partner of the Thistle Bank, Glasgow.

Hitherto, the proprietors seem to have paid little attention to feuing for building purposes on either of the estates. The village of Camlachie had therefore remained, till the date when Scott and Grahame became joint owners, nearly stationary, consisting only of a few houses, principally thatched, along the roadside and nearest the burn. Only five small feus had been given off altogether on Camlachie. The chief, as well as the oldest of these, has long been known by the name of Crownpoint, and seems worthy of a brief notice. It was one of the feus granted by the unfortunate John Walkinshaw, so far back as 1711, to a small portioner, named John Park, and consisted of "half an aickor of land," lying on the verge of the Camlachie and Burrowfield marches, at the burnside. This small lot formed part of a sub-division called "Parkneuck," and the ground rent, payable to Mr. Walkinshaw, was declared to "be the soume of ten pounds Scots money, of feu farm silver duty." A right of way was given to the feuar, northwards to the Camlachie Road, and westward by the "lone" leading to "the manor place of Burrowfield." In these days, and long after, the burn of Camlachie, running through and past the village, was a pretty rural stream, with belts of trees on each side, as shown on the old maps, very different from its repulsive aspect at the present day. So tenacious was Mr. Walkinshaw of preserving the amenity of the burnside, that he made it a condition in the contract with this early feuar, John Park, "that the planting upon the foresaid half aickor of land, on the brink of the foresaid burn of Cumlachie,

\* When Mr. John Orr was elected town clerk, there was great eagerness on the part of other candidates to secure the appointment. One well-known party offered the Provost a bribe of £1000. He indignantly produced the letter to the town council, and the writer of it became the object of much animadversion and ridicule.



is not comprehended hereintill, the same being reserved to the said John Walkinshaw in all time coming; and the said John Park obliges himself to take care that the samen planting be not in any manner of way abused through his fault."

After passing through several owners, this Parkneuk "half aickor" was acquired, in 1758, by Mr. William Alexander, of the firm of Alexander & Campbell, American merchants, of some note in Glasgow. He also purchased the lands of Mountainblew\* in the vicinity, consisting of about five acres; and on the former of these built a country house for his own residence in 1761; dismissing from the property the somewhat uncouth name of "Parkneuck," and substituting "Crownpoint," after the well known strong-hold on the frontiers of Canada, captured shortly before from the French, by General Amherst, the friend and executor of the immortal Wolfe, who fell in the same campaign. Mr. Alexander made Crownpoint a pretty place. It was quite embosomed in trees. He did not, however, long enjoy it. A reverse of fortune overtook him. In 1766 he failed; and both Crownpoint and Mountainblew were purchased, in 1770, by the second John Orr, of Burrowfield; and ultimately became the property of Messrs. James Dunlop and Robert Scott, under the conveyance to them by Mr. John Orr, of his properties already alluded to. Crownpoint house still exists, and now belongs to Mr. Wilson, brickmaker.

After Mr. John Orr's properties came into the possession of Mr. Scott and Mr. Grahame, these gentlemen, desirous to turn them to better account, gave off a number of feus for building purposes, both on Camlachie and Burrowfield. This gradually increased the old village on the former. They also resolved to open a street across Camlachie lands, to connect the Camlachie highway with the Old Carntyne Road. Accordingly, about the year 1800, a street was staked off through the westmost of the Camlachie parks, next to, and parallel with, Mr. Orr's old dry-stone dyke

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\* Mountainblew was part of a twenty-two shilling and sixpenny land of old extent in Easter Dalbeth, formerly belonging to Mr. Humphrey Luke. Mr. Alexander purchased Mountainblew from Dr. George Montgomerie, physician in Glasgow. He bought at same time a "high fore peau [pew] of the north loft, No. 4, in the Black-frier Kirk of Glasgow." This seat had belonged to Sir Hugh Montgomerie, of Skelmorly (formerly Hugh Montgomerie, of Busby), who acquired it in March, 1702, from the then Dean of Guild of Glasgow and Council. It was sold to Mr. Alexander, of Crownpoint, by the three Misses Montgomerie, the heirs portioners of Sir Hugh.

of 1735, formerly noticed. The street was to be forty feet wide, and intended to contain a superior class of dwelling houses, with small gardens or parterres in front; and in order to secure this and the amenity of the street, very stringent clauses were inserted in the feu contracts, forbidding houses with brick fronts, tyled or thatched roofs, or any kind of trade or manufacture offensive to the neighbourhood. The street was formed through the fields on Camlachie farm, known as the "West Park," the "North Fir Park," and the "West Fir Park," and was named "Whitevale," to harmonise with Whitehill, at its northern extremity, then the property of Mr. Robert Grahame, a relative of one of the owners of Camlachie.

This was the first attempt at opening a street outside the East Port, excepting Campbell and Græme Streets, many years before, in the heart of Gallowgait. The first feuars in Whitevale, were James Baird and Alexander Clark, masons in Glasgow, and John Finlay, lime-burner, Cathcart. In 1801, they acquired from Mr. Scott and Mr. Grahame about one acre of a square form, next the Carntyne Road, and bounded on the west by the old dry-stone dyke. These feuars were taken bound to leave the breadth of fifteen feet unbuilt, along Carntyne Road, for the purpose of widening that ancient "lone;" and they were also to pay for the total breadth of the ground down the centre of their feu, occupied by Whitevale Street. Accordingly they built the two villas, still extant, next the top, on the east side.

The year following, two acres more, immediately adjoining, were feued off by Duncan M'Callum, jun., land-measurer in Glasgow; who built, on speculation, in 1802-3, the seven villas, with pavilion roofs and gardens in front, still existing on the west side of Whitevale, and now belonging to a variety of private parties.

This was all the progress made in feuing the street, during the ownership of Mr. Scott and Mr. Grahame, and for many years after. Though the southmost part was laid out, it remained unbuilt, uncausewayed, and a perfect quagmire, more than forty years. A large wooden gate, like a toll-bar, long stood across the centre of Whitevale, at the southmost of M'Callum's villas, with the words "private property" painted on it in large letters. This was to prevent carts making the street a thoroughfare. The unbuilt portion of the "West Fir Park," south from the gate, subsequently became the property of Mrs. Catherine Miller, of Slate-

field; whose feuars built up the remainder of the west side of Whitevale, as it now appears; while those of Mr. Hozier erected the houses opposite.

Reverting to the chain of proprietors of the *cumulo* lands and village of Wester Camlachie, a rapid glance may suffice.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Graham died early in this century, within a short time of each other. Mr. Scott's half of the united properties of Camlachie, Gateside, and Burrowfield, was taken up by his son, Mr. Robert Scott, of Aitkenhead, about 1806. Mr. Grahame's half was conveyed by him, in 1805, to Messrs. Archibald Colquhoun, of Killermont, Henry Ritchie, of Busby, and James Rowan, of Bellahouston, partners of the Thistle Bank. Lastly, Mr. William Hozier, of Newlands, purchased the whole in 1808; and they now belong to his son, James Hozier, Esq. Under these two last-named gentlemen, the *solum* of Camlachie lands has been almost entirely feued off in streets, and a little town formed; while the great improvements lately made by the Road Trustees, in widening and levelling the highway through Camlachie, have led to the removal of most of the old thatched and tyled houses, and the erection of a better class of buildings in the district; thereby forming a striking contrast to the old collier village of the unfortunate Mr. John Walkinshaw, and to the whole locality, even as it was only a few years since.\*

#### VII. EASTER CAMLACHIE.

As already stated, this property lies immediately beyond the royalty of Glasgow, and on the east side of Camlachie Burn. It extends to about thirty-five acres; whereof nineteen are on the north, and sixteen on the south sides of the highway, leading

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\* In 1826, the toll-bar was removed, by the Shotts and Airdrie Road Trustees, from the "Witch Lone" out to Wester Camlachie, close to the burn. It originally stood across the Gallowgait, near M'Farlane Street, from which it was changed to Witch Lone, in 1763, where it stood sixty-three years. As a proof of the great amount of traffic passing through Camlachie toll-bar, the tacksman paid the trustees, many years, at the rate of £6000 of rent annually. Previous to the opening of the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway, Camlachie used to be a scene of great bustle, from the number of coaches of all descriptions driven through it, to and from Edinburgh and other places to the eastward. From 3 to 5 o'clock in particular, it was quite a scene, so many coaches then left Glasgow, crowded with passengers, outside and inside, following each other in rapid succession, through Camlachie village. A great traffic in minerals, &c., now passes the toll-bar, which continues to bring a heavy rent to the Road Trustees.

from Wester Camlachie to Tollcross. The ancient boundaries on the north, were partly a sweep of the burn, and the lands of Gate-side and Netherfield of Haghill; while the lands of Newlands and Westthorn marched on the south. A small property of five acres, named Whitecrosshill, bounded, on the east, the nineteen acres of Easter Camlachie, lying on the north side of the highway; and the lands of Tollcross marched in the same direction with the sixteen acres opposite. Camlachie Burn skirts both divisions on the west.

In the early part of last century, the whole of Easter Camlachie\* belonged to Mr. Corbet, of Tollcross. He sold it and the adjoining five acres of Whitecrosshill, in 1731, to Robert Dreghorn, wright in Glasgow, grandfather of the celebrated "Bob Dragon." At that time, there were only a few old houses on the property next the burn, like those on Wester Camlachie, and occupied mostly in the same way by colliers. The lands were farmed by two tenants, named John and Alexander Park, and nearly surrounded by a stone dyke, similar to that which Mr. John Orr subsequently built on his adjoining estate.

Mr. Dreghorn had been working the coal, in a portion of Easter Camlachie, a considerable time previous to this purchase, under a coal tack then current, granted to him by Mr. Corbet. But the latter, in the sale of the lands to Dreghorn, reserved to himself the coal in those portions not embraced by the lease, on condition that he should be liable for any damage, besides filling up the wrought-out pits, and "putting them in ane arable condition." Mr. Dreghorn was to pay a feu-duty of £169 13s. 4d. Scots [£14 2s. 9d. sterling] for 17 years, from Martinmas 1731, and 400 merks [£21 13s. 4d. sterling] annually thereafter. The instrument of infestment on Mr. Corbet's charter, bears the certificate of John M'Ure, the city historian, as keeper of the Register of Sasines. His signature (a very clumsy one) is nearly smothered among the dashes and whimsical devices common in the writing of ancient notaries.†

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\* In ancient deeds, the name is spelt "Easter Camblachie."

† Robert Dreghorn seems also to have been engaged pretty extensively in coal operations elsewhere. Cleland states that he began to work the Govan Colliery, as far back as 1711. He likewise wrought coal under part of the outskirts of the Gallowmuir, immediately west from what had been Mr. Walkinshaw's coal field on Wester Camlachie; for, in an old conveyance of land, adjoining "Mount Hooley," circa 1734, a coal-pit is

This old coal-master was succeeded by his son, Allan Dreghorn, circa 1749. He carried on not only his father's business as a wright, but was engaged extensively as a merchant. Allan Dreghorn was one of the six individuals selected by the town, in September, 1745, to go out and treat with the rebels, "and make the best terms you possibly can for saving the city, and its trade and inhabitants."\* He was also one of the six original partners of Dunlop, Houston, & Company, who founded the Ship Bank in the Bridgegate; and the first person who had a private carriage in Glasgow. It was made by his own workmen. He built one of the most elegant mansions then in the city, for his own residence, in Clyde Street, facing the river, and still standing; which, after the death of his eccentric son, long had the misfortune of being haunted.

Allan Dreghorn sold Easter Camlachie to Mr. James Buchanan, in 1750; and died at his country seat of Ruchil, in October, 1764, succeeded, in all his property, by his well-remembered son, "Bob Dragon;" considered the ugliest man in Glasgow. The likeness of this eccentric being is preserved in the clever sketch, formerly alluded to, titled "The Morning Walk;" in which he appears grouped with David Dale, founder of the New Lanark Mills, "Lowrie Coulter," and others. [*Vide Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times*, by the late Robert Stuart.]

Little more occurs worthy of note, regarding Easter Camlachie, since the days of Mr. Dreghorn. A considerable portion of the old farm-lands was given off, from time to time, in minor feus, and the original hamlet gradually swelled into a small village, which has become blended with its westerly neighbour; and both

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selected as a land-mark, then apparently well known, to indicate more distinctly the precise position of the property, viz., "that heugh sometime ago set down by Robert Dreghorn, late deacon of the wrights in Glasgow." Indeed, it is said, that the coal-workings connected with this Gallowmuir pit, occasioned Mount Hooly to get a "set" during the building, so that the house stood long unroofed and unfinished, as Whitehill Lodge; and led the villagers to give it the queer name of "Mount Hooly," as a thing stopped or halted. The sinking of this pit, by Dreghorn, was likely after Mr. Walkinshaw's family had abandoned their works on the closely adjoining Camlachie coal-field, and in virtue of a tack of the coal from some of the neighbouring small Gallowmuir proprietors, for Dreghorn had no land there of his own at any time.

\* *Vide fac-simile* of the curious letter of authority to Allan Dreghorn and the other five deputies, signed by 23 of the principal inhabitants, in the *Cochran Correspondence*, printed for the Maitland Club, and edited by the late James Dennistoun, Esq., of Dennistoun.

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are now known under the general appellation of Camlachie, without reference to the ancient descriptive distinction of the two properties.

#### VIII. EASTERN NECROPOLIS.

Before leaving the eastern suburbs, it seems not inappropriate to notice some points in the history of the Eastern Necropolis, recently formed, on the skirts of Camlachie, and imparting a somewhat new character to the district.

This beautiful "City of the Dead" marches on the west with that section of Easter Camlachie lying on the south side of the old highway from that village to Tollcross, now dignified by the name of the Great Eastern Road. It is tastefully laid off in walks and parterres, studded with those pale monuments which the tear of affection and the sob of mourners have consecrated to prevent chill oblivion from withering the memories of the departed.

The Eastern Necropolis consists of about twenty acres, and is situated on rising grounds overlooking the lower part of the Vale of Clyde. From the higher walks it commands an extensive and picturesque prospect of the undulating country between the hoary Fells of Campsie, seamed by many a wintry torrent, and the wooded heights of Druidic Cathkin; while the grey shoulders of Tinto, once the favourite resort of the priests of Baal to welcome the entry of the Sun into the summer solstice, and to lament his recession into the glooms of winter at Halloween; the blue range of the Ochills, the lofty breast of Ben Lomond, and the peaks of romantic Arran, whose huge wild mountains often shelter Night, in the deep, misty, insular valleys, rise over the lines of the far-distant horizon, and impart a peculiar interest and charm to the scene.

What is now the Necropolis, was till lately known as Jeanfield. But that was not its ancient name. The lands formed part of the estate of Tollcross, and in the beginning of last century belonged to Mr. Corbet. The name then resting on the Necropolis grounds was the "Little Hill of Tollcross," and it was cultivated as a farm.

The next purpose to which it was turned was a nursery garden, for raising fruit and forest trees, &c. The person who undertook this was a nursery and seedsman, named William Boutcher, of

Comely Garden, near Edinburgh. In September, 1751, Mr. Corbet feued the "Little Hill" to this individual, and gave him power "to dig and quarry stones in the said James Corbet's nearest quarries in Shettleston, for building dykes on the marches, and a house and office-houses on the ground of the lands;" which are described as being a "half merk land, and part of the four pound land of Tollcross."

The business which Boutcher thus proposed was quite novel in this part of the country. Saplings were generally brought from Edinburgh. Boutcher proceeded to build dykes round the Little Hill, and laid it off as a nursery; after which he inserted the following quaint advertisement in the *Glasgow Courant* of November, 1751:—

"That at the desire of several gentlemen in the west country, William Boutcher, nurseryman and seedsman at Edinburgh, has feued ground at Camlachie, near Glasgow, where he proposes (if the demand for trees and thorns is such as to yield him a suitable return for his trouble and expense) to raise a considerable nursery. Therefore, in order to judge how far he should proceed, he has sent from his nursery at Edinburgh, a parcel of the best kinds of fruit and forest trees, with thorns of different sizes; and in the spring (the proper season for evergreens) will also have a proper collection of them, with flowering shrubs, and such other valuable plants as are hardy enough to bear this climate. At the place, a proper servant of Mr. Boutcher's will give constant attendance, and answer all orders for any of these articles. But as his principal servant is a stranger in the place, and so might give credit to improper persons, 'tis humbly hoped that none will take it amiss if this business, in the beginning, is carried on for ready money only."

But the undertaking did not succeed. He held the Little Hill only about three years, and failed in 1754.\* The property was sold in the spring of 1756 to Patrick Tod, merchant in Edinburgh, for £81 sterling, with "the nurs'rys and plantings growing thereon."

Tod continued the "Little Hill Nursery," but with the same ill

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\* Boutcher was author of "*A Treatise on Forest Trees*," published by subscription. His daughter was married to Robert Foulis, the celebrated University printer in Glasgow. Their son, Andrew, succeeded to that office on the death of his father and uncle, after the last of whom he was named.

luck. After persisting in the undertaking two years, he was obliged to abandon it, and sold the property for £100 to Robert M'Nair.

This new proprietor was a queer and well-known character in Glasgow last century; and he has been noticed in the preceding pages by the interesting pen of "Senex." He commenced the world with a basket of half-spoilt oranges; but by laudable industry became a wealthy grocer, and the largest proprietor of houses in Glasgow. He took into partnership his wife, and the firm was long known as "Robert M'Nair and Jean Holms, in Company." As such they figure in "the list of shop-keepers" in M'Ure's book, published in 1736. This thrifty pair had their shop at the head of King Street, facing Trongate. It had two bow windows, and the outside was gaily painted bright green. Both partners wore toupees and powder; and Jean, whose province it was to keep the cash, fluttered with ribbons, and rustled through the premises in a dashing silk gown. They might have passed for an antique French couple. It was an unsettled point among the seniors of the past century, whether the male or the female partner made the keenest bargain, though the preponderance was in favour of Jean. The Glasgow newspaper, one hundred years ago, teems with the advertisements of this funny old grocer.

Here are two specimens of his queer prose advertisements in the old *Glasgow Courant*:—"There is come in the Batchelor of Irvine, James M'Nair, supercargo, a parcel of lemons and bitter oranges; they are reckoned to be the best cargo that came here this seven years from Spain; and as the said Jas. M'Nair caused them to be pulled, and not shaken off the trees, and all wailed, [picked] when pulling, makes them much more superior both in goodness, and for keeping; the bitter orangers are of a very high colour, and very heavy and large, and very fit for making marmalade, and are sold at Robert M'Nair's shop, opposite the Guard, Glasgow, or his warehouses in the Weigh House, where attendance will be given from 8 o'clock in the morning till 5 at night; and as the orangers are so heavy he sells them and lump sugar at 6d. per pound, if 7 pound is taken at once. He has also a parcel of potatoes at 5d. per stone, 16 English pound in the stone; the potatoes are all white roughs, a kind never brought here before. He also sells Gloucester cheese at 3½d. per pound, and Liverpool cheese at 5½d. per pound. He also sells best English oatmeal at



11d. per peck, and Irish meal at 10d. He has a parcel of best grey and white English pease at 1d. per pound, and a parcel of walnuts and Spanish nuts at 3d. per pound, with sundry kinds of grocery goods, all to be sold at the above places by Robert M'Nair.

"P.S.—As some designing folks have been pleased to raise a malicious report, in order to hurt my business, this is to acquaint the public that the same is entirely without foundation, and hopes they will lose their design, who were most busy in promoting it.—Robert M'Nair." [*Glasgow Courant*, February, 1753.]

"Just now imported from Spain, by Robert M'Nair, and to be sold at his warehouse, or at his shop, opposite to the Main Guard,

"A cargo of lemons, bitter and sweet oranges. The bitter oranges are the fittest for marmalade that has come to Scotland this season; and as there is no other ship to come from Spain this season, so those who have amind to make marmalade and shrub should not disappoint themselves, as oranges from any other part but Spain will not make marmalade. We sell them from 6d. to 12d. per dozen, as in goodness; and from 2d. to 3d. per pound, as in goodness; which, when computed, brings their marmalade very cheap, viz., take 20 pounds of lump sugar, at 8d. per pound, is 13s. and 4 pence, and 20 pound of the best oranges, at 3d. per pound, is 5s.; in all, 18s. and 4 pence; making allowance for waste and variation, and 8d. for workmanship, brings their marmalade to about 6d. per pound; and those who take quantities of lemons and oranges, shall have their sugars at the lowest price; and if one person takes ten chests of lemons and oranges, they shall have 10 per cent. discount for ready money.

"There is also to be sold at his shop, new hops at 1s. per pound, and English cheese at 3d. per pound; London soap; Tent, Lisbon, and Zerrie wines; musk plumbs, almonds, and carvie, at 10d. per pound; barley-sugar and orange-peel at 16d. per pound; marmalade at 8d. per pound.

"He has also got home a parcel of fine blue raisins of the sun, figs, citron, and olives. He also refines and sells all kinds of sugars, candie, syrops, and treacle, and sugar brandy, at the lowest prices.

"He also gives his advice for making English swats gratis. Boil 26 Scots pints of water for a quarter of an hour, put it into a butt, and put into it 7 pounds of treacle, a penny worth of hops, and a peck of good bran, or new sowan seeds; stir all about with

a stick, then cover it up with a thick cloth, and let it stand for about 3 or 4 hours; then draw it off, and let it cool 3 or 4 hours; then wash the butt, and dry it well, and put the liquor into it again, and put about a mutchkin of barm into it, and cover it again with the cloth; it will keep in the same cask for about a month, but will rather do better for to bottle it, where it will keep 3 months. It is very good in families where there are children or servants; and the way to use it, viz., put a chopin of pottage in a cog, and put a mutchkin of swats among them when warm; if the morning be frosty, put in the scrape of a nutmeg, or a little pepper; but if the morning be foggy or misty, put in 3 ounces of butter; if the children does not love them with butter, put in two ounces of powder sugar (either of the ways will do), which will make it a very good breakfast. The swats makes tolerable good drink at dinner.

"N.B.—You will have 25 pints of swats for 17 pence." [*Glasgow Courant*, 28th January, 1754.]

But Mr. M'Nair did not confine himself to dry prose. He appears to have been addicted to poetry; though it may fairly be questioned, whether the flight of his muse added much celebrity to the cause of the tuneful Nine, or to the improvement of orthography. The following is a specimen of the grocer-poet's metrical ability and taste, on occasion of advertising, in the *Glasgow Journal*, to be let on lease, the White Hart Inn, Gallowgait, &c., belonging to him, viz. :—

"That ther is just now to be seat,  
the New Inn at the white hart,  
Entry to it at whitsonday  
if we agree about the pay  
with two houses in the New Street  
weel finshed Neat and full compleat  
all boxd with wood and not with paint  
if we agree about the rent  
at my shop also may be had  
Good Duble Rum strong and weel made  
Suger and limons to quench your Drouth  
will make good Drink to weat your Mouth  
Call at my shop in the trone Street  
and if that thir we Do Not meat  
go in the close and up one Stair  
wher you will find ROBERT M'NAIR."

*Glasgow Journal*, December, 1764.

When this able-bodied gastriloquist surprised the public by  
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purchasing the Easter Sugar-house, Gallowgait, previously the property of a company composed of a number of aristocratic merchants, a satirical poem, something in his own newspaper style, appeared—a specimen of which is given by “Senex” in a preceding part of this volume.

But, perhaps, the crowning effort of M’Nair, Holms, & Company, in the fine arts, was the erection of a dwelling-house on the Little Hill of Tollcross; purchased, as before stated, by the male partner, in 1758, from Patrick Tod. Nothing could be more natural, than that the thrifty partners of a concern, which trafficked in such an alarming conglomeration of home and foreign produce, as appeared squeezed into the newspaper catalogues of that day, should sigh for retirement in a country retreat; where, in the calm evenings of summer, among the daisies, tansy, sweetwilliam, and cabbages in full bearing; or by the cheek of a Shettleston coal fire, in the whirling drift of the winter nights, they could ponder over and discuss the gains derived from the importation and sale of the heavy Spanish “orangers,” tenpenny Irish meal, threepence-farthing Liverpool cheese, and other curiosities, with which the company in the “Trone Street,” grievously tempted the gastronomic propensities of the human race. It was this yearning that led Robert M’Nair to resolve, with the special advice and consent of Jean Holms, to buy the Little Hill nursery garden, with the saughs, pear trees, poplars, and other specimens of the arborescent kingdom thereon; and, like the wandering masons of the farther East, erect an habitation and confer a name.

The sale took place in Edinburgh; and Mr. M’Nair, accustomed to make his purchases of edible property for cash on delivery, and in a comfortable state of ignorance of the formalities in buying land, when the Little Hill was knocked down to him, and a bond for the price demanded, produced a greasy leather bag, and pawkily exclaimed, “na, na, nane o’ yere gauds for me, here’s Jean’s pouch (tumbling out the guineas); gie me my papers.”

In building the house, the aid of an architect was thought not only unnecessary, but an outrage on economy. The partners of the concern resolved to exercise their own ingenuity, and drew the plans themselves, aided by a few faint ideas from a Camlachie mason. It was to be a dwelling of two storeys, with room for marginal additions if necessity required. The mason went vigorously to work, and proceeded a certain length, when it was dis-

covered, to the dismay of the ingenious trio, that they had forgotten inside-stairs. A considerable modification of the plan became, therefore, necessary, to allow space for getting aloft. But at length the edifice was finished, *circa* 1764, and the place named "Jeanfield," in compliment to the worthy old lady, the principal architect, not only of the house, but of the fortunes of the grocery concern. A curious house it was, and long continued to be so. It was high and narrow—the roof had a peculiar pitch—the windows queerly placed, and few of them the same size—the stairs like a cork-screw—while the rooms, economically low in the ceiling, opened into each other, like the subterranean chambers in a rabbit warren.

Most travellers in the Edinburgh coaches, which passed the place in after times almost hourly, will remember this peculiarly droll-looking old domicile within the stone-dyke covered with green fog, which skirted the high road; and the perfectly unique gateway, at the end next Camlachie, leading to the Jeanfield habitation.

But the wisdom and ingenuity of Robert and Jean were not exhausted with the erection of a country house. Precautions within doors were deemed necessary. They issued an edict, prohibiting any of their progeny from entering into the bonds of matrimony, without consent of the old couple. This interdiction was duly published in the newspapers, and the public warned, that if any contravention took place, no cash would be forthcoming from the advertisers.\*

Robert M'Nair died at Jeanfield on the 7th June, 1779, aged 76. The property remained in the family eighteen years afterwards; and was at last sold, in 1797, to John Mennons, printer and editor of the *Glasgow Advertiser*, which merged into the *Herald* in 1804. Jeanfield formed lot 39th of old Robert M'Nair's extensive properties; and the price was £2435.

Mennons held the property only about twelvemonths, when he sold it to John Finlayson, merchant in Glasgow, son of the minister of Carstairs. The purchaser had married the only daughter of old M'Nair; and he acquired seven additional acres of land adjoining Jeanfield. He commenced sinking coal-pits, with the same unfortunate results which had attended the neighbouring

\* For this interdiction, see page 427.

Camlachie Coal Company. Mr. Finlayson became unfortunate ; but Jeanfield continued in the family down till 1825 ; when it was sold to the late Mr. James Harvey, writer in Glasgow ; who also became bankrupt, and died after having unsuccessfully tried the coal working on the property.

Finally, Jeanfield was purchased, in 1846, by the Eastern Cemetery Joint-stock Company. The old house was pulled down in the autumn of 1847, and the grounds converted into the beautiful Necropolis, which now lends such an interest to the district. The eleven following gentlemen were the first directors of this company, viz. :—

Messrs. Andrew Buchanan, of Mount Vernon ;  
James Dunlop, of Clyde Iron Works ;  
William Hussey, jun., cotton-spinner ;  
William Bankier, Provost of Calton ;  
John Reid, of Annfield and Whitehill ;  
John Fyffe, merchant, Glasgow ;  
George Wilson, of Dalmarnock ;  
James Wilson, Gallowgait, [now, 1855, Deacon-Convener] ;  
Peter M'Ara, Gallowgait ;  
William Sneddon, Calton ;  
W. W. Christie, British Iron Foundry ; and,  
Andrew Reid, banker, Calton, secretary.

# ORIGINAL LETTERS OF MAJOR-GEN. WOLFE,

THE CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC,

LATELY FOUND IN GLASGOW :

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.\*

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IN the galaxy of brilliant names which illuminate our military annals, there are probably few which Britons regard with more honest pride, and almost affectionate interest, than that of the young and gallant Wolfe. This arises not less from his consummate genius in the art of war, than from the nobleness of soul, and gentleness of disposition, by which he was distinguished; while the sentiment in his favour is deepened, and our feelings stimulated, by reflecting on the splendour of his great and final achievement, when on the heights of Abraham, Victory snatched him too soon from his country, and claimed him as her own.

Wolfe was one of the youngest generals ever intrusted with the command of a British army. But what he lacked in years was amply compensated by admirable military qualities. One writer thus pours trays his character.† He was assiduously and conscientiously attentive to his profession; and constitutionally and steadily daring. His mind clear and active; his temper lively and almost impetuous; independent without pride, and generous to profusion. Exact in discipline himself, he was always punctual to obey. His judgment was acute, his memory quick and retentive,

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\* This article, in a less complete form, appeared in one of the Edinburgh magazines for 1849. But since that time some additional information regarding Wolfe has been obtained by the writer of these sketches, chiefly in answer to questions put by him through that useful medium, the *London Notes and Queries*. [Vide vol. iv.] No less than six English gentlemen courteously replied, each contributing interesting facts, both publicly, and in subsequent private correspondence. The fragment of another letter from Wolfe, containing rules for the conduct of a young officer, on entering the army, has also since been found. The article has therefore been re-written, so as to embrace most of these particulars.

† *Vide Conquest of Canada*, by Warburton, published 1850.

and his disposition candid, constant and sincere. The union of the gentle and the bold, of ambition and affection, formed the peculiar charm of his character. His courage never quailed before danger, nor shrank from responsibility. His letters breathe a spirit of gentleness and tenderness, over which ambition could not triumph. The sequel will show how correctly this picture of Britain's young hero has been drawn.

Yet, of Wolfe's personal history little is known. He fell in the bloom of youth, the last of a warlike race; and the blaze of triumph amidst which his country lost one of her most gallant sons, seems to have obscured by its very effulgence the minor incidents of his short, but glorious, career. No life of Wolfe has ever appeared. What is known of him is fragmentary, and scattered in notes, letters, and other transitory memoranda, which mere chance has preserved. No one has yet gathered in the stray leaves. Southey at one time contemplated writing the life of Wolfe, but abandoned the task from want of proper materials. Since then, Lord Mahon [now Earl Stanhope], in his fascinating English history, and Gleig, have published selections of some of the more interesting portions of Wolfe's letters.\* There are good grounds for believing that many more exist in the possession of private individuals, as yet inedited; and it would be a just tribute to the long-departed soldier were these made public, in the hope that such an accumulation of authentic materials may induce some one competent to the task, to undertake a full and comprehensive life of this excellent officer, who rendered his country signal service at a critical juncture. Under this impression the present contribution is ventured.

A small packet of letters, written by Wolfe to a very intimate friend and brother officer, was lately found in Glasgow. The name of this friend was William Rickson, a captain, and latterly lieutenant-colonel in the army. The discovery was entirely accidental. It happened that an elderly Glasgow gentleman died a few years ago; in whose possession an antique military-chest had remained more than half a century, uncared for. It was known to have been the property of a relative, long dead—a colonel—but supposed to contain only useless papers. The key had been

\* In a note which I had the honour to receive lately from the Earl Stanhope, he informed me that a number of Wolfe's letters were at one time in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Streatfield, of Chert's Edge, near Westerham, now dead.

broken in the rusty lock, and thus the contents were fortunately preserved from dispersion and loss. After the gentleman's death the chest was broken open by his representatives, and found to be filled with antique military reports and papers, besides bundles of old letters. In a corner, carefully tied up by themselves, a group of letters was discovered, bearing the signature "*James Wolfe*." By the courtesy of the owner (an old college companion), these letters were placed in the possession of the writer of this article, and his curiosity having been excited by the perusal of these interesting epistles from the conqueror of Quebec, some of which are dated from Glasgow more than one hundred years ago, he has arranged, and now presents them for public information.

But before approaching these letters, roused for the first time from the dust of nearly a century, a brief sketch of Wolfe's history, and some remarks on the aspect of the times in which he lived, seem to be necessary, in order to elucidate the contents of the packet, and that the import may be better understood.

The family of Woulfe from which the young general sprang was of note in the county of Clare, more than two centuries ago. On the capitulation of Limerick, in October, 1651, to Ireton, the Parliamentary chief, twenty of the most distinguished of its defenders were excepted from pardon, and reserved for execution. Amongst these were two brothers, George and Francis Woulfe,—the former a military officer, the latter a friar. The friar was hanged, but the captain made his escape. He fled to England (Yorkshire), where he settled.\* His grandson was Colonel [afterwards General] Edward Wolfe, who distinguished himself under Marlborough, and in the suppression of the Scotch Rebellion of 1715. He commanded the 8th Regiment of foot. By this time the family name had been altered in the orthography, so that the *u*, in the original, was dropped, and the patronymic became Wolfe, instead of Woulfe; just as Napoleon struck out the same vowel from his original Corsican surname of Buonaparte.

This Colonel Edward Wolfe was the father of *James*, the subject of the present sketch.†

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\* *Vide Ferrar's History of Limerick*, printed there by Watson, 1787; and London *Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 393, and vol. v. p. 136.

† Colonel Edward Wolfe was appointed brigadier-general, 25th April, 1745; major-general, 27th May, 1745; and lieutenant-general, 30th September, 1747.—London *Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 323.



James Wolfe was born on the 2d January, 1727,\* at Westerham, in Kent. This pretty little town is situated near the west border of the county, on the declivity of a hill overlooking the romantic stream of the Dart, which rises in the vicinity, and after pursuing a meandering course through a district of much natural beauty, falls into the Thames, below London. His mother's name was Harriet Thompson. She came from near Deptford,† and was grand-daughter of Sir Henry Thompson. She had three brothers; the eldest of whom was member of Parliament for York, the second a lieutenant-colonel, and the third a captain in the army. Her sister was wife of General Whetham.‡ Miss Thompson's marriage to Colonel Wolfe took place after his return from the continental wars.

James was the youngest of two sons, the eldest of whom died in infancy. The house in which the young hero was born was that of the vicar, the Rev. George Lewis, who leased it to the Colonel. Soon after, Colonel Wolfe removed, with his lady and infant son, to a house at the extreme end of the town of Westerham, of very picturesque appearance. It is still standing. Here young Wolfe spent some of his happiest days. It is named after him—"Quebec House."§ He attended a private school in the neighbourhood; but it is recorded, that although an ardent and clever boy, he did not in any way distinguish himself, so as to excite remark.|| Indeed, as will be seen from one of his letters in the Glasgow packet, he received a very imperfect education, and little, if any, after the age of fifteen.

Destined to the profession of arms, young Wolfe was taken from his studies at that early age, and, on 3d November, 1741, entered his father's regiment as second lieutenant.¶ The period

\* *Vide* his own autograph letter in the packet, No. 1, dated Glasgow, 2d April, 1749, where he distinctly states his age to have been then precisely "twenty-two and three months."

† *Vide* *London Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 322.

‡ *Vide* *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 35.

§ *Vide* *Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 322. General Edward Wolfe afterwards resided in one of the villas in Montague Walk, on the west side of Greenwich Park.—*Ibid.*

|| *Vide* *Conquest of Canada*, vol. ii. p. 494.

¶ Memorandum from the War Office, procured by Robert Cole, Esq., Upper Norton Street, London, and by him courteously communicated to me. To the same eminent archaeologist I am also indebted for much interesting information, in the course of correspondence, regarding Wolfe, including the dates and steps of his rank in the army, embodied in the present article.

at which he thus became a soldier, was one of uncommon interest in the national history. It was in the interval between two rebellions, when the northern part of the island, but more especially that section included in the Highlands, was comparatively little known, and little cared for. Indeed, of the Highlands it may be safely said, that the greatest ignorance had, till about the year of Wolfe's birth, prevailed. The edge of the ancient animosity between the people of the northern and southern divisions of this island, now happily broken and removed, was still keen. The Scottish mind was filled with distrust; it rankled with the remembrance of the treachery which forced on Scotland the then hated Union. The Hanoverian succession was by no means popular in the north; and men's minds fluctuated between the old and the new race of kings.

The Rebellion of 1715, and the prominent part taken in it by the mountain clans, had, however, seriously alarmed the Government of that day, and prompted a more close inspection of Scotland and her warlike hill-tribes. As already said, little was known of the Highlands, beyond that which fatal experience had recently taught, namely, that their dreary recesses were filled with wild and hardy warriors, who held the comparatively peaceful men of the plains in contempt, for cultivating vocations opposed to their own, of clan-strife and war. They were, therefore, ready, on the least signal from their chiefs, to descend with the fury of a mountain tempest on the inhabitants of the Lowlands, and carry devastation around them, with little or no check at the hands of a timid Government.

There is a very curious and instructive report to George I., by Wade, the intelligent and able military officer he had sent to reconnoitre the Highlands, and bring back an account of their military strength, resources, and prevalent political sentiment, with such suggestions as seemed to the General best calculated to hold this troublesome frontier in check, and promote the internal improvement of the hill country. The report bears date 31st January, 1725, shortly before the monarch's death, and ten years after the Rebellion of 1715, which, as already said, Wolfe's father had assisted in suppressing. This able report is characterised by the discrimination and calm good sense for which Wade was remarkable. In it he gives an account of the features of the wild region, estimating the fighting men at about 22,000, of whom fully

one half were disaffected to the king; the kind and quality of their arms, mode of warfare, and cattle-thieving propensities. It contains a recommendation to have the clans properly disarmed, their country held with a firm grasp by means of forts, and rendered more accessible to the king's troops by lines of military roads. How curious to read his description of a country and a people, *then* nearly as dangerous to visit as the American wilds, but which is *now* the favourite retreat of royalty itself for recreation from the weight of state cares, and the chosen resort of tourists from every clime!

The report was acted upon. To Wade was assigned the duty of carrying out his own recommendations of disarming the clans, and constructing the roads. The former was a delicate task, which he executed with judicious moderation; so much so, that even Rob Roy wrote him a curious letter, still preserved, praising that moderation, and soliciting his clemency. The military roads were carried into the heart of the Scottish wilderness. Two main lines were formed, and attest, at the distance of more than 100 years, the skill of this excellent officer. He took the ancient Roman *Iters* for his model, and, in fact, started his roads from *their* venerable lines, at nearly right angles west and north-west, across the dreary country, towards the pre-existing forts on the chain of the great Scottish lakes, now connected by the Caledonian Canal. These roads stretched over 250 miles; and 500 soldiers laboured upwards of 11 years in their formation. They were finished, in 1737, while young Wolfe was acquiring his slender education in the little Kentish school of Westerham.

Such was Scotland in his day; and it was in that country that he wrote the first of the letters to be quoted from. As already stated, he entered the army in 1741, and embarked with his father in the expedition to Flanders, under Lord Cathcart; but being then, and always, of a very delicate constitution, the young soldier became ill, and had to be landed at Portsmouth. After a little while, his health improved, and he joined his father on the Continent, and at once began to learn, practically, the stern lessons of war on the battle-field.\*

On 27th March, 1742, young Wolfe was appointed an ensign in the 12th Regiment [Durooure's], and carried the colours at the

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\* *Conquest of Canada*, vol. ii., and *Notes and Queries*.

great battle of Dettingen in that year. In April, 1743, he appears to have been travelling for his health; and in that month wrote a letter to his mother, still preserved, dated Rome, in a very affectionate and grateful strain.

On 14th July, 1743, Wolfe was promoted to a lieutenancy in the same regiment, the 12th, commanded by Colonel Scipio Duroure; and eight days afterwards was appointed adjutant. At that time he was serving with the Allied army, behind the Scheldt.

On 23d June, 1744, he received a captaincy in General Barrel's regiment [the 4th], and served under the Duke of Cumberland at the bloody and disastrous battle of Fontenoy, fought 11th May, 1745. His bravery attracted the notice of the duke, and he acquired greater distinction than usually falls to the lot of junior officers.

About this period, the Scotch Rebellion of 1745 broke out, and several of the regiments serving in Flanders were hastily sent for to aid in its suppression. Barrel's was one of the number, and Wolfe came over with it, in the autumn of that year; by which time he had received the brevet rank of major.\* The troops arrived at Shields and Newcastle in transports, and were speedily marched against the rebels.

Barrel's regiment was hotly engaged at the battle of Falkirk, on 17th January, 1746. General Hawley, who commanded the King's troops at that disastrous conflict, was an old man of about sixty-six, a great favourite of the Duke of Cumberland, but, like him, of coarse and brutal manners, with little military talent. He allowed his army to be surprised in open day, while visiting the Countess of Kilmarnock, and indulging in good cheer, at Callender House. Huske, his second in command, was a good officer, but Hawley allowed him no discretionary power, otherwise it is not improbable that Lord George Murray's feint, which threw Hawley off his guard, and principally led to the defeat of the royal army, might have been foiled. When the attack was

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\* This is proved by an order issued by Marshal Wade, dated 2d November, 1745, for "Major James Wolfe to be paid £930, for allowance of 93 baggage horses to the seven battalions lately come from Flanders." The original is in the possession of Robert Cole, Esq., London, who kindly sent me a copy. This gentleman has a very large and valuable collection of autograph letters and MSS. of the most celebrated characters of the last, as well as of the present century, containing ample materials for a curious history of the times and personages to which they relate.

made by the clans, under cover of broken ground, the king's troops were preparing their dinner; and so deficient were Hawley's arrangements, that although he knew his army was in the immediate vicinity of an energetic foe, he had no pickets or videttes to watch, and give timely notice of the approach of, the hostile forces. Some peasants gave the alarm; the drums hastily beat to arms; and a cry arose among the surprised regiments—Where is our general? A mounted officer was sent for him at full speed, with the unexpected and unwelcome intelligence, that his army was attacked. Hawley rushed into the battle without his hat, which was left behind in the drawing-room of Callender House. With his white hair streaming in the storm of wind and sleet, which blew direct in the faces of his soldiers, and favoured by which, the furious broadsword assault had been made on the English regiments, the bewildered general vainly endeavoured to rally his broken and panic-struck battalions.\* They fled before the clans, with the exception of three regiments, viz., Barrel's, Ligonier's, and the Glasgow militia.† These bravely stood their ground, and fairly repulsed the attack on that part of the line, besides covering the retreat. Wolfe was in this action; and at the head of his company, in Barrel's foot, behaved with his usual coolness and intrepidity.

In the course of Hawley's retreat to Edinburgh, his dragoons set fire to the fine old Palace of Linlithgow, the favourite residence of several of the Scottish monarchs, and the birth-place of the beautiful and accomplished but much-calumniated Mary Stuart.

Exactly three months after Hawley's defeat, the battle of Culloden was fought, which crushed the Rebellion, and sealed the Pretender's cause.

On that memorable 16th of April, the Duke of Cumberland commanded the royal forces, having under him the Earl of Albemarle, Major-General Bland, Lord Ancrum, and Brigadier Mor-daunt, besides his old favourites, Generals Hawley and Huske. The

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\* The rising ground from which Charles Edward viewed the battle, is still called "Charlie's Hill," and crowned with a small wood.

† The Glasgow regiment was 600 strong, and commanded by the Earls of Home and Glencairn. The king was so well pleased with the courage and good conduct of the regiment on this unlucky field, that Hawley was subsequently instructed to convey to the corps the royal thanks. The loss of the Glasgow regiment amounted to 22 killed, 11 wounded, and 14 taken prisoners.

army was formed in three lines. The first, or front line, was composed of six regiments of infantry, whereof Barrell's and Monro's stood at the extreme left, side by side; the second line consisted of five; and the third of four battalions. Cannon were placed in the intervals between the regiments, in the first and second lines; while the flanks were protected by cavalry, under the command of old Hawley. All the regiments which had been at Falkirk were again in the field, except the Glasgow corps; but several additional battalions increased the number of the Duke's troops.

On the other side, the rebel army was in bad fighting condition. So ill had the commissariat been managed that the men were literally starving, and hundreds had left the ranks in quest of food. The rest were much exhausted by the well-planned, but abortive, night-march to Nairne, the object of which was to have surprised the King's troops while revelling on occasion of the Duke's birth-eve. Day broke before the assailants reached the English camp, and the roll of the morning drums warned them to retire. The famished and fatigued clans had therefore to march hastily back twelve miles to the field of Culloden, where Charles Edward, contrary to the advice of some of his best officers, resolved to measure his sword with Cumberland, instead of falling back within the girdle of the Inverness-shire mountains, where the royal troops would have laboured under great disadvantages. Dissension, too, among the chiefs increased the danger of his position. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, the old Celtic spirit predominated, and the clans, remembering former successes, were eager to engage.

Scarcely had the clan regiments regained their ground of the previous afternoon ere the alarm was given that the King's army was approaching in order of battle. The day was dull and gloomy. A drizzling rain fell, as if nature revolted at the impending slaughter of those who might, and ought to have been brothers and friends.

In this memorable action, Wolfe acted as aid-de-camp to General Hawley with the cavalry. He seems to have preferred this arm of the service to the infantry, and so expresses himself in one of the Glasgow letters, assigning as a reason that he had "good eyes."

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the well-known particulars of

the bloody field of Culloden. The rebels fought with desperation. The brunt of the battle fell on the regiments of Barrel and Munro. So furious was the broad-sword charge on these two devoted battalions, that the Highlanders fairly broke through them, and though they defended themselves bravely with their bayonets and spontoons, they would have been cut to pieces, had not Wolfe's father's regiment and another been promptly sent forward from the second line to their assistance, under shelter of which the disordered ranks were redressed, and both regiments behaved with great gallantry. Charles Edward lost the day, chiefly through mismanagement, and his own obstinacy. Defeated at all points, the rebels retreated, but in good order; and Cumberland, by no means active in the pursuit, contented himself in the first instance, Russian-like, with murdering the wounded. Though more than one hundred years have passed, the blood so ruthlessly shed by this monster in human form, still cries from the ground; and his name, deeply dyed with gore, cannot be mentioned but with abhorrence. Never was there a greater contrast than between Cumberland and his amiable young officer Wolfe. The latter, brave as a lion, yet kindly in his disposition as a young child; the former the counterpart of a tiger in all its blood-thirstiness and cruelty. Wolfe, a prodigy of military skill; Cumberland, indebted to the accident of being a King's son for a command which tarnished our arms at Fontenoy, outraged humanity in Scotland, and, at a later period, compelled him to retire from the army, a disgrace to his profession, haunted by the ghosts of the murdered old men, the wounded brave, the helpless women and children, ruthlessly cut down by this detestable and well-named "human butcher." A single illustration will show the truth of this contrast. When riding over the field of battle, after the engagement, the Duke observed the young colonel of the Frazer regiment lying wounded. Frazer raised himself on his elbow, and looked at Cumberland, who, offended, turned and said—"Wolfe! shoot me that Highland scoundrel who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare."\* Wolfe, horrified at this inhuman order, coolly

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\* *Vide Brown's Highlands and Clans*, vol. 3, page 251, and authorities there cited. Among the numerous incidents connected with Culloden, probably none are more affecting than that relating to the capture of Lord Kilmarnock. He commanded a body of the rebel forces, called "Kilmarnock's Guards." At the close of the battle, he mistook, amidst the smoke, a party of English Dragoons for some of the rebel horse, and

replied that his commission was at his Royal Highness's disposal, but that he never would consent to become an executioner. Other officers also refusing, a private soldier, at the Duke's command, shot the gallant, wounded, young Frazer before his eyes.

After this signal defeat of the rebels, the King's troops were cantoned throughout the disturbed districts to overawe the disaffected. The distribution and quarters of the different regiments during the summer of 1746, are pointed out very distinctly in the *Glasgow Journal* of 31st July in that year, according to which it is ascertained that Barrel's regiment was then stationed at Stirling along with other two; the district general officers there being Major General Bland and Lord Semple. From the battlements of that ancient castle Wolfe often gazed on the magnificent landscape thence unfolded to the spectator, which has been, in all time, an object of unqualified admiration. At this time Wolfe was detached with his company to the small fort of Inversnaid,\* built soon after the rebellion of 1715, at the mouth of the romantic gorge stretching between Loch Lomond and the wild and picturesque region round Loch Ketturin and the Trossachs, to keep the turbulent M'Gregors and Rob Roy in check. This fortified ravine formed the line of demarcation between the countries of the bold M'Gregors, and of the loyal and once numerous clan Buchanan; the upper shores of Loch Lomond skirting the former, and the lower the Buchanan's territory, which last included the lofty, broad-shouldered *Ben*, and the group of beautiful, green-wooded

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was made prisoner. He had lost his hat, and was taken in front of the English infantry, where his eldest son, Lord Boyd, an officer in the royal army, was stationed. The son, seeing his father a prisoner, and bareheaded, could not restrain his feelings, but went over to him, and taking off his own hat, placed it on his father's head, and returned to his regiment without uttering a word. It is recorded that the sight drew tears even from the soldiers.—*Brown's Highlands*, vol. iii. p. 252. The second son, the Honourable Charles Boyd, whose widow resided many years afterwards in Miller Street, was also in the rebel army. The gauntlet-gloves which Lord Kilmarnock wore on the scaffold, are preserved in the fine old chateau of Bedlay, near Glasgow, at one time the property of the Kilmarnock family, and latterly of Alexander Campbell, Esq., who told me they were presented to him by the late Duke of Hamilton.

\* This little fort was built on the property of Inversnaid, then rented from the Duke of Montrose by Rob Roy. It was twice surprised by that daring freebooter and his followers. After Culloden, it was thoroughly repaired, and made head-quarters for a captain's command, to enforce "the Rebellion statutes." A number of small sub-posts were spread out from it, into the neighbouring wild country towards Loch Ketturin, Loch Arklet, Loch Chron, &c. The fortlet has long been in ruins. Latterly, two old ladies, named Misses M'Farlane, lived in it, under permission from the Duke of Montrose.



islets that stud the bosom of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," affording friendly access to the troops, or "red soldiers," sent up from Dumbarton Castle in boats.\*

The grey ruins of this antique little Inversnaid Fort still linger in peaceful repose. The armed men who there kept ward, and the fiery tribes they were intended to overawe, have alike long passed away. But there it stands, as their memorial—its old walls, in some places, kindly screened from the wild mountain blast by the mantling ivy, while the nettle and foxglove rustle within, as the summer wind plays idly through the ruins. The little military graveyard, too, may still be traced, in which the bones of the brave mouldered into dust, with its small white headstones partially hid under mossy tufts and tangled weeds; but still telling us, in quaintly-shaped letters, that parties of the Buffs (which fought at Culloden), and other regiments, from time to time lay there.

The scene is even more impressive when viewed by night, with the beams of an autumnal moon streaming and sparkling on the dusky lake, illuminating the ruin in some places with a silvery light, and throwing the deep, elongated shadows of other portions on the pale background. Silence, the most profound, reigns, broken only at intervals by the low moan of the night-wind, and the melancholy cry of the owl, as of some sprite wailing over the past.

We can imagine the talented young soldier, surrounded by the grandeur of nature, which must have made a deep impression on his sensitive mind, studying, in this little Highland fortlet, that art which, at no distant day, was to make his name illustrious.

But Wolfe was not allowed to remain long inactive in Scotland. The war on the continent continued fierce; and several of the best trained, and most effective regiments then in the north, were ordered to Holland, to rejoin the English army, from which they had been the previous year withdrawn by the episode of the Scotch Rebellion. One of these was Barrell's, the discipline of which was considered a model to the whole.

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\* That Wolfe was stationed at Inversnaid, is partly on the authority of Principal Macfarlan, who informed me that his father remembered having seen him. The venerable Principal also mentioned that part of Wolfe's detachment assisted in making the military road by Lum, along the side of Loch Lomond.—See also the introduction to *Rob Roy*.

In the campaign which followed, the Allies were commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. But the heartless victor of Culloden had now a very different opponent from Charles Edward. The renowned Marshal Saxe was at the head of the French army, whose great military genius threw completely into shade the pretensions of George the Second's favourite son. Cumberland was incapable of placing an army in a proper position on a field of battle, under the most ordinary circumstances, far less in the presence of such a master in war as then confronted him. The result might have been foreseen. Though the British troops behaved with their usual courage, and performed prodigies of valour, yet being unskillfully posted, their efforts were unavailing. The Duke was fairly out-generalled, and his army repeatedly beaten. This was especially the case at the battle of Laufeldt, in Austrian Flanders, on 2d July, 1747, where Cumberland was totally defeated, and only saved from utter destruction by the indomitable bearing of the British cavalry, under Ligonier, which checked the French advance on the retreating columns of infantry. In this bloody engagement, Wolfe was wounded.\* He behaved with great gallantry, and was publicly thanked by the Duke for his conduct. Indeed, he was present at every engagement during the war, and never without distinction. Wolfe also applied himself closely, not only to the improvement of his own military talents, but to the introduction and maintenance of the most exact discipline in the corps; then generally too little attended to. This he did, without any unnecessary severity. He shewed himself, in all his relations, a good, a brave, an intelligent, and high-minded soldier.

In June, 1748, Wolfe was at Nesselroy, as major of brigade.† After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, that year, he returned with his regiment to Britain; and was again sent to Scotland.

During the two years which had then elapsed after Culloden, the state of the Highlands had again seriously engaged the atten-

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\* This is ascertained by the following notice of the wounded, in *Bigg's Military History of Europe*, from 1739 to 1748:—General and Staff Officers:—wounded, Major-Gen. Bland. Majors of brigade, Leslie and Wolfe, Scott, &c.

† Mr. Cole, of London, has the following receipt, in Wolfe's handwriting, which proves this point:—"Camp of Nesselroy, June, 17, 1748.—Received from Beaujeau's magazine at Grave, four days of forrage [*sic*] for the horses of two bread waggons, yt. are with the majors of brigade of the foot.—J. Wolfe, major of brigade.

"32 rations of hay and oats."

tion of Government. A farther glance at that picturesque region will serve to elucidate some of Wolfe's letters.

Accessible though the magnificent Highland country is to the stranger of the present day, it was not, as already said, always so. It was comparatively late in the world's history before the barriers against Lowland intercourse were removed. The Highlanders were jealous of their country being too curiously seen. Warlike, brave, yet turbulent, the Government had little command over them; and schemes of rebellion had been so repeatedly fostered within the dusky glens, followed by outbreaks, that the rest of the country was kept in constant alarm. No proper check existed. The system, too, of armed bands roaming about, stealing, or as they softly termed it, "lifting," whole droves of cattle, and of levying tribute to purchase exemption from that species of robbery, had become intolerable. But when the hopes of the Stuarts were finally crushed at Culloden, the Ministry of George II. determined to put an end to this grievous state of things, and stretch forth the strong arm of British power over the whole Highlands, and compel obedience to the law. Accordingly, a series of very stringent Acts of Parliament were passed in the autumn of 1746, and the year following. By these "rebellion statutes," military tenures, or, in Scottish legal *parlance*, "wardholdings," were abolished; the hereditary jurisdictions heretofore wielded by great families, were transferred to the crown; the clans were to be more effectually disarmed; the tartan, and all "party-coloured dress," was strictly forbidden; the Scottish Episcopalian clergy (mostly Jacobites) were required, before officiating any longer, to take a prescribed form of oath, abjuring allegiance to the Stuarts, acknowledging King George, and enjoined in the liturgy to pray for him and the Royal family. These enactments were fenced with severe penalties. If arms were found in a Highlander's possession; if he was detected wearing the tartan, or a philibeg; if a priest officiated contrary to the act; or if either refused to take the oaths prescribed, they were liable to six months' imprisonment for the first offence, and transportation to the "American plantations" for the second.

To enforce these acts, a system of military police was established, consisting of parties of the regular soldiers drafted from the principal garrisons in Scotland, and posted throughout the Highlands, with strict orders to compel obedience to the very letter. This

soldier-police consisted generally of a captain's guard, stationed at some commanding point of a given district, with a cluster of small subsidiary posts thrown out, in charge of a lieutenant, a sergeant, or a corporal, according to their importance; the intervening distances being under the surveillance of patrols, while parties were frequently sent to scour the mountains. Each small sub-post reported to its captain, once a week, all breaches of the law, captures, and anything else extraordinary that had occurred within its sphere; and offenders were handed over, promptly, to the Sheriff of the county. The captains, in their turn, made a report, every fortnight, of all that occurred, both at their own chief stations and their respective subordinate posts; "distinguishing extraordinaries" to the commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, at Edinburgh.

These were severe statutes, probably scarcely justifiable, even on the plea of necessity advanced by those who introduced them. But it was said that milder measures had already failed, and it was hoped that severity would lead to good at last; while a proper direction was sought to be given to the martial habits of the people, by pointing out to them the advantages of enlistment in the king's army. The results are well known; and the now completely altered state of things throughout every corner of the Highlands—where peace, order, and good will to the Government universally prevail, must gratify every true lover of his country.

But one can hardly look back upon the severe period of the Gael's probation, without curiosity and a desire to know something of the working of the military system, which compelled him to abandon his former mode of life and learn new courses. An opportunity has been afforded, by the discovery of an antique manuscript volume of reports, by the various district captains, stationed over the Highlands, to the General at Edinburgh, during the five years from 31st May, 1752, till 26th September, 1757. This curious volume was lately found\* at Glasgow, in the same old military chest, before mentioned, where Wolfe's letters lay. The officer to whom this book belonged, was the same Rickson to whom these letters were addressed. He was attached

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\* It is a thick folio, covered with leather, secured by thongs, and written throughout in the fine quaint old hand of the last century, with the usual neatness and precision of a military pen.

to the general's staff; and seems to have had charge of the supervision of these military reports.

It commences with the instructions issued by the general to "the officers commanding the detachments posted in the Highlands in the several districts," dated Edinburgh, 14th April, 1752, and signed "George Churchill" [Commander-in-Chief.] These orders contain the following principal directions, viz. :—

1st, The officer is to distribute his detachment among the small posts, specified in a list. 2d, A proclamation to be issued by the officer, according to a form, and bearing his signature, intimating to the people where these posts are; that the soldiers have been sent to protect the loyal and peaceable; to suppress cattle-stealing, or receiving black-mail; preventing the wearing of arms, or the Highland dress; inviting the inhabitants to co-operate with them, by reporting to the nearest party of soldiers any robberies or other breaches of the law; giving information, confidentially, of the names and haunts of the most notorious thieves, robbers, and all disorderly and disaffected persons; and acting as guides to the soldiers in pointing out the passes and glens; for all which rewards will be given. 3d, The officer is to require the parish minister to read and explain from the pulpit to his congregation the proclamation, a copy of which is to be left with him to be communicated to such as may not have been at church when first read. 4th, All the passes, glens, and rivers, within the officer's district, are to be carefully examined by him in person, immediately after assuming the command, so as to be able at all times, without guides, to communicate from one post to another, and even with more distant captains' stations; and the names of all such passes, glens, and rivers, to be mentioned in the reports. 5th, The soldiers are to patrol from post to post; the different patrols to meet at places to be pointed out by the officer, and compare notes; the places and days of meeting to be frequently changed; the serjeant or corporal to keep a small pocket-book, and mark down the names of any of the inhabitants that go from home, the days of their departure and return, "that in case people come to their stations in search of cattle stolen from them, and that the time of such theft quadrates with the times of such absence, the absentees may be obliged to give a satisfactory account of themselves, which accounts must be narrowly examined, by sending expresses to the different places they may say they were

in,—that is, provided there is presumption against them, and know whether what they say is truth or not, and treated accordingly.” 6th, Offenders to be handed over to the nearest Sheriff-Substitute, or Justice of the Peace. 7th, Reports to be made, as before stated, by the sub-posts to the captain weekly, and by him to the general every fortnight, according to a particular form. 8th, The officer “to make diligent inquiry, in a most secret manner, into the transactions of such persons as take upon them to make compositions between thieves and those they have robbed; and as it is usual for such persons to pass their own note to the party injured, in order to screen the thief from prosecution, you are to endeavour by persuasion to get such a note into your hands; and this it is conceived you may do, by promising your assistance to procure payment!” 9th, Strict orders to prevent the soldiers from using violence against the country people, or taking anything from them by force, or without paying for it; offenders to be instantly sent to the head-quarters of the regiment, tried by a court-martial, and punished with the utmost severity. 10th, The greatest endeavours to be used by the officer to procure early intelligence of any plots or treasonable practices against the Government, and to apprehend all attainted rebels skulking within his district, agreeably to a list. 11th, A general direction to the officer to make himself useful in suppressing theft, and all illegal proceedings in his district, assisting the civil magistrate, “protecting the person and properties of the honest and industrious, and enforcing a due respect to the laws against the Highland dress and carrying arms.”

Of these captains' stations, there appear to have been ten, with fifty-five sub-posts; in all, sixty-five. The total number of soldiers acting as police was about 800. These military positions\* stretched from the north-east shoulder of Scotland, in Aberdeen and Banff shires, across the country, to the little barracks at Inversnaid, on the shore of Loch Lomond; and spread westward through the gorges of Inverness-shire, out, to, and among the Hebrides; thus forming not only a military cordon along the frontier of the disturbed districts, but piercing their innermost

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\* A table showing the precise position of the ten principal stations, and specimens of the captains' reports to the commander-in-chief, will be seen in the Appendix.

recesses. Besides these troops on detached duty, several regiments lay in different parts of Scotland.

Now, when Wolfe was sent with his regiment again to the north, in 1748, he found this system of soldier-police in full operation. He did not approve of the troops being dispersed into such small parties all over the Highlands. He preferred large bodies patrolling the country, and thus inspiring greater awe by the aspect of power, than could be expected from mere handfuls of men distant from each other, not easily re-united in case of attack, and liable to be cut off in detail. His views on this subject are seen in letter No. 6 of the series. He greatly condemned the mode in which the royal troops had been managed during the Rebellion. In the letter just referred to he writes :—" Such a succession of errors, and such a strain of ill-behaviour, as the last Scotch war did produce, can hardly, I believe, be matched in history. Our future annals will, I hope, be filled with more stirring events." Some curious matter will be found in letters Nos. 4, 6, and 7, expressive of his views of the Highlands, and the proper way of keeping them in subjection, consequent on his residence in, and observation of, that section of the kingdom.

On the 5th January, 1749, Wolfe was appointed Major of Lord George Sackville's regiment [the 20th], and in the month following he was again stationed at Stirling.

He did not long hold the rank of major. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel of Sackville's on the 20th March, 1749. He was then stationed with his regiment in Glasgow, and the first letter of the series is dated from this city, on the 2d of April following. It was in answer to one from his friend, who had congratulated him on his promotion.

The Glasgow of Wolfe's day was very different from the great city of 1855. It was confined within the antique barriers of the East and West Ports; and the population did not exceed 20,000. He remained in Glasgow about six months (from March till October), during which he resided, as has been stated elsewhere, at Wester Camlachie, in the antique house built by the Jacobite, Mr. John Walkinshaw, but then belonging to Mr. William Orr, of Burrowfield. He was a frequent visitor at the Shawfield mansion, at that time the property of Colonel Macdowall, of Castlesempie; at Whitehill, then the residence of the princely Mr. John Glassford; at the mansion of Mr. Andrew Cochran,

Lord Provost for the second time; at Mr. Orr's of Burrowfield; Mr. Barclay's of Capelrig, &c., &c.\* He does not appear, however, to have had a very favourable opinion of the Glasgow people, and his remarks on that subject will be found in letter No. 1. Among other things he was ungallant enough to say that the ladies "are coarse, cold and cunning, for ever inquiring after men's circumstances," adding "they make *that* the standard of good-breeding." It is well that this sentiment is crushed by the weight of a century. Yet all the while, the young colonel was over head and ears in love with an English lady, niece to one of the Generals of Division at Culloden. A description of her appearance, with other particulars, will be found in the same letter, No. 1.†

Reflecting on his new position as Lieut.-Colonel at such a youthful age, he wrote thus:—"I take upon me the difficult duty of a commander. It is a hard thing to keep the passions within bounds, where authority and immaturity go together. It is hard to be a severe disciplinarian, yet humane; to study the temper of all, and endeavour to please them, and yet be impartial; to discourage vice at the turbulent age of twenty-three."‡

Wolfe possessed strong religious sentiment. While in Glasgow there was no Episcopalian place of worship, and he attended a Presbyterian church, probably the Cathedral, the minister of which was the Rev. Dr. John Hamilton. In a letter to his mother, from Glasgow, dated 13th August, 1749, he writes—"I have obeyed your instructions so rigidly that rather than want the Word, I get the reputation of being a very good Presbyterian, by frequenting the Kirk of Scotland till our chapel opens."§

\* A Glasgow lady, who died at a great age, about twenty-five years ago, recollected quite well having seen Wolfe on one occasion at Capelrig, where she was staying when a girl. He rode up the avenue to pay a visit, on a very spirited grey charger, which plunged violently, and the inmates were afraid he would be thrown. He was an excellent horseman however, and maintained himself well in the saddle; then dismounting gracefully, he entered the mansion, and conversed for some time with great politeness. He remounted his charger, and rode off to Glasgow. These circumstances, and Wolfe's subsequent fame, fixed his appearance firmly in the lady's memory, and my informant often heard her relate these particulars.

† This portion of Wolfe's letter was suppressed in my previous article for the magazine. It is now printed for the first time, and reveals his innermost thoughts on a very tender subject.

‡ *Vide Conquest of Canada*, vol. ii.

§ *Vide Conquest of Canada*, vol. ii. Probably the Episcopalian chapel referred to in this letter was St. Andrew's, facing the Green, and still standing. It was finished about a year after Wolfe left Glasgow.



While Wolfe commanded in Glasgow, he had to call out the regiment to quell a riot, occasioned by the disinterment of a corpse by a party of resurrectionists. A great fire having broken out in the Gorbals on the night of Saturday, 5th June, 1749, Wolfe marched parties of his soldiers to the spot, who assisted in its suppression, and otherwise were of great service. Upwards of 150 families were burnt out, and great distress ensued among the poor people. Lord George Sackville, and the other officers of the regiment, contributed liberally to the fund subscribed by the citizens for relief of the destitute, and Wolfe was not backward with his purse on this occasion.

In October, 1749, Wolfe marched to Dundee, and in November following he was stationed at Banff, where he appears to have remained till, at least, June, 1751, in which month he wrote a letter to his friend Captain Rickson, eleven pages in length, and full of interest. [*Vide* letter No. 4 of the series.]

By this time his friend had embarked with a division of the army under Cornwallis, for the purpose of settling a strong British colony in Nova Scotia, which had been much neglected. The town of Halifax, fortified with a wooden pallisade, began to rise in the wilderness. At that time Britain still held the splendid region, now the United States, and the French possessed Canada. There was much bickering between the two countries, in regard to the encroachments by France on the British territory, more particularly along the Ohio. This ended in that war, which, a few years after, drew Wolfe to his destiny. This will explain the circumstances under which the second, and some of the other letters, were written by Wolfe to his friend.

From Banff Wolfe went to Inverness, and lodged there with a Mrs. Grant, of whom he wrote, four years afterwards, to Rickson (then in that northern town), in his usual kindly manner, thus:—"I lodged with a Mrs. Grant, who perhaps you know. She was very careful of me, and very obliging. If you see her, it will be doing me a pleasure if you will say that I remember it." When at Inverness, too, he visited at Culloden House, and in the same letter he inquires regarding the lady of that mansion, thus:—"Do you know Mrs. Forbes of Culloden? I have a particular respect and esteem for that lady. She showed me a good deal of civility while I lay in the north. If you are acquainted, pray make my best compliments to her, and let me know how she is as to her health." In

another letter to Rickson he recurs to that subject—"Pray ask Trap" [Trapeaud, then Governor of Fort Augustus] "if he knows anything of Lady Culloden, how she is as to health? for I have a particular esteem for her, am obliged to her for civilities shown me, and interest myself in her welfare. She seemed, poor lady, to be in a very ill state of health when I was in that country." [Vide letters 6 and 7.] In a letter to his mother, dated Inverness, 6th November, 1751, Wolfe writes—"Where there is most employment, and least vice, there should one most wish to be. I have a turn of mind that favours matrimony prodigiously. I love children, and think them necessary to people in their later days."\*

Wolfe remained in the north of Scotland two years longer, viz., till 1753. During that time he appears to have made himself well acquainted with the disturbed Highland districts of Inverness-shire, and the proper military points to be held by troops, including Fort-William, Fort-Augustus, and other points along the chain of lakes now forming the Caledonian Canal, and beyond towards the Hebridian sea. Some interesting remarks on this subject will be found in Letters 6 and 7. He disliked the North very much.

In 1753, Wolfe finally left Scotland, and removed to Reading, where his regiment was reviewed, and highly commended, by the Duke of Cumberland. It was considered one of the best drilled and most efficient battalions then in the service. In December of the same year, he was at Dover Castle; and in the December of 1754, at Exeter, where he seems to have remained till at least March, 1755, as proved by two of his letters to Rickson, dated from that town. [Letters 5 and 6.]

On 18th February, 1755 (while at Exeter), he wrote his father thus:—"I find that your bounty and liberality keep pace, as they usually do, with my necessities. I shall not abuse your kindness, nor receive it unthankfully; and what use I make of it shall be for your honour and the king's service—an employment worthy of the hand that gives it;" and in writing to his mother, on 28th September in the same year, he says:—"My nature requires some extraordinary events to produce itself. I want that attention and those assiduous cares that commonly go along with good

\* *Vide Conquest of Canada.* vol. ii.

nature and humanity. In the common occurrences of life I am not seen to advantage."\*

From Exeter, Wolfe seems to have marched to Canterbury in the course of the year 1755, and his regiment formed part of the force destined to repel the then threatened French invasion. In the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1759, volume iii., the instructions drawn up by him for the guidance of the corps, should the French effect a landing appear at full length. It is an admirable paper; clear, pithy, and comprehensive. The following are specimens:—"A soldier that takes his musquet off his shoulder, and pretends to begin the battle without order, will be put to death that instant. The cowardice or irregular proceeding of one or two men is enough to put a whole battalion in danger. A soldier that quits his rank or offers to fly, is to be instantly put to death by the officer who commands the platoon, or by the officer or serjeant in rear of that platoon. A soldier does not deserve to live who won't fight for his king and country. There is no necessity for firing very fast; a cool, well-levelled fire, with the pieces carefully loaded, is much more destructive and formidable than the quickest fire in confusion. All attacks in the night are to be made with bayonets, unless when troops are posted with no other design than to alarm, harass, or fatigue the enemy, by firing at their outposts, or into their camp."—"The death of an officer commanding a company or platoon should be no excuse for the confusion or misbehaviour of that platoon; for while there is an officer or non-commissioned officer left alive, no man is to abandon his colours and betray his country," &c. &c.

When the elder Pitt came into power, in 1757, he resolved, if possible, to remove the stains which various reverses had thrown on our arms, by employing officers of known skill and enterprise, instead of those imbeciles who had been too often in command under former administrations, more particularly that of the Duke of Newcastle. Among the first of Pitt's plans was a descent on the French coast at Rochefort. In this affair Wolfe was employed as quarter-master general. But the warlike minister erred, in not sufficiently defining his plan of operation, and in dividing and frittering the command among no less than *seven* officers. The consequences were what might have been expected. Differences

\* *Vide Conquest of Canada*, vol. ii.

of opinion arose among the commanders, followed by irresolution and fatal delays. Wolfe in vain urged instant and vigorous action. He even landed one night alone on the French shore, and walked two miles up the country. He found there were no real difficulties in the way of debarkation, and that no preparations had been made to oppose it. When he returned to the fleet, he reported the result of his observations; and strongly, but unsuccessfully urged the general to land, and at once attack Rochefort. He even pledged himself to carry the place, should three ships of war and 500 men be placed at his disposal. In this he was seconded by the gallant young Howe, a naval officer with whom he had contracted close intimacy as a kindred spirit; but to no purpose. They were over-ruled by the other five; and, finally, the enterprise completely failed. The troops returned to England, and Wolfe and Howe were not backward in expressing their indignation at the blundering which led to this unsuccessful result. Wolfe's sentiments on this expedition are expressed in the letter No. 9, written to his friend after coming home.

Pitt now turned his attention to the French possessions in North America, and determined to strike a blow there. An expedition was accordingly ordered against Louisbourg, the principal town of Cape Breton. Wolfe was again employed. The principal command was committed to General Amherst, a good officer, having under him Wolfe and three other brigadiers, with a force of 13,000 men, and a powerful fleet. The expedition sailed from England early in 1758. The letter No. 11 was written immediately before embarking. In this important affair Wolfe behaved with the greatest skill and intrepidity. Louisbourg had a numerous garrison; and the shore, for more than seven miles, was defended by a chain of posts, with intrenchments and batteries. In order to distract the enemy's attention a false attack was resolved on, to mask the real one which was to be made by Wolfe. His division consisted of the grenadiers and light infantry of the army, with Frazer's Highlanders. Before break of day of the 8th June, the troops were embarked in the boats; and, while the false attack was going on under Brigadiers Whitmore and Laurence, Wolfe's division, under cover of the fire of several frigates and sloops, dashed boldly towards the shore, through a tremendous surf, which upset several of the boats, and drowned a number of soldiers. The landing-place was defended

by a large body of French troops, intrenched behind a battery of eight guns. They reserved their fire till the English came close, when they opened with great execution. But nothing could resist Wolfe's impetuous attack. He was the first officer to leap on shore, amidst a shower of bullets, and issued his orders with his usual coolness and precision. Heading, in person, the light infantry and Highlanders, he carried everything before him at the point of the bayonet, pursuing the enemy to the very walls of Louisbourg. The town was invested; and, by a series of skilful manœuvres on the part of Wolfe, he mainly contributed to the final capture of that important place. His conduct throughout this affair was the theme of general admiration, both in the army and at home, and tended still more to raise him in the estimation of Mr. Pitt. That able minister had signified his wish, when conferring on Wolfe the rank of Brigadier, preparatory to setting out on the Louisbourg expedition, that, immediately after its termination, he should return to England, instead of remaining with the troops abroad. Wolfe accordingly did so, and the letter No. 12 was written after his return. In it, he comments freely on the expedition, and does not appear to have thought at all favourably of the plan of attack; in fact, he says he anticipated a repulse. This letter is the last of the packet, and is the more interesting, being dated only about two months before departing again for America on his final and memorable campaign against Quebec.

The object of Pitt's wish to have Wolfe back to England was now made known. He had determined to give him the principal command in a still more important expedition which he had planned. It was to be on a great scale, and to embrace three distinct objects. The chief part, however, was the capture of Quebec, the key to the French dominions in Canada. The plan, in all its parts, was this:—Wolfe, with a large body of troops, and aided by a powerful fleet, was to sail up the St. Lawrence, and besiege Quebec. Amherst, the Commander-in-chief in British America, with 12,000 men, was to attack Ticonderago and Crownpoint (from which we had formerly been repulsed), both situated in a very formidable pass; while General Prideaux was to invest the strong fort near the Falls of Niagara, commanding the approach to the great lakes. These two last officers, after accomplishing the capture of the places assigned to them, were to find their way

to Quebec, and assist Wolfe, the strength of whose division was not considered sufficient by itself to effect the capture of a fortress considered the strongest in America. In short, all the principal French posts were to be attacked at once.

Accordingly, Wolfe left England on the 17th of February, 1759, after having been promoted to the rank of Major-General. Three young brigadiers of talent accompanied him; not a single veteran officer of note being employed. Suffice it to say, that the two portions of the grand plan, under Amherst and Prideaux, were successful, though the latter was killed in the trenches; but difficulties prevented the forces of either from forming a junction with Wolfe. He was, therefore, left alone, with a very inadequate division of troops, not exceeding 8000 men, to undertake the important task assigned to him. Only fancy such an enterprise devolved on a young officer, such as Wolfe was, of thirty-three! But he was not to be daunted, even by the most formidable difficulties.

In order, however, to form a better estimate of Wolfe's arduous task, it seems necessary to describe briefly the position and aspect of the fortress, destined to immortalise England's young General. Quebec stands on the summit of steep cliffs, at the confluence of two rivers—the great St. Lawrence, and the inferior stream of St. Charles. These rivers, associated with gloomy ravines and dismal rocks, rendered the *plateau*, on which the French capital stood, nearly inaccessible on three sides. The mighty American river flowed solemnly and impressively along the base. The breadth of the stream is narrowed at this point to little more than a mile. A short way farther down, and nearly in the centre of the river, stands the large and fertile island of Orleans, the westernmost point of which is considerably elevated, and within cannon-range of Quebec. This almost impregnable French fortress (the Gibraltar of America) bristled with cannon, which commanded and swept the subjacent waters; it was skilfully fortified, and flanked by the most formidable intrenchments, while within its massive ramparts lay upwards of ten thousand of the best troops of France, under a young French Marquis whose military renown eminently fitted him to sustain his country's honour, and measure his sword with victory's brave son. It is both an impressive and affecting incident, inscribed on war's dread page, that two young heroes, each far separated from his fatherland, by the broad, stormy billows of the vast Atlantic, and left to his own skill and resources, should have

been selected, respectively, by England and France, to lead their veteran troops—a duty heretofore assigned, on the battle-fields of Europe, chiefly to those whose plumes surmounted the furrowed brows and whitened locks of age, and whose energies had been severely tested in many a hard-fought campaign. Montcalm and Wolfe were, indeed, of kindred minds, and each knew the other's value as skilful soldiers, exerting their military talents in the cause of their native land.

Such was Quebec, and such were the leaders who were to play for the prize. Both were conscious of the magnitude of the stake, and both were resolved to triumph. The Gallic war-eagle stood high on his eyrie, holding with firm grasp the key of the French possessions in the west, his sharp piercing glance thrown proudly, yet anxiously, over the wild waste, in calm expectation of the coming British lion, so soon to make his fatal spring, and wrest from Gaul the eagle's sacred charge.

The fleet which conveyed Wolfe's little army was under Admiral Saunders. It became necessary to ascertain the soundings of the channel between the island of Orleans and Quebec; and here another young man, whose foot was then only about to ascend the steps of Fame's great temple, distinguished himself. The difficult and dangerous duty of taking the soundings was entrusted to Cook, afterwards so celebrated as a navigator, destined to explore the vast mysterious oceans of the south and the west, and carry the white man's name and the torch of civilization to the hitherto unknown lands which rear their volcanic peaks, exhibit the wondrous marine architecture of the coral-zoophyte, and shed a delightful tropical fragrance, wafted to the weather-beaten sailor approaching their shores, over the long, broad billows which furrow the blue waste of waters. Cook was then only 31, and acted as master of the Mercury, one of the fleet. He performed the service, for which he had been recommended by Captain Paliser, in a most masterly manner, and much to Wolfe's satisfaction, as enabling him the better to mature his plans.

Wolfe disembarked a large portion of his troops on the river-island of Orleans, before noticed, and erected batteries to cannonade the town and citadel, which he did with much effect. Almost the first thing, however, that suggested itself to him in commencing hostilities, was characteristic of his generous heart. He wrote a polite note to Montcalm, inviting him to abandon the cruelties

perpetrated by the wild Indians in the French service, on those who fell into their power; but this did not meet the favourable response due to humanity.

The marquis seeing Wolfe's operations on the island, endeavoured to prevent them by throwing a strong detachment across the river; but he did not succeed. He carefully revised and strengthened all his own outworks, and added others at every point considered susceptible of assault; while whole nations of savages in his pay swarmed around, keenly watching every movement, and scalping all who ventured unguardedly from the English lines. The fleet was placed in imminent danger by a violent storm, which burst from the birth-place of the mighty stream—far up among the great lakes—and sought to overwhelm everything within its dismal track. Had the fleet been wrecked, Wolfe must have surrendered. Knowing this, Montcalm, in the midst of the tempest, sent down fire-ships among the thickest of the English fleet; but the gallant tars, defying the storm, launched themselves in boats on the angry waters, and, boldly grappling with the blazing machines of destruction, towed them past the crowded vessels, and left them idly to consume themselves on the French shore. Fire-rafts, filled with combustibles and explosive missiles, were next sent, but shared the same fate.

Wolfe now resolved to cross, and reconnoitre. He did so, and soon afterwards landed with a strong body of his forces, and encamped on Montcalm's flank, below Quebec, with the deep river Montmorenci, celebrated for its beautiful falls, between them. Here Wolfe lay for a short time, in expectation of receiving some intelligence of, or aid from, Amherst's division; and here he also wrote Mr. Pitt an admirable despatch, describing his operations, and assigning excellent military reasons for taking up the position in which he then lay. His object was, if possible, to draw out Montcalm from his formidable entrenchments, and give battle in the open field. With this view he made a diversion, by throwing Colonel Carleton across a ford to the French side, and, by a series of skilful feints and manœuvres, tempting the marquis to come forth and attack him. But Montcalm was too wary. He saw the snare, and, knowing the advantageous nature of his own strong position, declined battle, choosing rather to leave Wolfe under every disadvantage. Wolfe now conceived an attack on a particular point of the French entrenchments, which he deemed



practicable ; and the troops were moved for this purpose, under cover of a brisk fire from the Centurion man-of-war ; but a party of English grenadiers, who were first across, rushed towards the point of attack prematurely, without waiting to be properly supported, and were received with such murderous volleys that they recoiled, and withdrew with loss, disconcerting entirely the general's plan. Wolfe, labouring under fever, occasioned in some measure by fatigue and prolonged exertion on a frame not naturally robust,\* called a council of war. In another despatch to Mr. Pitt, he stated clearly, and in his usual pithy style, the difficulties of the enterprise ; but added, " I will do my best." He now resolved to attempt a surprise ; but the obstacles to this were as a thousand to one, from the natural and artificial strength of the place, and the unrelenting vigilance of the enemy. Behind the city, the Plains of Abraham stretch away, and on this inland side the fortifications were ascertained to be less formidable. But there were heights to be surmounted of fully 300 vertical feet before the plains could be reached. The general, after consulting Admiral Saunders, resolved on a night-escalade of these now celebrated Heights of Abraham, at a point he thought practicable. Could the idea possibly have suggested itself to his mind from recollection of the success of a similar nocturnal ascent, in ancient times, of the steep cliffs on which the Castle of Dumbarton stands—a stronghold which he himself had carefully examined, while a subaltern officer ?

In order to mask this strategy, the Admiral sailed up the St. Lawrence a considerable distance, and lay at anchor, as if bent on some other object entirely. A party was sent by Montcalm to watch him. But suddenly, one dark night, the Admiral, swiftly, and in profound silence, glided down the rapid current, spreading out all his boats, filled with troops to be landed under the selected heights. Nothing could exceed the caution, promptitude, and skill with which this was effected. The boats were actually seen and challenged by the French sentinels along shore ; but, by the consummate address of an officer acquainted with French usages, the sentries were deceived into the idea that these were boats with secret supplies for the garrison ; and thus the whole were allowed to pass quietly and unmolested. The strength of the current and

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\* *Vide* his own account of himself, in letter No. 12.

tide carried the boats a little way beyond the point Wolfe\* had intended ; but they were brought to at a place where a narrow pathway, or track, led up, surmounted by a captain's guard. The English soldiers silently sprang on the slippery ledge at the bottom. Not a word or whisper escaped. All knew the value, at this critical moment, of caution ; and none disregarded their favourite General's previous earnest admonitions on this point. Among the very first to land was himself. All knew what they were to perform. The foremost to ascend the dizzy heights was a Highland regiment. Wolfe had often before seen the daring of the kilted soldiers. Slinging their muskets across their backs, they ascended the cliffs with all the agility of chamois hunters, using their hands more than their feet ; grasping the projecting wild bushes, and clambering up by the angles on the face of the rock, till they finally reached the summit, where they surprised the officer in command of the French picquet, and a number of the soldiers ; the rest having fled in terror at the unexpected appearance of Scotia's plumes and stalwart sons. The alarm was quickly spread ; but crowds of British soldiers, hastily making their way up the now unguarded narrow pathway before noticed, were instantly formed in battle array, by Wolfe, on the broad plateau, ready to act ; and the key of the position was fairly gained. Several pieces of cannon, in charge of the French guard, had been seized, and some English guns were quickly slung by ropes, and hoisted up to the British position.† By dawn of the memorable 13th of September, 1759, Wolfe's forces stood, ready for action, on the Heights of Abraham.

Montcalm was thunderstruck. He at first refused to believe that the hostile troops could be there ; but, convinced of the fatal reality, he now saw no alternative, with an English fleet threatening him on one side, and an army opposite his most vulnerable point on the other, than to leave his formidable position, and give battle on the plain. Issuing from the ramparts with the flower of his soldiers, and leaving his field-pieces behind, Mountcalm

\* While in the boat, Wolfe, in an under tone, repeated Gray's beautiful elegy "On a Country Church-yard," and when he had finished, said—"Now, gentlemen, I would rather have been the author of that poem than take Quebec." This anecdote was stated by Professor Robison, of Edinburgh, who was then a young midshipman, and sat near the general.—*Vide Lord Mahon's England.*

† Two of the cannon taken at this point are preserved in the Tower. They are remarkably fine brass guns, on carriages.

quickly advanced to meet Wolfe, lining the bushes, in front of his position, with picked marksmen, and crowds of Indians, endeavouring, at the same time, to turn the English flank. Heading his old French soldiers, Montcalm came on at bayonet-charge in double-quick time ; but Wolfe, desiring his troops to remain firm, and reserve their fire till the enemy came to close quarters, placed himself at the head of the English grenadiers, and, by voice and gesture, encouraged them to complete what had been so gloriously begun. By disease and other casualties, his whole effective force was now reduced to scarcely 5000 men, being less than one-half of his opponents.

The shock of battle came. The British poured in volley after volley, at short distance, with murderous effect. But still the conflict raged. Both fought desperately. Wolfe stood conspicuous in the front ranks, giving his orders, and encouraging his men, when a musket-ball hit him in the wrist. Wrapping his handkerchief round the wound, he continued his directions with perfect coolness. He ordered a charge, at the point of the bayonet, on the already wavering French columns, heading it in person, when he received another ball, in the upper part of the abdomen, as he cheered his soldiers on. Even this more serious wound did not for a moment deprive him of his calm self-possession, and he was gallantly leading the charge, when a third and fatal bullet, probably from the same rifle, struck him in the breast, and he fell. It was with difficulty he allowed a party of his grieved soldiers to carry him to the rear. The others, enraged at the fate of their beloved leader, sprang on the enemy, and carried everything before them. Wolfe was fast dying ; the crimson streams flowed from the three severe wounds, yet his dimmed eye looked towards the battle, and his ear listened to the shouts of the combatants, the sharp roll of musketry, and the roar of cannon. Extended on the ground, and surrounded by a group of hardy warriors, whose iron visages were relaxed with profound sorrow, and down whose weather-beaten cheeks the seldom-shed tears trickled, as they hung over *him* who was about to leave them for ever, he anxiously inquired the progress of the engagement. An officer suddenly called out—"They run. See how they run !" Wolfe, who was in a half-fainting-fit, hearing the exulting shout, eagerly asked—"Who run ?" It was answered—"The French ; they give way in all directions !" A gleam of satisfaction played for an instant on the

dying General's countenance, and he feebly exclaimed — "Then I die content." His last words were an emphatic order for Webb's regiment to move down instantly to the St. Charles River, and secure the bridge there, to cut off the enemy's retreat; after uttering which he expired in the arms of Frazer, his favourite orderly soldier. The next officer in command, Monckton, was dangerously wounded; but the victory was most ably followed up and completed by Townshend, a talented and judicious young brigadier.\*

By a singular coincidence, the brave Montcalm also fell, mortally wounded. With his dying breath he addressed General Townshend, and recommended the French prisoners to "that generous humanity by which the British nation has always been distinguished." His second in command shared the same fate.

The effects of this decisive victory were, the capitulation of Quebec; and, soon after, the whole of Canada was ceded to the British crown.

When the news reached England, the national feeling was one of mingled exultation and sorrow, at the brilliant results on the one hand, and the loss of the gallant Wolfe on the other. Pitt made a most eloquent appeal to Parliament on the complete success of the campaign, and spoke of the transcendent merits of the fallen General, in language which drew tears from all who heard him. He concluded with a motion that an address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would order a monument to Wolfe's memory in Westminster Abbey. This was unanimously agreed to; and that ancient edifice, the solemn depository of the undying names of the good and the great, had committed to its charge another marble memorial, recording the worth of him who fell in Britain's cause, covered with glory, and whose name is embalmed in imperishable renown and a nation's gratitude.

Wolfe's father, the brave old General, died only a few days before the arrival of the news; and the mother of England's young hero had to lament, at one and the same time, in her old age, the double loss of her husband and their only son. Wolfe's body was brought to England, and laid by the side of his father

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\* One of the young brigadiers which Wolfe took with him was Murray, father of the late Lord Cringletie, a Judge in the Court of Session. His lordship was named James Wolfe Murray after his father's friend.

at Greenwich. His military cloak is preserved in the Tower ; and his sword in the United Service Institution, Scotland Yard, London. His spurs were long in the possession of a Glasgow gentleman ; but now unfortunately lost. A beautiful cenotaph was erected to the conqueror of Quebec, in the ancient and picturesque church of his native town, where he had spent the happy days of his childhood.

A third monument has been erected on the heights of Abraham, to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, the conqueror and the vanquished ; both the impersonation of military virtue and heroism ; and each distinguished by those amiable qualities which eminently fitted them, had they lived, to sheathe their swords in the close embrace of friendship. Wolfe was to have been married to Miss Louthier, a rich heiress, on his return. Some beautiful and affecting lines of poetry were written by him to this young lady on the eve of his departure. These appeared afterwards in print. He gave her a locket with some of his hair. Miss Louthier afterwards became Duchess of Bolton, and always wore Wolfe's last gift, covered with crape.

The old magazines and newspapers teem with odes to the memory of the hero ; and several, very touching, were addressed to his mother and sweetheart. All ranks were mourning in token of respect for him who died in their cause.

Finally, the subject of Wolfe's fall, on the crimsoned field, has afforded scope for the sculptor and the painter, more particularly to the fine genius of West, in his admirable picture of that never-to-be-forgotten military event.—*Fama semper vivat.*

This rapid sketch of Wolfe's career may enable the reader now to peruse, with more interest and effect, the little packet of his letters alluded to in the outset. These are twelve in number, with the fragment of another, and embrace the period between 1749 and 1758, a space of nine years. The letters are written in a small and remarkably neat hand ; and the reader will, doubtless, admire the fine sentiment and spirit which they contain, addressed, as they were, to a bosom friend. The first was from Glasgow, or rather from his lodgings in the antique village of Camlachie, already referred to.

## LETTER FIRST.

This letter bears the old-fashioned post-mark—"Glasgow, pd. 2d."—and is addressed on the outside thus :—

To Captain Rickson, of Col. Lascelle's  
Regiment, to be left at Lucas's  
Coffee House,  
Dublin, Ireland.

## Part of Wolfe's seal is still adhering.

Dear Rickson,—When I saw your writing upon the back of a letter, I concluded it was in consequence of the mandate I sent you by Lt. Herries, of this regiment (that letter he carried upon your account and mine, not his own, as you will easily discover); but I find myself more in your debt than I expected. 'Twas your desire to please, and to express the part you take in your friend's good fortune. These were the motives that persuaded you to do what you knew would be agreeable. You'll believe me, when I tell you that, in my esteem, few of what we call advantages in life would be worth acceptance, if none were to partake them with us. What a wretch is he who lives for himself alone—his only aim! It is the first degree of happiness here below, that the honest, the brave, and estimable part of mankind, or at least some amongst them, share our success. There were several reasons concurring to have sent me into Italy, if this had not happened [promotion] to prevent my intentions. One was to avoid the mortifying circumstance of going, a captain, to Inverness. Disappointed of my sanguine hopes, humbled to an excess, I could not remain in the army and refuse to do the duty of my office while I staid in Britain. Many things, I thought, were, and still are, wanting to my education. Certain never to reap any advantages that way with the regiment; on the contrary, your barren battalion conversation rather blunts the faculties than improves; my youth and vigour bestowed idly in Scotland; my temper daily changed with discontent; and from a man may become martin or a monster. You tell me of Nancy Bennet as an object worth your regard. I have inquired, and find her every way to your purpose,—that is, in person and fortune. It is your business to examine her dispositions. If those please you, you are happy if you obtain her; and truly, my friend, I really think she'd be married to her wish. I hope she has sense enough to form a just judgment of the men yet approach her, and courage enough to prosecute a well-grounded inclination; let her ask my opinion. I'll soon confirm her, Passier, and secure her to you; though you may remember we failed once when 'twas thought secure with one of that sex in our interest.

You shall hear, in justice, and in return for your confidence, that I am not less smitten than yourself. The winter we were in London together, I sometimes saw Miss Lawson, the Maid of Honour, G. Mordaunt's niece. She pleased me then; but the campaign in view, battledore and dangerous, left little thought for love. The last time I was in town, only three weeks, I was several times with her—sometimes in public, sometimes at her uncle's, and two or three times at her own house. She made a surprising progress in that short time, and won all my affections. Some people reckon her handsome; but I, that am her lover, don't think her a beauty. She has much sweetness of temper, sense enough, and is very civil and engaging in her behaviour. She refused a clergyman with £1300 a-year, and is at present addressed to by a very rich knight, but, to your antagonist's misfortune, he has that of being mad added, so that I hold him cheap. In point of fortune, she has no more than I have a right to expect, viz., £12,000. The maid is tall and thin; about my own age, and that's the only objection. I endeavoured, with the assistance of all the art I am master of, to find out how any serious proposal would be received by Mordaunt and her mother. It did

not appear that they would be very averse to such a scheme; but as I am but 22 and 3 months, it is rather early for that sort of project; and if I don't attempt her, somebody else will. The general and Mrs. Wolfe are rather against it, from other more interested views, as they imagine. They have their eye upon one of £30,000. If a company in the guards is bought for me, or I should be happy enough to purchase any lieutenant-colonel's commission within this twelvemonth, I shall certainly ask the question; but if I'm kept long here, the fire will be extinguished. Young flames must be constantly fed, or they'll evaporate. I have done with this subject, and do you be silent upon it.

Cornwallis is preparing all things for Nova Scotia; his absence will over-bother me; my stay must be everlasting; and thou know'st, Hal, how I hate compulsion. I'd rather be major upon half-pay, by my soul! These are all new men to me, and many of them but of low mettle. Besides, I am by no means ambitious of command, when that command obliges me to reside far from my own, surrounded either with flatterers or spies, and in a country not at all to my taste. Would to God you had a company in this regiment, that I might at least find some comfort in your conversation. Cornwallis asked to have Loftus with him. The duke laughed at the request, and refused him.

You know I am but a very indifferent scholar. When a man leaves his studies at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damages of my education, and have a person to teach me Latin and the mathematics, two hours in a day, for four or five months. This may help me a little.

If I were to judge of a country by those just come out of it, Ireland will never be agreeable to me. You are in the midst, and see the brightest and most shining, in other than a soldier's character. I wish it more pleasing to you than you mention, because probably you will stay there some time.

The men here are civil, designing, and treacherous, with their immediate interest always in view; they pursue trade with warmth, and a necessary mercantile spirit, arising from the baseness of their other qualifications. The women coarse, cold, and cunning, for ever inquiring after men's circumstances. They make that the standard of their good breeding. You may imagine it would not be difficult for me to be pretty well received here, if I took pains, having some of the advantages necessary to recommend me to their favour; but . . . . .

My dear Rickson,

Your affectionate friend,

J. WOLFE.

Glasgow, April 2d, 1749.

#### LETTER SECOND.

This letter is dated in 1750, but the place, the outside address, and several other parts, are crumbled away. Probably, however, it was still written from Glasgow.

"Dear Rickson,—You were embarked long before I thought you ready for your expedition [to Nova Scotia], and sailed before I could imagine you on board. I intended to have bid you farewell, and sent my good wishes to attend you. Indeed, I was not without hopes of hearing from my friend before he went off; for upon such changes he seldom forgot to make me acquainted with his destination. I am not entirely indifferent as to what befalls you, and should have been glad to know how such an undertaking as this is, agreed with your way of thinking; and whether, after a good deal of service, you would not rather have sat down in peace and rest; or if your active spirit prompts you to enterprise, and pushes you to pursuits new and uncommon; whether this, [the expedition] certainly great in its nature, suits your inclination. Since I cannot be

clearly informed of these matters till I hear from you, I shall content myself with entertaining some conjectures that are favourable to your interest. You are happy in a governor; and he'll be happy to have one near him that can be so serviceable to him as you have it in your power to be. I dare say you are on good terms together, and mutual aid will confirm your former friendships. He will require from you industry and assiduity; and, in return, you may expect his confidence and trust. I look upon his situation as requiring one of his very way of thinking, before all things else; for to settle a new colony, justice, humanity, and disinterestedness are the high requisites; the rest follows from the excellent nature of our Government, which extends itself in full force to its remotest dependency.

In what a state of felicity are our American colonies, compared to those of other nations; and how blessed are the Americans that are in our neighbourhood above those that border upon the French and Spaniards. A free people cannot oppress; but despotism and bigotry find enemies among the most innocent. It is to the eternal honour of the English nation that we have helped to heal the wound given by the Spaniards to mankind, by their cruelty, pride, and covetousness. Within the influence of our happy Government, all nations are in security. The barrier you are to form, will, if it takes place, strengthen ourselves, protect and support all our adherents; and, as I pretend to have some concern for the general good, and a vast desire to see the propagation of freedom and truth, I am very anxious about the success of this undertaking, and do most sincerely wish that it may have a prosperous issue. I think it is vastly worth your while to apply yourself to business, you that are so well acquainted with it; and, without any compliment, I may venture to assert that Cornwallis has few more capable to do him and the public considerable service, than yourself.

I beg you will tell me at large the condition of your affairs, and what kind of order there is in your community; the notions that prevail; the method of administering justice; the distribution of lands, and their cultivation; the nations that compose the colony, and who are the most numerous; if under military government, how long that is to continue; and what sect in religious affairs is the most prevailing. If ever you advise upon this last subject, *remember to be moderate*. I suppose the Governor has some sort of council, and should be glad to know what it is composed of. The southern colonies will be concerned in this settlement, and have probably sent some able men to assist you with their advice, and with a proper plan of administration. Tell me likewise what climate you live in, and what soil you have to do with; whether the country is mountainous and woody, or plain; if well watered.

I see by a map (now before me) that you are between [crumbled away in the letter] of latitude; in most parts of Europe the air is . . . degrees, because we are sheltered by the prodigious . . . of Norway and Lapland from the north winds. I am afraid you are more exposed; your great cold continent to the north may . . . some severe effects upon you. Direct to me at your agent's . . . If you think I can serve you, or be of any use, I . . . I will send you anything you have a mind for, when . . . directions to have it sent, for I expect . . . to go abroad for eight or ten months; do not let the . . . prevent you from writing. I set out for London next . . . if it is allowed, shall be in less than forty days . . . Metz, in Lorraine, where I propose to pass the winter; you will easily guess my aim in that. I intend to ramble in the summer along the Rhine into Switzerland, and back through France and the Netherlands, and perhaps more. I hope you have a good provision of books. Rutherford has published his; and there is a Frenchman has told me many excellent truths, in two volumes, entitled "L'Esprit des Loix." [Montesquieu.] It is a piece of writing that would be of great use where you are. Will you have him?

Tell Cornwallis that I thank him for making me a Lieutenant-Colonel (which, by-the-by, you did not take the least notice of); if I was to rise by his merit, as upon this occasion, I should soon be at the top of the list. He promised to write to some of us, but has not; they are not the less ardent for his prosperity; and the whole corps unites in one common wish for his welfare and success. Pray tell him so, as you may do it safely.



Your old corps comes back from Gibraltar next summer. Do you know that Conway has got a company over Thompson by Eknis's death? I will correspond constantly with you in whatever part of the world we happen to be thrown, provided you do not force me, by neglect, to leave off writing. We have but this one way left to preserve the remembrance of each other as lively as I could wish, and as I hope you do. The old General [his father], your friend, preserves his health, and is . . . he has often wished to have you again in his regiment. Farewell! I am, most affectionately, my dear Rickson,

Your faithful friend,

J. WOLFE.

. . . 1750.

### LETTER THIRD.

Old Burlington Street, March 19, 1751.

Dear Rickson,—I writ to you six or eight months ago; but as you took no notice of my letter, I conclude you did not receive it; nay, I'm almost sure you did not receive it, because I ask'd a favour of you which I think you would not have refused me. I desired you to inform me of the condition of your new colony [Nova Scotia], (which I have much at heart), and was not a little curious to know your particular employment and manner of living. Though I have a deal to say to you, I can't speak it just now, for I'm confin'd in point of time; but as I have the same regard and friendship for you that I always had, I have the same desire to cultivate our good understanding. Write to me, then, and forget nothing that you imagine can give me light into your affairs. I am going to Scotland in ten days; your agent will forward a letter to me there.

The young gentleman who delivers my letter has served in the regiment with me. Want of precaution, and not want of honesty, obliges him to leave it. You'll learn his story from Cornwallis. I desire you to countenance and assist him a little, and I hope you'll not think any services that you may do him thrown away. May you be healthy and happy. I shall always wish it with great truth.—I am, dear Rickson,

Your affectionate friend,

J. WOLFE.

[This letter has a marking on it—"answered 22d July, 1751."]

### LETTER FOURTH.

[Of eleven pages in length.]

Banff, 9th June, 1751.

My dear Friend,—I am prepared to assist you in your apology whenever you think it requisite; but I desire you will never assign that as a reason for not writing, which, in my opinion, should prompt you for it. Attachments between men of certain characters do generally arise from something alike in their natures, and should never fall from a certain degree of firmness, that makes them the same all the world over, and incapable of any diminution. I have (as you justly acknowledge) a perseverance in friendship, that time, nor distance, nor circumstance, can defeat—nay, even neglect can hardly conquer it; and you are just as warm and as near me, in North America, as you would be upon the spot. I writ to you lately from London, and sent my letter by one that I recommended to you for countenance. I hope what has befallen him will be as a shield against accidents of that sort for the future. When I writ that letter, your poor friend was in the utmost distress [describes his illness]; otherwise you should have had more of me. It is not an hour since I received your letter. I shall answer all the parts of it as they stand in their order; and you see I lose no time, because in a remote and soli-

tary part of the globe. ["Banff to wit."] I often experience the infinite satisfaction there is in the only one way that is open to communicate our thoughts, and express that truly unalterable serenity of affection that is found among friends, and nowhere else. I conceive it no less comfortable to you. I believe that no man can have a sincerer regard for you than myself, nor can any man wish to serve and assist you with more ardour; and the disappointment you speak of affects me greatly; and the more, as I have been told that you lived with Cornwallia, and, consequently, had some employment near him, that must be creditable and profitable, which I imagined you filled, with all the integrity, diligence, and skill, that I know you possessed of. I cannot otherwise account for the preference given to Mr. Cotterell, than that there has been an early promise, or some prevailing recommendations from England that Cornwallis could not resist. However, if I was governor, methinks I should choose about my person some experience, and military ability, as requisite in the affairs of a new colony (situated as yours is) as any branch of knowledge whatever. This disappointment is followed by a resolution in you that I approve of greatly, because it will release you from a life that cannot but be disagreeable, and place you where you will be well received. But I take it to be a thing much easier conceived than effected; for though I grant that Conway is a beast, and fit only to hunt the wildest of all the wild Indians, yet his consent to the change, I doubt, would be very difficult to obtain, though everything else went smoothly on, and you know without it the matter rests. You have done well to write my father. He is extremely disposed to do you any good office, and shall take care to put him in mind, and excite him by all the motives that will touch him nearest, to assist you.

I thank you for partaking with me in the satisfaction of a promotion. You found your expectations, from my future fortune, upon the best grounds—my love and thorough sense of your worth; but I would not wish you should wait for my power. I should blush to see myself in the capacity. Take my inclinations and good wishes in the meantime, and believe that whatever falls to my share you will have a demand upon. If you look round and see my powerful rivals and competitors, examine who and what they are, we must both think that a little moderation in our views is very becoming, and very consistent with my situation. I believe you are of opinion with me, that a great deal of good fortune has fallen to my share already. I'll tell you only one instance. Megrae [*sic*], and the then major of your present regiment, were people at the top of the list for lieutenant-colonels, and I for major. Megrae started first; I followed, &c.

You have given me a very satisfactory account of the settlement, as far as you have observed, or have had opportunity to inquire. Till your letter came, I understood that we were lords and proprietors of the north coast of Fundy Bay—for there's a vast tract of country between that and the river of St. Lawrence. It appears to me that Acadia [Nova Scotia] is near an island, and the spot where you are, a very narrow space between the Gulf and Bay. If so, I conclude your post will be greatly improved; and, instead of the shallow works that you describe, something substantial will be erected, capable of containing a large garrison, with inhabitants trained to arms, in expectation of future wars with France, when I foresee great attempts to be made in your neighbourhood. When I say thus, I mean in North America. I hope it is true what is mentioned in the newspapers, that a strong naval armament is preparing for your assistance. I wish they would increase your regiment with drafts from the troops here. I could send you some very good little soldiers. If our proposal is a good one, I will shorten the work, and lessen the expense. The present schemes of economy [alluding to the ill-considered views of the Duke of Newcastle's administration] are destructive of great undertakings, narrow in the views, and ruinous in the consequence. I was in the House of Commons this winter, when great sums of money were proposed for you, and granted readily enough, but nothing said of any increase of troops. Mr. Pelham [Secretary of State] spoke very faintly upon the subject; wished gentlemen would well weigh the importance of these undertakings, before they offered them for public approbation, and seemed to intimate that it might probably produce a quarrel with our everlasting and

irreconcilable adversary; this I took to be a bad prognostick; a Minister cool in so great an affair, it is enough to freeze up the whole! but perhaps there might be a concealed manœuvre under these appearances, as, in case of accidents, "I am not to blame," "I was forced to carry it on," and so forth; in the meantime, I hope they are vigorous in supporting our claims. The country is in all shapes better than we imagined it, and the climate less severe; the extent of our territory, perhaps, won't take a vast deal time to clear; the woods you speak of are, I suppose, to the west of Sheganecto, and within the limits that the French ascribe for themselves, and usurp. Yours is now the dirtiest, as well as the most insignificant and unpleasant branch of military operation; no room for courage and skill to exert itself, no hope of ending it by a decisive blow, and a perpetual danger of assassination; these circumstances discourage the firmest minds. Brave men, when they see the least room for conquest, think it easy, and generally make it so; but they grow impatient with perpetual disadvantages. I think Bartloo is a loss; his loggerhead was fit enough for these kind of expeditions, and would save much fatigue to better men. I should imagine that two or three independent Highland companies might be of use; they are hardy, intrepid, accustomed to a rough country, and no great mischief if they fall. How can you better employ a secret enemy than by making his end conducive to the common good? If this sentiment should take wind, what an execrable and bloody being should I be considered here in the midst of Popery and Jacobitism, surrounded on every side as I am with this itchy race. I don't understand what is meant by the wooden forts at Halifax. I have a poor conceit of wooden fortifications, and would wish to have them changed for a rampart of earth, the rest in time; it is probable that the great attention that must be given at first to building the habitations and clearing the ground about the town, left no interval for other work; but I hope to hear, in your next letter, that our principal city (Halifax) is considerably improved in strength. You, gentlemen, too, with your parapet three or four feet thick, that a heavy shower would dissolve, you ought to increase it, and put yourselves into a state of security. You appear to be the barrier and bulwark of our settlements on the land, and should be lodged in a sufficient fortress, and with an eye to enterprise I understand, by your account, that the post you occupy is at a very small distance from the end of the Bay; and should be glad to know how far that is from the nearest part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or from what (in the map) appears to be a lake, or harbour communicating with that Gulf. I rejoice much that you commanded that detachment with which your Lieutenant-Colonel marched; the Indians might have had courage, in that case you would have overcome them in battle under the eye of your chief; as it was, he saw you well disposed to fight—perhaps I am talking at random, but it is conformable to the idea I have of this Colonel *Lawrence*, whose name we often see in the papers. I suppose him to be amongst the first officers of the expedition, high-minded himself, and a judge of it in others; his ready march to the enemy marks the first, and his being the head of your undertaking gives one an opinion of his judgment. If 'tis in his advantage, I desire you to let me have his character at full length; perhaps there's a strong mixture, as it generally happens in ardent men—in that case let's have the best fully, and the other slightly touched. I am mighty sorry that you are not so linked in with some of your brethren as to form an intimacy and confidence; without it, the world is a solitude, and what must your part of it be? I pity you very heartily, for I am sure you are very ready to mingle with a good disposition. 'Tis doubly a misfortune to be banished without the relief of books, or possibility of reading; the only amends that can be made to us that are sequestered in the lonely and melancholy spots, is that we can fill up part of our time with study. When I am in Scotland I look upon myself as an exile—with respect to the inhabitants I am so, for I dislike 'em much; 'tis then I pick up my best store, and try to help an indifferent education, and slow faculties, and I can say that I have really acquired more knowledge that way, than in all my former life. I would, by all means, have you get home before the next winter, but I don't approve in the least of the resolution you seem to have taken, rather than continue in that

service. Do every thing in your power to change, but don't leave the army, as you must, when you go upon half-pay. If there's any female in the case, any reasonable scheme for marriage, I have nothing to say; that knocks down all my arguments; they have other sorts of passions to support them. In reality, the most I can offer (were you unbiassed) would not amount to weighty matter, for I see no early appearance whereon to mould a bait for your ambition; yet I cannot consent to your leaving us entirely in the hopes of fairer days. If I did not love you personally, and wish your happiness very heartily, I should advise you to stay where you are, and would say you ought to be kept there; and give, as a reason for saying so, that I do think the infancy of a colony has need of able hands, civil and military, to sustain it, and I should be for sacrificing you and all the men of worth, to the general good. You speak of Mr. Brewse, the engineer; pray, say a word or two of his capacity, and tell me if there are amongst you any connoisseurs in that business.

Is the island of St. John in the possession of the French, or do we occupy it? It would be unpardonable in me if I omitted to send you intelligence of what is stirring amongst us; I mean if I kept from you any thing that comes to my knowledge, but in truth we are here almost as much in the dark as to public transactions as can be conceived; however, I picked up some account of the Act for settling the Regency, and as, perhaps, you have not seen it, 'twill be well worth your perusal; 'tis a subject of no small importance—as follows:—That the Princess of Wales [mother of the future George the Third, then a minor], is to be guardian of the Prince of Wales [George Third, whose father, Frederick, was dead], or any other of her children who shall be heirs to the Crown, and also sole Regent of the Kingdom, in case of the King's demise, [old George Second] before any of them arrive at the age of 18 [then follows the analysis of the statute]. I believe you'll think, as most people seem to do, that the act is judicious and well-timed, and the supreme power properly limited.

Three large ships of war (guard ships) are sailed with the Scotch Fusileers and Conway's regiments to relieve the King's and Skelton's, and they, as we hear, are to march directly into Scotland, which, by-the-by, is a little out of the way, to carry them from the hottest immediately to the coldest part of the King's dominions; if they come, our regiment goes to Inverness, where I shall remain all the winter; if one only comes, or neither, I go to Aberdeen. Loftus and Donnellan are both in England, the former had been dangerously ill, is a little recovered. Donnellan, too, has been out of order, and is gone to Bristol for health.

I am not sure whether I mentioned it or not in my last letter, but as 'tis great grief to me, I will hazard the repetition to tell it you. I got powerful people to ask the Duke [Cumberland] no less than three times, for leave to go abroad, and he absolutely refused me that necessary indulgence: this I consider as a very unlucky incident, and very discouraging; moreover, he accompanied his denial with a speech that leaves no hopes—that a Lieutenant-Colonel was an officer of too high a rank to be allowed to leave his regiment for any considerable time—this is a dreadful mistake, and if obstinately pursued, will disgust a number of good intentions, and preserve that prevailing ignorance of military affairs that has been so fatal to us in all our undertakings, and will be for ever so, unless other measures are pursued. We fall every day lower and lower from our real characters, and are so totally engaged in everything that is minute and trifling, that one would almost imagine the idea of war was extinguished amongst us; they will hardly allow us to recollect the little service we have seen; that is to say, the merit of things seem to return into their old channel, and he is the brightest in his profession that is the most impertinent, talks loudest, and knows least. I repeat it again to you that poor Porter left this regiment with the approbation of all his brethren, and with the reputation of honesty and upright behaviour — 'twill be a charitable thing to do him any good office.

I went to London in November, and came back by the middle of April. . . .

My father has offered money for the prettiest-situated house in England, and I be-

lieve he will have it for about £3000. It is a great sum to be so employed; but as it procures him the place he likes, and a fine air, it is well laid out; it looks as if he intended to sell or let his house. [a few words crumbled away] since the other is upon Black Heath; the new bridge . . . his way easily to St. James's, which it's all his. . . .

I'll write to Loftus to send you some porter and the books. . . . bear you making excuses for imaginary trouble. I will . . . hogshead of claret from Ireland to Gibraltar (though I was mys . . . You can't do me a greater pleasure than by pointing . . . me a way to relieve you, though ever so inconsiderable. Write to me by the first opportunity, and believe me, dear Rickson, ever your affectionate friend,

J. W.

[Indorsed—"Answered 6th November, 1751, by the Torrington."]

#### LETTER FIFTH.

An interval of three years. His friend was now stationed at Fort-Augustus, Inverness-shire.

Dear Rickson,—I was obliged to Governor Trapaud for intelligence of my little friend; and, though I cannot rejoice much in your present situation, yet I think you will make yourself and your acquaintance easy and happy wherever you are. The Governor said you intended to write; let me desire you to put so good a resolve into quick execution, and tell me how it fares with you in that remote quarter. I admire the goodness of Providence in this one thing (amongst thousands that are worthy of admiration), that, in whatever situation a man happens to be placed, the mind is so framed that it works itself out some occupation, and finds something or other to make a pleasure of; supposing that no distant object has taken violently hold of one's affections, or that we are unreasonably bent upon some absent imagined satisfaction. Trapaud thinks he is very happy in having you with him, and I think so too. Pray, how do you think upon the matter? and what sort of life do you lead?

I shall be here a month or six weeks longer, within which time I hope to learn good tidings of you from yourself. I heartily wish you well. I am, my dear friend,

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

JAMES WOLFE.

Exeter, 9th December, 1754.

[NOTE.—Trapaud was a great friend of Wolfe. He was wounded at Culloden, and afterwards became governor of Fort-Augustus, where Rickson was stationed. When Dr. Johnson and Boswell slept in this fort, on 30th August, 1773, Trapaud was still the governor, and received them with great kindness. He was of French extraction.]

#### LETTER SIXTH.

His friend was still at Fort-Augustus.

My dear Friend,—Just as I received your letter, the drum beat to arms, and we have been in a bustle ever since. Now that it has become a little calm again, I will gather my wits together, and collect my friendly sentiments (a little dispersed with the sound of war), to answer it. Be so good, for the time to come, to presume with yourself that you have a right to correspond with me whenever you please, and as often;

and be persuaded that you cannot do me a greater pleasure than by writing to me. I want to persuade you that neither time, nor distance, nor different fortunes, either has, or ever will make, the least alteration in my affection towards your little person; and that, in all probability, I shall die as much your friend as I have lived, whether at the end of one or twenty years, of which disposition in me, if I had opportunity to convince you, you should have sufficient proof. Though I know how reasonable and philosophic a man you are, yet I shall not allow you quite as much merit as I should to another in your situation. The remembrance of Nova Scotia makes Fort-Augustus a paradise; your sufferings there will be no small aid to your contentment, for nothing can well happen of greater trial than what you have already overcome.

Since I began my letter to you, yesterday, there's a fresh and loud report of war. More ships are ordered to be fitted out; and we must expect further preparations, suited to the greatness of the occasion. You in the north will be now and then alarmed. Such a succession of errors, and such a strain of ill behaviour as the last Scotch war [the Rebellion of 1745] did produce, can hardly, I believe, be matched in history. Our future annals will, I hope, be filled with more stirring events.

What if the garrisons of the forts had been under the orders of a prudent, resolute man (yourself for instance), would not they have found means to stifle the rebellion in its birth? and might not they have acted more like soldiers and good subjects than it appears they did? What would have been the effects of a sudden march into the middle of that clan who were the first to move? What might have been done by means of hostages of wives and children, or the chiefs themselves? How easy a small body, united, prevents the junction of distant corps; and how favourable the country where you are for such a manœuvre. If notwithstanding all precautions they get together, a body of troops may make a diversion, by laying waste a country that the male inhabitants have left, to prosecute rebellious schemes. How soon must they return to the defence of their property (such as it is) their wives, their children, their houses, and their cattle?

But, above all, the secret, sudden night-march into the midst of them; great patrols of 50, 60, or 100 men each, to terrify them; letters to the chiefs, threatening fire and sword, and certain destruction if they dare to stir; movements that seem mysterious, to keep the enemy's attention upon you, and their fears awake; these and the like, which your experience, reading, and good sense would point out, are means to prevent mischief.

If one was to ask what preparations were made for the defence of the forts? I believe they would be found very insufficient. There are some things that are absolutely necessary for an obstinate resistance—and such there always should be against rebels—as tools, fascines, turf or soda, arms for the breach (long spontoons or halberds) palisades innumerable; whole trees, converted into that use, stuck in the ditch, to hinder an assault. No one of these articles was thought of, either at Fort-Augustus or Fort-George; and, in short, nothing was thought of but how to escape from an enemy most worthy of contempt. One vigorous sortie would have raised the siege of Fort-Augustus; 100 men would have nailed up the battery, or carried the artillery into the castle.

I wish you may be besieged in the same manner; you will put a speedy end to the rebellion, and foil their arms in the first attempt; *les Messieurs de Guise se sont très mal comportés!* If there's war, I hope the General in the north will not disperse the troops by small parties, as has been practised hitherto; but rather make choice of certain good stations for bodies that can defend themselves, or force their way home (to the forts) if occasion require it. At Laggan Achadrem, for example, [the isthmus between Loch Lochy and Loch Oich, which leads into the gorges opening to the western sea and islands, where the Pretender so long wandered], they should build a strong redoubt, surrounded with rows of palisades, and trees, capable to contain 200 men at least. This is a post of great importance, and should be maintained in a most determined manner, and the MacDonalds might knock their heads against it to very little purpose.

Old dotting Humphrey, who is newly married, I find, will be a good deal occupied at home, and fondly no doubt; so you must not expect much aid from that quarter; there's our weak side.

Mr. M'Pherson should have a couple of hundred men in his neighbourhood, with orders to massacre the whole clan, if they show the least symptom of rebellion. They are a warlike tribe, and he is a cunning, resolute fellow himself. They should be narrowly watched; and the party there should be well commanded.

Trapaud will have told you that I tried to take hold of that famous man with a very small detachment. I gave the serjeant orders (in case he should succeed), and was attacked by the clan, with a view to rescue their chief, to kill him instantly, which I concluded would draw on the destruction of the detachment, and furnish me with a sufficient pretext (without waiting for any instructions) to march into their country, *où j'aurais fait main basse, sans miséricorde*. Would you believe that I am so bloody? 'Twas my real intention, and I hope such execution will be done upon the first that revolt, to teach them their duty, and keep the Highlands in awe. They are a people better governed by fear than favour.

My little governor talked to me, some time ago, of a parcel of musket-balls that belonged to us, which he offered to send us. We fire bullets continually, and have great need of them; but, as I foresee much difficulty and expense in the removal, I wish he would bestow them, or part, upon you; and let me recommend the practice; you'll soon find the advantage of it. Marksmen are nowhere so necessary as in a mountainous country; besides, firing balls at objects teaches the soldiers to level incomparably, makes the recruits steady, and removes the foolish apprehension that seizes young soldiers when they first load their arms with bullets. We fire, first singly, then by files, 1, 2, 3, or more, then by ranks, and lastly by platoons; and the soldiers see the effects of their shot, especially at a mark, or upon water. We shoot obliquely, and in different situations of ground, from heights downwards, and contrarywise. I use the freedom to mention this to you, not as one prescribing to another, but to a friend who may accept or reject; and because, possibly, it may not have been thought of by your commander, and I have experience of its great utility.

I have not been in London all this winter. If the state of our affairs had permitted it, I should certainly have waited upon your sister. You could not propose a thing more agreeable to me; for I think I must necessarily love all your kindred,—at least all that love you. I hope she has recovered the hurt occasioned by that unlucky accident.

Pray ask Trap if he knows anything of Lady Culloden, how she is as to health? for I have a particular esteem for her, am obliged to her for civilities shown me, and interest myself in her welfare. She seemed, poor lady, to be in a very ill state of health when I was in that country.

I could pass my time very pleasantly at Fort-Augustus, upon your plan and with your assistance. There is no solitude with a friend.

I hope to hear from you now and then, as your inclination prompts or your leisure allows; the oftener the better. I wish you all manner of good, and am truly, my dear friend,

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

J. W.

Exeter, 7th March, 1755.

My compliments to Mrs. Trapaud and the governor.

I was interrupted in the beginning of the letter, and the post came in from London before I began afresh.

## LETTER SEVENTH.

Addressed to Captain Rickson, aide-de-camp to Major-General Lord George Beauclerk, at Inverness, Scotland. A portion of Wolfe's seal is still adhering to this letter.

My dear Friend,—If I had not been well convinced by your letter that you needed not my council to guide you, and that the steps you were taking were prudent and sensible beyond what I could advise, you should have heard from me something sooner; for the public service and your honour and well-doing are matters of high concern to me. I am sorry that I cannot take to myself the merit of having served you upon this occasion. I would have done it if it had been in my power; but I knew nothing of your new employment till Calcraft mentioned it to me. You are, I believe, so well in the duke's opinion, that Mr. Fox [father of the celebrated Charles James] had no difficulty to place you where you now are, and where, I am fully persuaded, you will acquit yourself handsomely. To study the character of your general, to conform to it, and by that means to gain his esteem and confidence, are such judicious measures, that they cannot fail of good effects. If I am not mistaken, Lord George is a very even-tempered man, and one that will hearken to a reasonable proposal. If the French resent the affront put upon them by Mr. Boscawen, the war will come on hot and sudden; and they will certainly have an eye to the Highlands. Their friends and allies in that country were of great use to them in the last war. That famous diversion cost us great sums of money and many lives, and left the *pais bas* to Saxe's mercy. I am much of your opinion, that, without a considerable aid of foreign troops, the Highlanders will never stir. I believe their resentments are strong, and the spirit of revenge prevalent amongst them; but the risk is too great without help; however, we ought to be cautious and vigilant. We ought to have good store of meal in the forts to feed the troops in the winter, in case they be wanted; plenty of entrenching tools and hatchets, for making redoubts and cutting palisades, &c.; and we should be cautious not to expose the troops in small parties, dispersed through the Highlands, when there is the least apprehension of a commotion; a few well-chosen posts in the middle of those clans that are the likeliest to rebel, with a force sufficient to entrench and defend themselves, and with positive orders never to surrender to the Highlanders (though ever so numerous), but either to resist in their posts till relieved, or force their way through to the forts, would, I think, have lively effects. A hundred soldiers, in my mind, are an overmatch for five hundred of your Highland milice; and when they are told so in a proper way, they believe it themselves.

It will be your business to know the exact strength of the rebel clans, and to inquire into the abilities of their leaders, especially of those that are abroad. There are people that can inform you. There ought to be an engineer at the forts to inform the general of what will be wanted for their defence, and to give directions for the construction of small redoubts where the general pleases to order them.

Nobody can say what is to become of us as yet. If troops are sent into Holland, we expect to be amongst the first. We are quartered at Winchester and Southampton; but turned out for the *armées*. The fleet at Spithead expects orders to sail every hour. They are commanded by Sir E. Hawke, who has the Admirals Bing and West to assist him. There are about thirty great ships, and some frigates, the finest fleet, I believe, that this nation ever put to sea, and excellently well manned. The marines embarked yesterday, to the number, I suppose, of 1000 men; others will be taken up at Plymouth if they are wanted. Bockland's are to disembark. I imagine they are aboard by this time.

I am distressed about my poor old mother, who has been in a very dangerous way. She is the only woman that I have any great concern about at this time.



I lodged with a Mrs. Grant [this was while Wolfe was at Inverness], who, perhaps, you know. She was very careful of me, and very obliging. If you see her, it will be doing me a pleasure if you say that I remember it.

Do you know Mrs. Forbes of Culloden? I have a particular respect and esteem for that lady. She showed me a good deal of civility while I lay in the north. If you are acquainted, pray make my best compliments to her, and let me know how she is as to her health.

*As rest,* you must be so kind to write now and then, and I will be punctual to answer, and give any intelligence of what is doing where I happen to be.

A letter directed for me, at General Wolfe's, at Black Heath, Kent, will be forwarded to the remotest regions.

I am, my dear friend,

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

JAMES WOLFE.

Lymington, 19th July, 1755.

#### LETTER EIGHTH.

A gap of two years. By this time his friend was acting Deputy-Quartermaster-General of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

My dear Rickson,—Though I have matter enough, and pleasure in writing a long letter, yet I must now be short. Your joy upon the occasion of my new employment, I am sure is very sincere, as is that which I feel when any good thing falls to your share; but this new office does neither please nor flatter me, as you may believe when I tell you that it was offered with the rank of colonel, which the king, guided by the duke [Cumberland], afterwards refused. His royal highness's reasons were plausible; he told the Duke of Bedford (who applied with warmth) that I was so young a lieutenant-colonel, that it could not be done immediately; but I should have known it in time, that I might have excused myself from a very troublesome business, which is quite out of my way. [What does this relate to?] I am glad you succeeded so happily, and got so soon rid of unpleasant guests, and ill to serve; it is ever the case that an unruly collection of raw men are ten times more troublesome than twice as many who know obedience. We are about to undertake something or other at a distance, and I am one of the party. [This relates to the subsequent unlucky descent on Rochefort.] I can't flatter you with a lively picture of my hopes as to the success of it; the reasons are so strong against us (the English) in whatever we take in hand, that I never expect any great matter; the chiefs, the engineers, and our wretched discipline, are the great and insurmountable obstructions. I doubt yet if there be any fixed plan; we wait for American intelligence, from whence the best is not expected, and shall probably be put into motion by that intelligence. I myself take the chance of a profession little understood, and less liked in this country. I may come off as we have done before; but I never expect to see either the poor woman my mother, or the old general again; she is at present dangerously ill; and he is infirm with age. Whether my going may hurry their departure, you are as good a judge as I am. Besides their loss, I have not a soul to take charge of my little affairs, and expect to find everything in the utmost confusion, robbed and plundered by all that can catch hold of them.

I heartily wish you were fixed in the employment you now exercise; but, if David Watson [colonel] is not misrepresented to me, you have everything to fear from his artifices and double dealing. I wish I was strong enough to carry you through, I'd take you upon my back; but my people are away. Calcraft could serve you—no man better. He is the second or third potentate in this realm.

I may have an opportunity of speaking to Napier, but there, Watson governs almost alone; and we are not sharp enough to dive into the hearts of men. The nephew goes with us. I must have *succumbed* under the weight of some characters of this sort if I had not stood out in open defiance of their wicked powers. A man will not be ill used that will not bear it. Farewell, my honest little friend. I am ever your

Faithful and affectionate servant,

JAMES WOLFE.

London, 21st July, 1757.

[Marked—"Answered, 2d Aug., 1757."]

#### LETTER NINTH.

This letter was written immediately after Wolfe's return from the unlucky descent on Rochefort, in which he was one of no less than *seven* naval and military officers among whom the command was frittered away.

[Addressed—"Captain Rickson, Deputy-Quartermaster-General of Scotland, at Edinburgh."]

Dear Rickson,—I thank you very heartily for your welcome back. I am not sorry that I went, notwithstanding what has happened; one may always pick up something useful from amongst the most fatal errors. I have found out that an admiral should endeavour to run into an enemy's port immediately after he appears before it; that he should anchor the transport ships and frigates as close as can be to the land; that he should reconnoitre and observe it as quick as possible, and lose no time in getting the troops on shore; that previous directions should be given in respect to landing the troops, and a proper disposition made for the boats of all sorts, appointing leaders and fit persons for conducting the different divisions. On the other hand, experience shows me that, in an affair depending upon vigour and despatch, the generals should settle their plan of operations, so that no time may be lost in idle debate and consultations, when the sword should be drawn; that pushing on smartly is the road to success, and more particularly so in an affair of this nature—[a surprise]—that nothing is to be reckoned an obstacle to your undertaking, which is not found really so upon *trial*; that in war something must be allowed to chance and fortune, seeing it is in its nature hazardous, and an option of difficulties; that the greatness of an object should come under consideration, opposed to the impediments that lie in the way; that the honour of one's country is to have some weight, and that, in particular circumstances and times, the loss of 1000 men is rather an advantage to a nation than otherwise, seeing that gallant attempts raise its reputation, and make it respectable; whereas the contrary appearances sink the credit of a country, ruin the troops, and create infinite uneasiness and discontent at home. I know not what to say, my dear Rickson, or how to account for our proceedings, unless I own to you that there never was people collected together so unfit for the business they were sent upon—dilatatory, ignorant, irresolute, and some grains of a very unmanly quality, and very unsoldier-like or unsailor-like. I have already been too imprudent: I have said too much, and people make me say ten times more than I ever uttered; therefore, repeat nothing out of my letter, nor name my name as the author of any one thing. The whole affair turned upon the impracticability of escalading Rochefort; and the two evidences brought to prove that the ditch was wet (in opposition to the assertions of the chief engineer, who had been in the place), are persons to whom, in my mind, very little credit should be given: without these evidences we must have landed, and must have marched to Rochefort; and it is my opinion that the place would have surrendered, or have been taken in 48 hours. It is certain that there was nothing in all that country

to oppose 9000 good foot—a million of Protestants, upon whom it is necessary to keep a strict eye, so that the garrison could not venture to assemble against us, and no troops except the Militia within any moderate distance of these parts.

Little practice in war, ease and convenience at home, great incomes, and no wants, with no ambition to stir to action, are not the instruments to work a successful war withal; I see no prospect of better deeds; I know not where to look for them, or from whom we may expect them.

Many handsome things would have been done by the troops had they been permitted to act; as it is, Captain Howe carried off all the honour of this enterprize . . . it, notwithstanding what that scribbling . . . been pleased to lie about that fort and the attack of it.

This disaster in North America,\* unless the French have driven from their anchors in the harbour of Louisbourg, is of the most fatal kind; whatever diminishes our naval force tends to our ruin and destruction. God forbid that any accident should befall our fleet in the bay. The Duke's resignation may be reckoned an addition to our misfortunes; he acted a right part, but the country will suffer by it.—Yours, my dear Rickson,

Very affectionately,

J. W.

Black Heath, 5th Nov., 1757.

The General and my mother are both gone to the baths.

The King has given me the rank of colonel.

#### LETTER TENTH.

His friend was still Deputy-Quarter-Master-General of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

Dear Rickson,—Calcraft told me he had prepared a memorial for you, and was to give it in to Sir John Ligonier. I had apprised Colonel Hotham, the Deputy-Adjutant-General, and had bespoke his assistance. Hotham assured me, two days ago, that he has not seen the memorial, and wonders it was not presented. Calcraft must have some reasons for the delay, which I will inquire into to-morrow; and if he has any difficulties about it, I will carry it myself. My services in this matter, and my credit with the reigning powers, are not worth your acceptance; but such as they allow it to be, you are as welcome to as any living man. I can assure you that Davy [Colonel David Watson] is double, and would shove you aside to make way for a tenth cousin; it becomes my Lord G. Beauchamp [then Commander-in-Chief in Scotland] to confirm you in your office, by asking and procuring a commission. If he is satisfied with your management, it is his duty to do it; these mealy chiefs give up their just rights, and with them their necessary authority. The Commander in Scotland is the fittest person to recommend, and the best judge of the merits of those that serve under him. Though to all appearance I am in the very centre of business, yet nobody (from the indolent inattention of my temper) knows less of what is going on where I myself am not concerned. The

\* This relates to the capture, by the French, of Fort-William Henry, on the south side of Lake George, with all the artillery, vessels, and boats, on 9th August, 1757, about three months prior to Wolfe's letter. The governor, Monro, had a garrison of 3000 men, and there was a covering army of 4000 besides, under General Webb; but the latter, by the most unpardonable neglect and obstinacy, would not advance to Monro's assistance, who had accordingly to capitulate. Well might Wolfe speak of it as a great "disaster."

proceedings in Parliament, intrigues of the parties, and the management of public affairs, are as much unknown to me as the business of a divan or seraglio. I live amongst men without desiring to be acquainted with their concerns; things have their ordinary course, and I pass on with the current unheeding. Being of the profession of arms, I would seek all occasions to serve; and, therefore, have thrown myself in the way of the American war, though I know that the very passage threatens my life [alluding to his indifferent health], and that my constitution must be utterly ruined and undone; and this from no motive either of avarice or ambition. I expect to embark in about a fortnight. I wish you success in your affairs, health and peace. I am, dear Rickson, your affectionate and faithful servant,

JAMES WOLFE.

Black Heath, 12th January, 1758.

[Wolfe's seal is still adhering to this letter—it is the figure of a human head, with a fillet of laurel, gathered into a knot behind.]

## LETTER ELEVENTH.

Written on the eve of sailing from Portsmouth, on the expedition against Louisbourg.

Dear Rickson,—The title of Brigadier [Pitt had conferred it on him], which extends to America only, has no other advantage than throwing me into service in an easy manner for myself, and such as my constitution really requires; our success alone will determine the more solid favours, for it is possible to deserve very well, and to be extremely ill received. The state of public affairs is such that some measures must be pursued which prudence or military knowledge, perhaps, might not dictate. We shall have (if accident don't prevent it) a great force this year in America, and the country has a right to expect some powerful efforts proportioned to the armaments. Success is in the hands of Providence, but it is in every man's own power to do his part handsomely. I did not know that Barré was your friend, nor even your acquaintance [this is one of the supposed authors of the celebrated letters of Junius.] Now that I do know it, I shall value him the more upon that account; by accident I heard of his worth and good sense, and shall have, I trust, good reason to thank the man that mentioned him. Nay, I am already overpaid by the little I did, by drawing out of his obscurity so worthy a gentleman; I never saw his face till very lately, nor never spoke ten words to him before I ventured to propose him as a Major of Brigade. You may be sure that my information came from the best hands.

I wish your success most heartily; it would be a lasting satisfaction to me if I had power to forward it; you must give me leave to tell you, which indeed I should not do, that I have pressed it warmly to Lord G. Sackville, who has at present the power in his hands; I tried the Field-Marshal [Lord Ligonier, who had succeeded the Duke of Cumberland, as Commander-in-Chief] but I have little weight there, and for your sake, I wish I had more with Lord George. Write me, now and then, a letter; with all the Scotch news, and your own sentiments upon things as they fall out. Calcraft will forward your letters, and they will be received as so many marks of your affection and remembrance. We embark in three or four days. Barré and I have the great apartment of a three-decked ship to revel in; but with all this space and this fresh air, I am sick to death. Time, I suppose, will deliver me from these sufferings; though, in former trials, I never could overcome it. I thank you for your kind wishes, and return them most sincerely.—I am, ever, my dear friend,

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

JAMES WOLFE.

Portsmouth, 7th Feb., 1758.

## LETTER TWELFTH.

Written after Wolfe's return to England, from the capture of Louisbourg.

My dear Friend,—Your letter dated in September, as well as the last you did me the favour to write, are both received, and with the greatest satisfaction. I do not reckon that we have been fortunate this year in America. Our force was so superior to the enemy's, that we might hope for greater success; but it pleased the Disposer of all Things to check our presumption, by permitting Mr. Abercrombie to hurry on that precipitate attack of Ticonderago, in which he failed with loss. By the situation of that fort, by the superiority of our naval force there, and by the strength of our army, which could bear to be weakened by detachments, it seems to me to have been no very difficult matter to have obliged the Marquis de Montcalm to have laid down his arms, and consequently to have given up all Canada. In another circumstance, too, we may be reckoned unlucky. The squadron of men-of-war under De Chafferult failed in their attempt to get into the harbour of Louisbourg, where inevitably they would have shared the fate of those that did, which must have given an irretrievable blow to the marine of France, and delivered Quebec into our hands, if we chose to go up and demand it. Amongst ourselves, be it said, that our attempt to land where we did [alluding to the Louisbourg affair] was rash and injudicious, our success unexpected (by me) and undeserved. There was no prodigious exertion of courage in the affair; an officer and 30 men would have made it impossible to get ashore where we did. Our proceedings in other respects were as slow and tedious as this undertaking was ill-advised and desperate; but this for your private information only. We lost time at the siege, still more after the siege, and blundered from the beginning to the end of the campaign. My Lord Howe's death (who was truly a great man) [he was killed in a skirmish in the woods, connected with the repulse of the British in their attack on Ticonderago] left the army upon the continent without life or vigour; this defeat at Ticonderago seemed to stupify us that were at Louisbourg; if we had taken the first hint of that repulse, and sent early and powerful succours, things would have taken perhaps a different turn in those parts before the end of October. I expect every day to hear that some fresh attempts have been made at Ticonderago, and I can't flatter myself that they have succeeded; not from any high idea of the Marquis de Montcalm's abilities, but from the very poor opinion of our own. You have obliged me much with this little sketch of that important spot; till now I have been but ill acquainted with it.

Broadstreet's *coup* was masterly.\* He is a very extraordinary man; and if such an excellent officer as the late Lord Howe had the use of Broadstreet's uncommon diligence and activity, and unparalled baton knowledge, it would turn to a good public account. When I went from hence, Lord Ligonier told me that I was to return at the end of the campaign; but I have learned since I came home, that an order is gone to keep me there; and I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my

\* This refers to the surprise and capture of the important French Fort, Frontenac, on the north, or French side of the St. Lawrence, where it issues from Lake Ontario, by Lieut.-Colonel Broadstreet, who had been sent against it by General Abercrombie, with a detachment of 3000 Provincials. This able officer destroyed the fort, with 60 pieces of cannon, 16 mortars, an immense depot of provisions for the French army; took all the enemy's shipping on the lake, consisting of nine vessels, some of them mounting 18 guns, and rejoined Abercrombie, all without the loss of a man. Wolfe's compliment to him was well merited.

slight carcase as he pleases, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism, but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers; if I followed my own taste, it would lead me into Germany, and if my poor talent was consulted, they should place me to the cavalry, because nature has given me good eyes, and a warmth of temper to follow the first impressions. However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey.

My opinion is, that I shall join the army in America, where, if fortune favours our force and best endeavours, we may hope to triumph.

I have said more than enough of myself; it is time to turn a little to your affairs; nothing more unjust than the great rank lately thrown away upon little men, and the good servants of the state neglected. Not content with frequent solicitations in your behalf, I write a letter just before I embarked, putting my Lord George Sackville in mind of you, and requesting his protection; his great business, or greater partialities, has made him overlook your just pretensions.

If you come to town in January, I shall be there, and will do you all the service I am able, but Lord Ligonier seems particularly determined not to lay the weight of any one obligation on me; so you may hold my good inclination in higher value than my power to assist. You have my best wishes, and I am, truly,

My dear friend, your faithful and obedient servant,

JAMES WOLFE.

Salisbury, 1st December, 1758.

Remember that I am Brigadier in America, and Colonel in Europe.

Barré was in such favour with General Amherst that he took him to the Continent, and he very well deserves his esteem.

#### LETTER THIRTEENTH.

A fragment is all that remains. Half of the sheet has been torn away, and there is neither date, address, nor signature. But that the fragment is in Wolfe's handwriting is quite certain, on comparison with the other letters already quoted. The water-mark on the paper, too, is identical. That mark is, "*Pro Patria.*" How significant, in the case of one who fell, as Wolfe did, in his country's cause! From circumstances, there is a presumption that the fragment was written about the time Wolfe was stationed at Canterbury, in 1755. The object in writing the letter was to give a young officer, who had just entered the army, some good practical advice how to become a thorough soldier. He seems to have been well known to Wolfe, from the easy and rather affectionate way in which the letter begins. What his name was cannot now be ascertained; but the circumstance of the youth having received a subaltern's commission had been mentioned by Wolfe's mother in the course of a letter to her brave son; who

thereupon, in his usual generous manner, gave the junior officer his advice. The fragment runs thus :—

Dear Hutty,—By a letter from my mother I find you are now an officer in Lord Ch. Hay's regiment, which I heartily give you joy of; and as I sincerely wish you success in life, you will give me leave to give you a few hints, which may be of use to you in it. The field you are going into is quite new to you, but may be trod very safely, and soon made known to you, if you only get into it by the proper entrance.

I make no doubt but you have entirely laid aside the boy, and all boyish amusements, and have considered yourself as a young man going into a manly profession, where you must be answerable for your own conduct. Your character in life must be that of a soldier and a gentleman : the first is to be acquired by application and attendance on your duty; the second by adhering most strictly to the dictates of honour, and the rules of good breeding. To be more particular on each of these points : when you join your regiment, if there are any officers' guard mounted, be sure constantly to attend the parade, observe carefully the manner of the officers taking their posts, the exercise of their esponton, &c. ; when the guard is marched off from the parade, attend it to the place of relief, and observe the manner and form of relieving; and when you return to your chamber (which should be as soon as you could, lest what you saw slip out of your memory), consult *Bland's Military Discipline* on that head; this will be the readiest method of learning this part of your duty, which is what you will be the soonest called on to perform.

When off duty, get a sergeant or a corporal, whom the Adjutant will recommend to you, to teach you the exercise of the firelock, which I beg of you to make yourself as much master of, as if you were a simple soldier; the exact and nice knowledge of this will readily bring you to understand all other parts of your duty, make you a proper judge of the performance of the men, and qualify you for the post of an Adjutant, and in time, many other employments of credit. When you are posted to your company, take care that the sergeants and corporals constantly bring you the orders; treat those officers with kindness, but keep them at a distance, so will you be beloved and respected by them; read your orders with attention, and if anything in particular concerns yourself, put it down in your memorandum book, which I would have you constantly in your pocket, ready for any remarks; be sure to attend constantly morning and evening the roll calling of the company, watch carefully the absentees, and inquire into reasons for their being so, and particularly be watchful they do not endeavour to impose on you sham excuses, which they are apt to do with young officers, but will be deterred from it, by a proper severity in detecting them.

Here, unfortunately, the rest of this excellent letter has been torn off.\*

Such are the contents of the packet of Wolfe's letters. Fragmentary though they be, they are valuable; for, as stated at the outset, so little is known of his personal history, that even a slight accession is interesting, and worthy of preservation. These letters open up glimpses of his character, and exhibit the tone and bent of his mind, through a medium very favourable for enabling us to judge. Written frankly and unreservedly, to one he sincerely

\* Another letter by Wolfe, pointing out the best military books for a young officer to read, will be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1852.

esteemed, we gain access to his inmost thoughts and opinions on subjects both of public and private interest; while we cannot fail to admire the warm and disinterested friendship evinced throughout—the proofs of a generous heart; and we rise from the perusal with renewed regret for the early fall, and increased respect for the memory, of one in all respects so estimable and so worthy of the renown inseparable from his name.

It may be interesting to say a few words in conclusion, respecting the officer to whom Wolfe wrote these letters—namely, Lieut.-Colonel William Rickson. He was a native of Pembroke; and eight years older than Wolfe. In early life, they had served together in the continental war, and there contracted for each other that intimate and lasting friendship of which we have Wolfe's repeated expressions. Rickson survived the lamented General eleven years, and died at Edinburgh. A fine miniature of him, in his antique regimentals, is preserved. He was interred in Restalrig church-yard; and on the tomb erected over his remains, the following inscription may still be seen, recording the worth of him whom Wolfe honoured with so large a portion of his confidence, and who shared so much of that brave man's sincere regard:—

Here lies the body of Lieutenant-Colonel William Rickson, Quarter-Master-General of North Britain, who died the 19th July, 1770, in the 51st year of his age, and 31st in the service of his King and country. He was an officer of much experience, excellent judgment, and great bravery—at same time, humane, agreeable, generous, friendly, affectionate: In memory of whose superior worth, and in testimony of great love and esteem, this tomb is erected by his disconsolate widow.

Peace to the ashes of the brave!

J. B.

Glasgow, 2d November, 1855.

#### ADDENDA.

WHEN Wolfe fell, there was found in his pocket a small book—*The Treasury of Fortification*, by John Barker. It is now in the library of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich. On the fly-leaf is a memorandum in the hero's handwriting—"This is an exceeding [good?] book on fortification.—Wolfe."

His sash, saturated with blood, came into the possession of



Colonel Stirling, of the 36th Foot, who got it from Sir Samuel Auchmuty.

In the United Service Institution, London, there is a pencil profile of Wolfe, sketched by Harry Smith, one of his aide-de-camps, shortly before the fatal day of battle. It was presented to the Institution by the Duke of Northumberland, when Lord Prudhoe, and hangs near the case containing the sword worn by Wolfe when he fell.

A small monument, erected on the spot where Wolfe expired, by Lord Aylmer, has the simple and touching inscription, "Here Wolfe died victorious."

Wolfe's mother wrote three most affecting letters to Pitt, after her son's death, dated 6th, 27th, and 30th November, 1759, which were printed. She survived her husband and son only five years, and died at her house, Greenwich, 26th September, 1764. Her remains were placed beside those she loved so well. By her will, she left £500 to Bromley College, and bequeathed the rest of her property, after certain legacies, to poor and deserving persons, with preference to the widows and families of soldiers who had served under her gallant son. Her executor was General Sir Jeffrey Amherst, with whom Wolfe was a great favourite.

The following is a specimen of Wolfe's poetry, in lines to his bride the evening before he embarked :—

" At length, too soon, dear creature,  
Receive my fond adieu;  
Thy pangs, oh ! love, how bitter:  
Thy joys, how short, how few !

" I go where glory leads me,  
And dangers point the way;  
Though coward love upbraids me,  
Stern honour bids obey.

" Two passions vainly pleading,  
My beating heart divide;  
Lo ! there my country bleeding,  
And *here* my weeping bride.

" But, ah, thy faithful soldier  
Can true to either prove;  
Fame fires my soul all over,  
While every pulse beats love.

" Then think, where'er I wander,  
The sport of seas and wind,  
No distance hearts can sunder,  
Whom mutual truth has joined," &c., &c.

*Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 322.

# APPENDIX.

## I.

Selections from Reports addressed by Military Officers stationed in the Highlands,\* to Lieut.-Generals CHURCHILL and BLAND, Edinburgh Castle, successively Commanders-in-Chief in Scotland, 100 years ago.

[These letters are transcribed as in the original, with the exception that the spelling is modernised.]

Report from Capt. WALTER JOHNSTONE, of Lord Bury's Regiment, dated Invercomry, [south side of Loch Rannoch, Perthshire], June 7, 1752.

Sir,—I marched from Inverness the 18th of last month, and arrived here the 21st, with the party under my command. At Dalwhinnie I detached the parties for Kenychan Bridge, Dalnacardoch, and Inverhaden; and the parties for Denybeg, Glenco, and head of Kinloch Lieven, not till the 25th, as the weather was extremely bad, and the roads through which they were to carry a month's meal, their bedding and kettles, upon weak and bad horses, much spoiled by the rains. On the 30th I went to visit the different posts,

\* TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL STATIONS OF THE SOLDIERS STATIONED IN THE HIGHLANDS, TO ENFORCE THE "REBELLION STATUTES," IN 1752\* AND SUBSEQUENT YEARS, VIZ. :—

Captains' Stations.	Locality.	Number of Sub-Posts.
1. Corgarff .....	Aberdeenshire [in Strath Don] .....	2
2. Tomintoll .....	Banffshire .....	3
3. Braemar .....	Aberdeenshire .....	3
4. Ruthven .....	Inverness-shire [in Badenoch] .....	4
5. Killiemuir .....	Forfarshire .....	7
6. Loch Arkalg .....	Inverness-shire [west of Loch Lochy] .....	12
7. Laggan-Achadrum† } .....	Inverness-shire [on the line of what is now the Caledonian Canal] .....	} 5
8. Invercomry .....	Perthshire [south side of Loch Rannoch] .....	
9. Inversnaid† .....	Stirlingshire [Loch Lomond] .....	7
10. North Uist .....	Hebrides .....	6

† Laggan-Achadrum was an important station commanding the gorge leading out to the Hebridean Sea. It was situated at the isthmus between Loch Lochy and Loch Oich.

‡ As Inversnaid was the nearest of these captains' stations to Glasgow, and at one time under the command of Wolfe, the following table is extracted from the old MS. volume,

of which there is a report enclosed, with the distance of each station from head-quarters, and another of the posts, glens, passes, and rivers visited by me, and the distance betwixt one post and another. I returned here the 4th instant. The first post I visited was Inverhaden. It lies at the foot of a glen called Glen Saken, which leads into Glen Lyon by another glen called Glen Moulen, where thieves pass with stolen cattle from the south, after crossing at Taymouth and the point of Lyon. Mr. Stewart of Inverhaden informed me that, on the Wednesday before the party came, there was two fillies stolen from his tenants, and a wether from him—that his herds observing a smoke in a shealing in Glen Saken, went up to it, but were refused entrance by two men in arms, who threatened to fire on them. One of his herds, by a glimpse he got of one of the thieves, thinks he was one John M'Intire, who left his place where he used to reside, about a month before I

to shew the position of the small cluster of sub-posts which depended upon it, and the distribution of the little parties of soldiers thrown out into the surrounding country; taken from the report of Captain John Salt, of Skelton's Regiment, who had charge of the fort in the summer of 1752:—

REPORT OF THE COMMAND AT INVERMAD, AND POSTS DEPENDENT, CONSISTING OF 1 CAPTAIN, 3 SUBALTERNES, 5 SERJEANTS, 5 CORPORALS, AND 64 MEN, JUNE 22, 1752.										
Posts.	Captains.	Subalterns.	Serjeants.	Corporals.	Drummers.	Men.	Miles from one Post to another.	Rivers passed.	Glens or Countries marched through.	Passes.
Invermad .....	1	1	2	2	2	24	...	Cacerlet .....	Glenartlet .....	Betwixt Lochartlet and Loch Lomond.
Stronlachler .....	1	1	1	1	1	4	3	Glasscoyl .....	{ Menteith and Benvalgnoe }	Betwixt do. and Loch Ketterick [Kettuth.]
Achroy .....	1	1	1	1	1	4	7	Stragethic .....	Menteith .....	Betwixt the east of do. and Lochvenashall [Lochvenashar.]
Brig of Turk .....	1	1	1	1	1	8	2	Aulmangan .....	{ Menteith and Craigmallic }	Covers Gleninglas.
Aliskey .....	1	1	1	1	1	5	5	Forth .....	{ Bohanan Menteith .....	Ford of the Forth.
Blairweck .....	1	1	1	1	1	10	3	.....	{ Buchanan } Benoude ...	A ferry across Loch Lomond.
Ruerdenan .....	1	1	1	1	1	5	5	.....	{ Craigroyshan and Ben Lomond }	
From thence to the barracks }	1	1	1	1	1	5	6	.....	{ Snood and Alanish }	
Total .....	1	3	6	4	2	69			Bennonachur.	

came here. He is now in Argyleshire; but if he returns I shall endeavour to apprehend him, as I have good information of his haunts. The glens are moory, and keep black cattle and a few sheep. The party is quartered on Mr. Stuart's tenants, who furnish them with firing. From Inverhadden I went to Dalnacardoch, where the party is well quartered in the hut on the south side of the river Gary; and have plenty of firing, both turf and bog wood at hand. They are of use to scour the mountains at the head of Loch Gary on one hand, and the pass of Gleneirichy on the other. From Dalnacardoch I went to Kenychan Bridge, where the party is quartered in a barn, and has firing from the wood, which is very near them. This party is of use to keep the country of Foss on both sides of the water Tumble, Gleneirichy on one hand, and the mountain Shiekalin and Dunan's Hill on the other. From Kingshan Bridge I went to Invermeison at the head of Glen Lyon. The party here is but indifferently quartered in a hut or shealing, belonging to one of Lord Breadalbane's tenants. They have no firing but roots of fir, which they get with difficulty out of a bog that's near there. I have wrote to Mr. Campbell of Achalader, Lord Breadalbane's factor, to desire firing for them, and shall report his answer in my next. This post guards a pass from the south to the Braes of Glenorchy. This glen is eighteen miles in length, is well inhabited, keeps a great many black cattle and sheep on both sides of the river Lyon, and grows more oats and barley than any glen in this country. The chief proprietors of it are Menzies and Lord Breadalbane. It lies but six miles over the hills from this place, and used to be much infested with thieves from Loch Rannoch before the commands came here. From Invermeison I went to Dennybeg. The party there is pretty well quartered in a barn in the village of Achalader, and have firing from a neighbouring wood. This party covers the country of Strives on one side, and the Braes of Glenorchy on the other. Some of the tenants there have lately had two horses, two goats, and three cows stolen from them. They can suspect no particular person, they say, as many droves of cattle pass that way daily. From Dennybeg I went to Glenco, where the party is pretty well lodged, but have no firing but what they bring from a wood a mile and a half from them. I have wrote to M'Donald, Achtratrachaden, to demand firing, and shall report his answer in my next. This glen is extremely narrow, and difficult of access, and no cattle can come in or go out of it from Argyleshire, but what the party must see. It grows some oats and barley at the foot, but at the top it is quite barren. From Glenco I went to Kinloch Lieven, where the party are pretty well quartered, and have firing from the wood, which is pretty near them. The corporal complained to me that he and his party were imposed upon by the proprietor of the village, whom they call the Laird of Kinloch, who made them pay two pence for a Scots pint of skimmed milk, and three pence a pint for unskimmed milk. When I spoke to him, he answered shortly and said it was the practice of the country. So I ordered the corporal to take it and pay him twopence a pint for new or unskimmed milk, which is the price over all the country.

Soon after my coming here I had a letter sent me by Lord Breadalbane, wrote by Colonel Lafaupille, to the Sergeant of the King's Regiment, who was here before I came, ordering him to give assistance when required in apprehending such persons as he should be directed; and next day Captain Campbell of Glen Lyon came here, and showed me two warrants, from the Sheriff Depute of Perthshire, for apprehending Charles Stewart of Ardsheel, an attainted rebel, and Allan Breck Stewart, the supposed murderer of Mr. Campbell of Glenure; upon which I gave the description of the two persons to all my parties, with orders to apprehend them, or give their assistance in apprehending them when required.

In this country we have great scarcity of provisions. A great many cattle have died, and what are alive are scarce able to crawl, so that the men get very little to buy unless milk and a few eggs. In this necessity they have applied to me to deliver them from the stores of meal provided by Mr. Ramsay, the King's factor on this estate, half-a-peck more meal each man, for which I should be pleased to receive your orders, as the men really want it.

As there is no such thing to be sold as yet, as mutton, lamb, veal, butter, or cheese, I cannot send the prices of provisions, but I am assured by the gentlemen of the country that in a fortnight's time everything will be plenty and reasonable, when I shall send them. Sir Robert Menzies has given orders to his tenants here to bring us in what milk, eggs, &c., they can spare every Friday.

The kettles I found here were, most of them, unfit for use; so I have sent to Perth for new ones, as the men much want them.

I have heard of none wearing the Highland dress, or carrying arms, in this country.

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Report from Capt. JOHN BECKWITH, of Lord Bury's Regiment, dated Loch Arkalg,  
[west of Loch Lochy], June 11th, 1752.

Having, conformable to my orders, made the detachments to Bonarkalg, head of Loch Arkalg, Glen Dissery, Glenfinnon, head of Loch Yeal, Strontian, Inversanda, Glen Scaddle, and the four posts under the command of the officers at Tray, the South Moyrer detachment marched from and received my orders at Fort-Augustus.

I quartered the moving patrol at Moy, and took post myself at Erroch with a sergeant and three men. This house belongs to Ewin Cameron, head of a tribe, and a near relation to the late Lochiel. This glen runs pretty near north and south about seven miles. The post is a quarter of a mile from the river Lochy, exactly opposite to the Long Ford, on the south side of which is the Duke of Gordon's lands, possessed by Allan Cameron. On the east side of my post is the mountain Bennane; on the west Draenfatch Glenlee, and it's five miles from Fort-William.

LOCHYEAL.—The corporal reported that the party's hut was habitable, that the party had subsisted till then entirely on their meal—that he had patrolled over the river of Dually, through the village of Crocknaflower, and town of Drumenaslie, up the mountain of Memoriacon, across the the water of Finnaly, returning to his post over the Braes of Callop, through the village of that name, and had not met with anything extraordinary. This post is on M'Lean's of Ardgowrs's lands. Leaving this post, I crossed Dually and continued eastward two miles farther, when I again crossed the river Dually and ascended through a wood the mountain of Mamachirgan, the top of which is very marshy on the north-west side, which I descended, barely passable for a loaded horse. At the foot of this mountain I crossed the river Finnan, at a small distance from which, and near the foot of the glen, and head of Loch Sheel, I have a subaltern, sergeant, and seven men, whom I found in good huts. Within twenty yards of the officer's hut the Pretender's eldest son set up his standard in the year 1745.

STRONTIAN.—The officer here reported that the party till that time had been but very indifferently quartered and supplied, but that he had reason to expect that things would be more plentiful as the season advanced;—that he had patrolled along the north side of Loch Sonnard, by Banachan and Canisenish, northward to Loch Shiel, and so returned to Strontian. That he had patrolled to Glenscaddle—did not meet with anything extraordinary—and that on the 26th of May he had sent a patrol to Achason, where the corporal took up a man of the name of Cameron (who was servant to Mrs. Jane Cameron) with a piece of tartan wrapped round him like a philabeg. This man I sent to the Sheriff-Substitute, at Fort-William, who confined him, and upon the deposition of the corporal, and one of the private men who took him up, committed him. From hence, on the 2d of June, I set out for Inversanda, crossing the waters of Ormadill and Sanda. Five long miles on the road between Strontian and Inversanda I met one M'Intire, a dealer in cattle, and a fusil in his hand. Upon my demanding what right he had to carry arms, he produced a permit from Sir Duncan Campbell of Loch-Nell, Bart., and Member of Parliament, dated 1749. I sent the fusil to the Sheriff-Substitute. The man, I know, I could produce if there was occasion. The

Sheriff has acquainted me that he detains the fusil, and has sent the permit to Sir Duncan Campbell—the result of which I have not been informed.

At Inversanda I have a corporal and three men, whom I found well lodged.

**INVERSANDA.**—The corporal reported that the party had been well supplied with milk, butter, and cheese; but at a great price. The milk twopence the Scots pint, the butter sixpence per lb., and cheese in proportion.

**BONARKAIG.**—The corporal reported that he found the hut in a very bad condition, and that he has repaired it since his arrival; that the party has had little besides their meal to subsist on since their coming to this part; the country people not being able to spare them milk or butter, not having had any meal since April. That he has patrolled along the side of Locharkaig, through Achnahail, to the post at the head of the Loch, which is twelve miles from Bonarkaig, and that he did not meet with anything extraordinary.

From Laganninis I proceeded up the north-east side of Locharkaig, through Achnahail, which is two miles from the foot of the Loch. It is ten miles more to the post at the head of the Loch, and there is neither house or river on the road. Here I have a sergeant and eight men. This district, which is pretty extensive, is, by the best information which I can procure, entirely inhabited by thieves. I may say entirely, for there is but one man whose villainy is disputed. Near this post are the towns of Penn and Kinlocharkaig. The party is well lodged.

**GLENDESSERTY.**—The Corporal reported that he had patrolled to Holyeas, a small town near Loch Nevis, and over the mountain of Cangle, and had seen neither house or inhabitants. He further reported that Glendessery is about three miles long, and is inhabited by Camerons and M'Phies. This glen and the head of Locharkaig belonged to the late Lochiel. Hence I proceeded up Glen Dessery, over a mountainous country, to Loch Innoch, and along the south side of that Loch to the foot of it, where, crossing a very rapid stream, which falls out of that loch into Lochmorrer, I entered the wood Latergrondike, through which there is a very narrow and rough track, by which I descended upon Kinloch Morrer. This country and the few inhabitants are all M'Donalds, and Roman Catholics. Here I intended to have taken boat, but the wind blowing hard and proving contrary, proceeded by land along the north side of the loch over one of the worst and most dangerous roads in the Highlands. When we had marched or rather crawled about three miles, we were overtaken by a most heavy rain. We took shelter in a single house, from whence I ordered the guide back to the head of the loch for a boat, which was brought down some hours after, in which the party proceeded down the north side about four miles from the head of the loch. On the north side is the wood Muick (or Swin's wood). Two miles farther down is the town of Sworisland. Towards the foot of the loch, which is twelve miles long, are several islands covered with wood, in one of which the Lord Lovat lay concealed till the man-o'-war's boat was brought into the loch. On the 6th, in the morning, I landed at Beesad, where there is a detached party from the officer at Tay, consisting of a corporal and four men. The party is quartered in a very good hut. The corporal informed me, that he had got some milk, butter, and cheese, but at a very dear rate, and that the party had begun to cut their turf (as most of the parties have done) for provision the latter end of the year.

The inhabitants of this district (Loch Hooran) are chiefly M'Donalds, Papists, and followers of Glenronald and Glengarry.

Report from Lieutenant ALEX. TENNENT to Capt. TRAPAUD, dated Glenmorrison, [west side of Loch Ness], June 8th, 1752.

On May the 20th, the day that I was detached, I came to my post at the head of Glen Morrison, to a place called Enoch, situate on the south side of the river Morrision, about eight miles from the mouth of that river, where it empties itself into Loch Ness, and six from Fort-Augustus computed. I took possession of the two huts in which the Welch Fusileers were last year—one for myself and the other for the men. Both were in a very dirty condition, and open in a great many places in the roofs and walls, which I have mended so much as to do in the meantime; but before the rainy season comes on, it will not only be necessary for us to have the roofs and walls a little repaired, but likewise to preserve the timber of the huts to next year.

I patrolled, by daybreak, up by the foot of Strathcluney, and up the south side of Loch Lyon, through Strath Lyon, which is a very wild desolate country, except one or two sheilings or huts, not a house to be seen—the grounds being very rough and deep, and no roads. I think it almost impassible for a horse in many places. I went towards the head of Glengarry, where I met the patrol from Ballachan. Afterwards seeing some people armed driving cattle on the north side of Loch Lyon, I came down from thence, and passed the Loch at the angle above described—not being knee deep—and examined them, and found them to be dealers in cattle from Breadalbane. Their names were M'Nab and M'Intire. They had passes and protections for carrying arms from Lord Breadalbane. I continued my way on the north side to the pass into Kintail. On my road, I found some sheilings possessed by M'Reas, Seaforth's tenants.

The patrols from Strathcluney were here; and nothing extraordinary on the 30th; one Donald M'Intosh, in Balmakain, of Urquhart, who had two cows stolen from him on the 22d of April last—about a month before we came here—brought me a warrant from Mr. Fraser, a justice of peace at Dunbhalloch, for apprehending Donald M'Pheal, *alias* Chislam, and Jno. Grant, of Blairy, in Glen Morrison; as, also, Duncan Dow, in Inverick, in Glen Morrison, who he said were the thieves, and asking my assistance, which I told him I would most readily give him, or any of his Majesty's honest subjects, it being one of the chief ends for which he sent his troops there,—telling him, at the same time, that I thought to attempt taking them late at night when nobody could see or give intelligence of our march. Accordingly, the party marched at eleven o'clock at night, and got to their houses and sheilings about daybreak, and surrounded and narrowly searched their houses and neighbourhood, but found none of them—they not lying out of the woods or hills, which we likewise searched. They at present keep out of the way, having been put on their guard by an unsuccessful attempt made by some constables, about a fortnight before we came here, to take them; who were, as I am informed, repulsed by that Donald M'Phail, with arms. I have kept the warrant, and will assiduously use all endeavours, either by stratagem, surprise, or otherwise, to take them. I am at present at a loss for intelligence, till I know and am convinced who are the proper persons to trust. I am very shy in letting any of the country people know or suspect my motions or intentions. The above three thieves are tenants of Glenmorrison's. Even him I will not consult on these subjects, till I find out how far it is proper. There is likewise one Donald M'Donel, a noted thief, who I have got some intelligence of skulking in this glen, who I will narrowly watch. He likewise has dealt in compounding theft. I shall be cautious in making any attempts without probability of success. If unsuccessful, it puts them on their guard and gives them an opportunity to exult. When more acquainted with the country, I hope to get better intelligence. In the meantime, shall use all possible endeavours to detect and seize all such transgressors of the laws. In patrolling between the foot of Strathcluney and Strath Lyon, took up one William Cameron, for wearing the Highland dress—at least that part of it called the philabeg; and knowing that you (meaning the captain) was not returned from your rounds, I

sent him to Inverness to the sheriff to have him committed. The party are not yet returned. In my next I shall let you know what he does with him.

My party are very healthy. Provisions are pretty plenty here. We get some small mutton, not very good, at 3s. to 4s. a sheep. Goat much the same; lamb, sixteen or eighteen pence. Butter sold by the hand, about four pence the pound. Eggs, three-halfpence the dozen. I applied to Glenmoriston for firing when I came here, who desired us to take what we wanted from the wood, which is just by, so that we are very well supplied. Since I have been here, I have heard of no thefts or other transgressions of the laws, by wearing the Highland dress or carrying arms, but what is above reported.

Report from Captain A. TRAPAUD, of Lord Bury's Regiment, dated Laggan-Achadrum, [between Loch Lochy and Loch Oich], June 12, 1752.

[This officer was a great friend of both Wolfe and Colonel Rickson. He was governor of Fort-Augustus in 1754-55.—See Wolfe's Letters to Rickson.]

The 22d May, the patrolling party from Leikroy surprised and took one Donald M'Donald, *alias* Man, at Old Yarrick Burn, near to Garviemore. The man had a large French musket, loaded with large shot and slugs. I used my endeavours to find out whose gun it was, but could make nothing of him. I sent him to Governor Collingwood, from whence he was sent to Inverness with two of the party that took him. He has since been tried before the Sheriff, and sentenced to undergo the penalty of the law.

The road from Leikroy to High Bridge is extremely good and passable for horses throughout the year. A serjeant and five men were stationed here. The men's huts very bad. Provisions extravagantly dear, and scarce of firing. The place belongs to the Duke of Gordon. I shall write to the factor, and hope to get the men better accommodated. The serjeant reports no extraordinaries. Had made several patrols, and found none carrying arms, or wearing the Highland dress, since he took up the fore-mentioned Donald M'Donald. From this post to Moy, in Glen Spean, where is a corporal and five men. It lies eight miles south of Leikroy. Crossed the river Roy, close to the post, and up the Read Hill, to the top of Bernionna Hill, where there is a famous pass for thieves, and is called the Thieves Pass. In going up this hill, I several times crossed a burn called Jekanaft, or Water of Seventy, which is often rendered impassable by the great falls of rain and steepness of the rocks; at which times it is almost impracticable to go over the hill, as it's very boggy; and I had much difficulty in leading my horse, as it had rained some days before. The country from the river Roy till I came to Moy, is very barren, and no inhabitants. Those on the braes of those hills are the M'Donalds of Kappoch. The corporal reports no extraordinaries. The men's huts tolerably well. Provisions as yet scarce, but plenty soon expected, as the people are coming from the shielings. A quarter of a mile south-west of Moy is a small loch called Lochinaaddick.

Garriemore lies nine miles north-east of Moy, a very deep, boggy road, and most parts barren ground. The country between these two posts is called Loch Laggonside, inhabited chiefly by the M'Donalds of Kappoch, and a few M'Phersons. Five miles from Glen Spean is the head of Loch Laggan, which runs east and west, and six miles in length. About Aberarder and Turgulbin, two small towns, is good grazing, and some arable ground, both inhabited by M'Donalds. The serjeant and six men are very well quartered, and have all kinds of utensils from the woman at the public house, who likewise furnishes them with provisions.

Mr. Grant, depute factor of the late Lovat's estate, wants the party at his house, near Castle Duny, within seven miles of Inverness. He wrote two letters to the corporal, signifying to him that the party at Straffener was there for his use. I inquired particu-



larly as to the cause of the party being ordered to that station, and found there was no certain foundation as to the cattle being stolen, as reported to you, sir, by Mr. Baillie the present factor, and that they might as well have strayed. Mr. Grant's intention is to have them as a guard on the salmon-fishery belonging to that estate, which he has farmed from the Barons of Exchequer this year, and also as a guard on his person. This I thought my duty to acquaint you with, and that if you think it necessary to have a post in that glen, they are by accident in the most proper place, being at the bottom of the Hill Bachy, which is a pass of consequence, and must greatly frustrate the design of the thieves driving cattle southward. Mr. Grant has hitherto supplied the party very well with meal, and what else they wanted. It's impossible for them to get it from Bernera, as they are about forty miles from it, and they are thirty from Fort-Augustus. By what I can learn, I fear if you think proper to fix the Glen Strafferer post where it is, that Mr. Grant will refuse giving them any further supply. I return from this post to Knockfirrir, over the Hill of Beechy, through Glen Cannich. The road extremely hard, and not passable in rainy weather. It's but nine mile over the hill. The inhabitants of the country between Glen Strafferer and Knockfirrir, are all Frasers and Chisholms.

June the 9th.—Returned to my station at Laggon-Achadrum, lying ten miles by the south side of the river. The river Gary is always fordable in moderate weather; but after any great falls of rain, takes two days before it's passable. This river takes its rise out of Loch Quiech; goes through Loch Gary, and empties itself in Loch Oich, below Glen Gary's house. Went along the Loch Gary, which is three miles in length, crossed the river Gary, over a very bad wooden bridge, near to Glen Gary's house. The country well inhabited by M'Donalds of Glen Gary; good pasturage and corn along the glen, and a very good horse road. I have taken no notice to you, sir, of the situation of the King's Road, as it is much better described by others more capable than I can pretend to. The many deficiencies which I have already mentioned in some of the stations hope, without giving you any trouble, to have them properly rectified.

On my return here, Ensign Douglas, who is the patrolling officer of my detachment, reports to me what happened in my absence as follows:—That, on the 30th of May, he had an information, by John Baen Kennedy, that John Brack Kennedy, a noted thief, was at the house of Alexander Kennedy, in Killienan; on which he ordered out a party to take him, but missed him; he having fled before the party came up. He took in the town Alexander Kennedy, on suspicion of harbouring of thieves; and Hugh Kennedy, as he was informed, for breaking out of Inverness jail. That he sent them both to Governor Collingwood, and that they have been since released. That, on the 4th of June, he received a letter from Mr. Fraser, of Culduthell, desiring a party to apprehend Alston M'Connell, Wee Ewan Donald, and Ewan, his brother, of the town of Tartaness, for stealing of cattle; that he was informed by the guide Mr. Fraser sent, that there were no men in town, but these three and their father; and after the guide had showed him the houses, went away for fear of being seen; on which he apprehended two men, and sent them to Fort-William, according to the directions received in the letter. That he has since heard there was a mistake, having taken up a wrong person who was only a passenger there; two of the three who were intended to be taken having made their escape. This is Ensign Douglas's report. I fear the proper precautions have not been taken; I am heartily sorry that Brack Kennedy escaped, and for the mistake of the other being sent to Fort-William. For the future, shall take care that no such mistake shall happen again. I made particular inquiry throughout all my outposts, if there had been any cattle stolen, but could hear of none—(the reason is the hard winter weakened them so much they had not strength to be drove)—except a few goats in this neighbourhood. I am in search of the thieves, and some others that I have lately heard of, and am in hopes of getting them. I begin to have some knowledge of the country, and hope in a short time to be able to do some service; and shall exert myself to the utmost in order to root out the nest of villains that inhabit this glen. I have been applied to by one Mr. Fraser, of Stratherick, to apprehend some men in

the neighbouring hills, who had stolen cattle in the year 1747. I should be glad to know how far I am to act in thefts of so long standing.

The men under my command are very healthy, and as mutton begins to grow plenty, will be much better. Many of the soldiers who are married and have children are greatly distressed for want of meal, each woman receiving but half-a-peck per week; and as there is none to be bought in the country, those who have families have not sufficient bread to undergo the fatigues of their duty. If a peck per week could be allowed each woman, it would enable their husbands to do their duty with vigour in this time of scarcity. Being detained near two days by bad weather prevented my report going off at the time ordered, which I hope you will be so good as to excuse.

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Report from Capt. JOHN SALT, of Lieut.-General Skelton's Regiment, dated Blairanach, [near Aberfoyle, borders of Stirling and Perth shires] June 13th, 1752.

Sir,—I have visited all the outposts of my party. Those at Glenfallach, Stronycloir, and Alexkey are furnished with the usual bedding and firing. Those at the Bridge of Turk and Euerdenan have not been so regularly furnished with firing. But as the Justice of the Peace has been wrote to about it, I hope there will be no more room to complain on that head. The party that was last year at Cosegrenan is now removed to Blairanach, about a mile nearer to Aberfoyle. I am told this party was first to have been settled at Comer, in the Glen Dow, to have an eye to the villains that usually resort thereabouts. If so, the place where they are now is at least five miles off, and can by no means answer the end proposed.

The places that were allotted for the officers were so much out of repair that they have been obliged, at their own expense, to make them wind and weather tight. They were stables where their cattle were kept, and had not even been at the pains to carry out their dung.

The business that Brack Stewart had at Inversnaid about ten weeks ago was to pay a visit to Sergeant Campbell's wife, whose relation he is. However, Gregor M'Gregor's house was searched, and the same night every other house in Coeraclet, Litteroy, and Inversnaid, but without finding anything amiss. The M'Gregors have ever since been in the utmost hurry and uneasiness, but the searching Mr. M'Nab's house has allayed a little their uneasiness and alarm; as they now begin to think there was no other intention in view than the seizing of Brack Stewart. As to the other affair, though the attempt was unsuccessful I am still in great hopes that it will be carried into execution in the sporting season, as I am sure they have not the least suspicion of our real design. By a letter I had from Mr. M'Nab by Lock Ketterin side, who complains loudly of his neighbours the Stewarts on this occasion, he having been the person who with a party took up M'Coll, and been very active in searching after the persons concerned in that infamous murder. He imagines the Stewarts gave in an information that Brack Stewart was seen somewhere about his house, to have his house searched and cast a slur upon his reputation. There is a house in Lediard of very ill fame for harbouring thieves, but I have never been able to prove any facts clearly against the man of the house, as there was only a birn betwixt the whisky house (where the whisky party was last year) and this house, where they likewise sell whisky. I have ordered the corporal and two men in the house in Lediard, and the other three at the Aleakey whisky house, so that by this means they will not have it in their power to give a retreat to the thieves, at least for the summer.

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Report from Capt. A. TRAPAUD, dated Laggan-Achadrum, June 25, 1752.

William Cameron, taken up on the 6th June by the Glenmoriston party, for wearing the Highland dress, is sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the Sheriff of Inverness-shire.

The sergeant commanding at Knockfin reported that on the 17th inst. he had an information of four thieves driving cattle within two miles of his post—that they were well armed and in the Highland dress. He immediately pursued them and recovered four cows and one horse, and followed the track of the thieves several miles. Before the sergeant left his post, he sent notice to all the posts near him of the thieves. All the outposts north of the chain were in search of them two days and two nights, but to no purpose, though all the passes were secured. The cattle are not yet claimed. It's supposed they were drove out of Ross-shire.

On the 16th instant I had an information given me, by Alex. M'Marten in Glencog, that Donald Burk and Angus Campbell were concerned with some others in stealing some of the battlement stones from High Bridge. I had the two fellows apprehended and sent to Mr. Douglass, the Substitute Sheriff, at Fort-William. The corporal stationed at High Bridge, who received the prisoners, reported to me that when he came to the gates of Fort-William they were shut, and as he was stepping forward to call the sentry, Donald Burk slipped to one side and made his escape, and took the chance of three men firing after him. The night being misty and dark, they soon lost sight of him. Col. Crawford examined the corporal, and wrote me that the corporal was not to blame nor his party. The 22d instant I received a letter from Col. Crawford to take up one Angus M'Donald *alias* Crondart, near Fort Augustus; that Captain Johnstone, commanding at Rannoch, had a warrant from the Sheriff of Perth for apprehending him, supposing him in Rannoch. On receipt of the colonel's letter, sent to his house, but was not there. I ordered several parties in pursuit of him, all that night and next day, and took him that evening in a peat moss on the Coriareik road; lodged him that night in Fort-Augustus, and sent him next day to Colonel Crawford at Fort-William.

July 12th.—The four cows taken by the Knockfin post, as reported in my last, have been claimed by three tenants of Mr. Alexander M'Kenzie, of Fairburn, in Ross-shire, a Justice of the Peace. He certified that they were stolen from his tenants in Fairburn, with four more cows not yet taken. I had those tenants examined on oath, if they knew the thieves, or could suspect any one, but they could not. It was six days ere they missed them. The laird of Fairburn had also certified the honesty of his tenants. The horse taken with the cows is still in the possession of the party at Knockfin, no owner as yet appearing. The cows were delivered to owners the 27th of June. The corporal stationed at Glen Strafferer took up one Hugh Fraser in that glen, on the 27th June, for wearing the philabeg. In conveying him to me, as they crossed the Dejag, which was very high, and scarce fordable, the prisoner very artfully let drop his philabeg in the river, under cover of his greatcoat. I sent him prisoner to the Sheriff-Substitute at Inverness, with two of the party that took him up as witnesses. The prisoner, after a short examination, was set at liberty. On the 6th instant, Lieutenant Tennant, stationed in Glenmoriston, took up one Donald M'Donald, in Craskey, a most notorious thief, remarkable for some years past as the greatest villain in that glen, and the terror of it. M'Pherson, of Banchor, offered a reward for the taking him, as he had stolen some cows from him, and likewise for taking tascal money, which is the money for the recovery of stolen cattle. I kept this person a few days in Fort-Augustus, and wrote to M'Pherson, who lives in Garviemore, to come to me, or send one of his tenants to prosecute the said M'Donald. The serjeant at Garviemore gave him the letter, but he never came to me. I had a warrant from Mr. Douglass to commit him to Inverness jail, where he is now confined. The people in Glenmoriston will, now he is confined, appear against him. Since his committal, I have heard of several robberies he has committed. I make no doubt of having him hanged.

Report from Capt. WALTER JOHNSTONE, dated Invercomrie, June 22, 1752.

Sir,—I have received your aide-de-camp's letter, and am much pleased to find that my first report gave you satisfaction. I now enclose a report of the posts that patrol with each other, and the places of rendezvous I have appointed them. On the 8th instant I received a letter from Colonel Crawford, telling me that when the bearer pointed out any man to me, I might be sure that there was something very material against him. Upon my asking him what he designed, he told me he knew where there was a thief who had fled from Lochaber, and desired a party to apprehend him, so I gave him a serjeant and six men, who marched that night, and returned to me on the 11th, with one Cameron, prisoner, whom they took in a sheiling near Creiff. On the 12th, I sent a fresh party with him to Colonel Crawford, who writes me that he is a most notorious plunderer, and that he used to leave Lochaber and fly into the low country when the troops went to their summer stations; but this, with other particulars, the colonel no doubt will report to you himself.

On the 9th, I received information that Sergeant Moore, with one M'Intire and two Camerons from this place was to pass between Wednesday and Saturday night with some stolen cattle by a pass called Glengolairdy, about a mile from Kinnahan Bridge; so I ordered the corporal of the party there to patrol every night of that time, and to watch a little ale-house near the foot of Mount Shikallen, where they were to call, but such is their intelligence that the corporal missed them. Moore and his crew has since quarrelled and are separated. I have informed Colonel Crawford of this, and desired that he would send his man back to me, who knows them all and all their haunts, that we may make another trial to catch some of them.

On the 18th, Mr. Stewart of Tuncastle, who was the principal evidence against Alex. Breck Stewart, lately hanged at Perth, brought me a letter from Mr. Richardson, Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire, desiring that I would assist Mr. Stewart with a party to apprehend twelve thieves, against whom we had a warrant. We took two of them that night, and next day sent a party of a serjeant and sixteen men with Mr. Stewart to apprehend the rest. He took four more on his way to Kinnachan Bridge, and proceeded to Perth to deliver them to the Sheriff. I have sent orders to the corporal at Kinnachan Bridge to take up two more that were at Perth for meal, when Mr. Stewart passed and must return that way. Two more of them who resided in this place and are so designed in the warrant went from this some time ago to live in Lochaber, but I have sent one of the warrants to Colonel Crawford, at Fort-William, and desired that he would apprehend them and send them to me. I have reason to believe, from what Mr. Stewart told me, that some of those thieves may give evidence against Commissary Bisset who, by the confession of Alex. Breck, which Mr. Stewart shewed me, appears to have been art and part concerned with, and a resetter and harbourer of most of the Lochrannoch thieves, these many years past. This accident prevented my sending out Ensign Parry with the morning patrol, who was to have begun his rounds on the 20th, but as soon as the party comes back and is rested I shall send him out; and on his return send a report according to the form in your orders. In the meantime, the patrols from the different posts go regularly but report nothing extraordinary.

The corporal at Kinlochleven reports that Mr. Douglass of Fort-William had been there and settled the prices of provisions very reasonably. He now furnishes my parties of Glencoe and Kinlochleven with meal from the stores at Kinloch, which is a great ease to me, as those places lay furthest from this, and I had some difficulty in finding horses to carry it, the people of this place being all at their shielings.

The prices of provisions here are—a calf, 4s. 6d.; a lamb, 1s. 8d.; a wether, 5s.; eggs, 2d. the dozen; sweet milk, 2d. the Scots pint; butter, 6d. per lb.; no cheese as yet.

Sir Robt. Menries has ordered his tenants to bring us in provisions, which they do; and has given us 112 loads of peats.

Report from Capt. WALTER JOHNSTONE, dated Invercomrie, July 13, 1752.

Sir,—Enclosed I send you a report according to your form and order, and Ensign Parry's march with the morning patrol. The men's names taken up by Mr. Stewart and my party, and reported in my last, are—Angus Cameron in Corraganon, Jno. M'Donald in Invercormie, James Forbes in Dunnachine, Angus Cameron and Duncan Kennedy in Arlarick, William Forbes in Carey. The first two, Cameron and M'Donald, are in irons in the prison of Perth. They broke open a house about eight miles some years ago, and one of them had a dirk at the landlord's breast while the other plundered the house, yet before the Sheriff sent up this last warrant they were both living unmolested in the country, although the story was publicly known and the man they robbed alive.

On the 22d June my corporal at Kennachan Bridge took up Robt. Robertson in Bohespick—another of the thieves in the Sheriff's warrant, whom I sent on the 23d to Perth prison. While the corporal was there he took a countryman wearing a plaid in the streets. He carried him before a magistrate, one Bailie Stewart, who committed him immediately.

On the 27th same corporal followed Neil Robertson in Bohespick, another of the thieves (against whom was a warrant), 26 miles, and took him in a shieling near Dalnacdoch. I sent him on the 28th to Perth, and the Sheriff committed him immediately.

Both these last, with Angus Cameron and Duncan Kennedy in Arlarick, have since got out upon bail.

On the 28th of June Colonel Crawford, to whom I had wrote as reported in my last, sent me Allan Cameron and Angus M'Donald. The first, he tells me, was living very quietly within two miles of Fort William, and the other near Fort Augustus. So he sent to Captain Trapaud, at Laggan, to apprehend him, which he did. I sent them both to Perth on the 29th, and it seems they are of consequence, for the Sheriff writes me a letter of thanks for apprehending them.

When the sergeant I sent with Cameron and M'Donald to Perth was passing through Appinadow he took a fellow wearing a blanket in form of a philabeg. He carried him to Perth, but the Sheriff-Substitute did not commit him, because the blanket was not tartan.

On his return he met another of the same kind, so, as he found it needless to carry him before a magistrate, he took the blanket philabeg and cut it in pieces.

Provisions turn more plenty every day, but continue dear. The men of my party are all well.

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Report from Lieut. JAMES HARTLEY, dated Ruthven, July 4, 1752.

Sir,—I herewith send my report and a copy of the resolutions taken by the gentlemen in Badenoch, which they desired me to forward to you. They also made a list of thieves, and chose out a number of the most notorious, a list of whom they have given me in order to apprehend whenever there shall be the least accusation brought against them, and have undertaken to find evidence sufficient against them at least to transport if not to hang them. There is also a list of a second degree of villains, to whom they have agreed and promised on their honour, in a manner almost as binding even to them as an oath, not to give any place of settlement under them, and the third class are to give security for good character for three years to come.

You will see in the report that M'Pherson and William M'Donald, *alias* Gilbrandick, are confined in the gaol here, though your orders are not come for that purpose. It is owing to orders from *Colonel Wolfe*, to whom I showed the information (a copy of which I sent you) when here, and also to the informers petitioning the Justices of the Peace, in compliance with which petition Mr. M'Pherson of Inverreschy granted warrant

against them; which warrant I executed, and they now want the opinion that the lawyers shall give, to whom you referred the information. I sent your letter according to order.

Report from Capt. CHAS. DESCLOUSEAUX, dated Braemar Castle, June 15, 1752.

Sir,—In obedience to your commands, I send you a report of my detachment, with several letters in regard to one M'Pherson, taken up for wearing the Highland dress. I beg you would please to let me know your commands on that head. I have got the plaid. When my corporal was going to take the prisoner before a Justice of the Peace, by my order, the mob rose; on which my corporal secured Allan Coats, and brought him to me to Braemar; on which I sent Ensign Buttler with him to Mr. Gordon, who I was informed was a Justice of the Peace, but he refused acting as not being qualified. One Shaw, a half-laird, who came with my corporal and party to Braemar, has given his note for Coates' appearance. He pretends to say the soldiers were in fault; but by all accounts I can receive, this Shaw was the occasion of the riot, calling to the men in Irish to secure the soldiers; and I now find that this Coates is his servant. I long to know your commands. We want magistrates that will, or dare, exert themselves. This is a nest of rogues and rebels. You may rest assured that neither pains or cost shall be wanting in me to bring any of these vile miscreants to a due obedience of the laws. Wishing you perfect health, I remain, with the greatest esteem and respect.

In a subsequent letter, dated July the 4th, the Captain says:—The two men I admitted to bail were carried before a civil magistrate in a legal way. Ensign Buttler went with the man that was taken up for wearing the Highland dress, before Justice Leith, who, on account of his old age and infirmities, he thought proper to release. As to the other rascal who insulted my corporal in the execution of his duty, Mr. Leith promises that he shall be sent to gaol and punished according to law. All the General's orders have been duly delivered.

P.S.—Enclosed, I send you Mr. M'Nab's note for refusing firing for my sergeant and six men at Spittle, in Glenshee.

Copy of the note signed by Mr. M'Nabb.

I, James M'Nabb, do absolutely refuse to furnish the detachment of one sergeant and six private men, now quartered in Spittle, in Glenshee, with any more firing from this day forward.

JAMES M'NABB, Constable.

His mark.

Copy I. M<sup>c</sup>N.

Report from Captain JOHN SALT, dated Inversnaid, 22d June, 1752.

Sir,—I received Mr. Stewart's letter yesterday morning. I imagined, by the form of the return sent by the Major of Brigade, that there had been no occasion for a regular return till we were acquainted particularly with the country. The weather has been so excessive bad, I have not had it in my power to be so exact as I could wish, but by next return, which will be by the end of the week, I hope to be better acquainted with the country. I was obliged to go by water both to Ruerdinan and Glenfalloch, the flood having been greater than ever was known. Major Coalfield was here a day, and had an opportunity of seeing the water of Snaad. He desired me to report it to you that he would likewise mention it in his, not doubting but there would be an order for laying a bridge over it.

Lieut. Jenkins informs me he was shewed the place for his party by one of Mr. Graham of Donera's servants that he imagined it was Corregrennan. I have made some inquiry about the reason of the parties being either at Blaerarach or Corregrennan, and am informed that it was originally to have been at Comer in the Glen Dow, and a house contracted to be built by the gentlemen of the country. But that when the work

was set about they received a prohibition from the Duke of Montrose's steward, which occasioned it to be placed at Corregrennan. I cannot see any use it is of, either at Blaerarach or Corregrennan, as no stolen cattle can be drove that way but what must be drove by the pass near the Barracks, Stroonelochoer, Achroy, or by Glenfinlas. But the Glen Dow being the resort of a nest of villains, I think it would be of infinite use, as a constant party there would hinder their meetings. Lient. Jenkins informs me likewise that when it rains the house or barn at Blaerarach is little better sheltered than being in the open weather. The barn at Ruerdenan is falling down, and that they have had scarce any firing at all since they came there.

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Report from Capt. CHAS. DESCLOUSEAUX, dated Braemar Castle, Aug. 15, 1752.

Sir,—Mr. Small, of late Lord Lowdon's Regiment of Highlanders, paid me a visit, the purport of which was to inform me that Sergeant Moore (*alias* Cameron) was on a thieving party with seven of his companions, and to advise me to take care of the passes beneath Dee and Sands, which I did accordingly. At his return to Spittle, he sent for my sergeant, and (as we had concerted) advised him to patrol as usual, but to go out afterwards in dead of night, and my patrol was ordered to meet them at the foot of the cairn, which being done, both patrols, with proper guides proceeded to the place suspected. When they came to the cave they crouched in, and found eight persons asleep. Recovering from their surprise they attempted to seize their arms and defend themselves, but my people bound them all prisoners, and brought them to the Castle. I sent them, under the guard of Ensign Buttler and twenty men, to the Sheriff of Forfar. But Mr. Buttler meeting Mr. Sharp and some other gentlemen well affected, advised him to march them to Perth, which he did, and delivered them up to the Sheriff-Substitute, who confined three to gaol, viz., John M'Kenzie, John Stormond, and Duncan Cameron. They had arms and plaids, which were secured. It seems they are all three great rogues, and the first (M'Kenzie) is strongly suspected of some murders. I have my patrols from Dubrach several times, but particularly that night to Patrick M'Gregor's, and other places suspected to be their haunts, but to no purpose. You may rest assured, sir, that I will spare no pains or cost to apprehend the thieves. As my patrols since my last report have been so irregular, you will, I hope, dispense with the usual form of the return, it being impossible for me or the serjeants and men to tell what glens or passes they went over, it being in the dead of night and trusting to the guides appointed.

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Report from Captain JOHN BECKWITH, dated Glen Liongle, [west of Loch Lochy. Inverness-shire] 23<sup>d</sup> August, 1752.

The officer at Tray reported that on the 14th he received information of two robberies committed in his district, by John M'Lellan, at Little Cuiles, in Morrer, of two cows, on the 9th, and the house of Donald Bane M'Donald, at Clookach, on the night of the 12th, broke open, and robbed, by three men in arms and Highland dress, of everything they could carry off. The officer further reported that he divided his people, and those at Cappach and Bogorod, into five parties (going with one of them himself), and taking the several roads, any of which he suspected the thieves were gone. I immediately put the detachments at the head of Loch Arkaig and Glen Dessary in motion, and sent to the captain at Laggon to order his party to keep a look out at the Braes of Glengary, as I know no men rob in this district armed, or in Highland dress, but the M'Phies, and that in those braes is their chief commerce. At the same time, I had Ewen Breck M'Phie brought into me from Glen Dessary. Knowing him to be a man well acquainted with the motions of his thieves tribe, a notorious resetter of stolen cattle and compounder

of theft, I kept him two days in hopes to get sufficient out of him for my purpose. He gave me to understand, that by what he had heard of Duncan Dow, M'Phie's gang had stolen the cattle, but assured me they had no hand in the housebreaking. I then sent him into Fort-William, to the Sheriff-Substitute, who committed him for a late composition in favour of the above gang. The same officer reported, on the 22d, that his parties had been through the hills for two days, without being able to learn anything of the above theft; that he went himself to Clockach to inquire into the robbery, and found that Donald Bane M'Donald gave a wrong information of that affair, and that it was only some of his starving neighbours (as he had reason to believe) had broken into his keeping-room, and pulled down some cheeses, to the value of about ten shillings. The officer at Tray farther reported, that John M'Lellan had not heard of his cattle when he made this last report.

N.B.—M'Lellan's cows were stolen on the 9th, and it was the 14th before he gave information, which put it out of our power to be of any service in the recovery of them.

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Report from Captain A. TRAFALD, dated Laggon-Achadrum, 31st August, 1752.

Sir,—The patrol from the above place, on the 18th, found a Spanish fusil in a cave, much eaten with rust.

The patrol from Strath Cluny, in patrolling to meet that of Glenmoriston, met two men in Strath Lion, on the 20th instant, viz., John M'Coilvic Alister Magrah, John Bainvic, Mugreach Magrah, both tenants of Lord Fortrose, living in Batagan of Kintail. They had each a long fowling-piece. The serjeant brought them prisoners to me. I sent them to the Substitute-Sheriff, at Fort-William, by whom they were tried and sentenced to a fine of fifteen pounds sterling, which they paid.

The 26th inst. the serjeant stationed at Garviemore took up one Donald Buy M'Donald, a reported thief, on an information given him by Donald Campbell, *alias* M'Iwish, living in Strath Massie, that the said Donald Buy had stolen from him, on the 14th instant, a three-year-old wether sheep. The prisoner is sent to Fort-William with the witnesses.

The 25th, a cow was stolen from the braes of Alfareig. The posts of Glenmoriston, Knockfen, and Strath Cluny, were alarmed, and followed the track for several miles. Lieut. Tennant sent a party from Glenmoriston, who remained in Glen Lion all night. The next day the party followed the track; and the next morning the cow was found in the wood at the foot of Loch Cluny, by a herd, as the Glenmoriston party were coming up. It is not known who is the thief.

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Report from Captain WALTER JOHNSTONE, dated Invercomry, Sept. 17, 1752.

Sir,—I hope you will not think it improper to acquaint you that I was told by Cameron of Glen Alves, and his brother Angus, that the Serjeant More had got a forbearance for six weeks. Before this happened, it was hinted to me that he wanted to make his peace; but I did not think that it became me to propose making conditions with so obnoxious a thief as he.

Now that it is found expedient to receive him for a time, I beg leave to say that he might be of the greatest service in bringing to light the whole mystery of thieving and resetting in this country for these many years past, and in time to come, without which, this estate will never be in so good a condition as any in the neighbourhood. For the greatest part of the most notorious offenders live upon it, and when the new act takes place, if they are drove out they will make continual depredations upon the new tenants and all the country, and if they are suffered to remain upon the ground they will reset from the Serjeant Moore and his gang, in such a manner as is hard to be found out, and when found out hard to be proven.



What happened here lately will make this more plain. In my last Serjeant Moore and his gang brought to this country a drove of cattle. They remained here at grass, not three miles from Invercomrie, for a month, and there was not a man in the whole country honest enough to give me the least intelligence of it. Their keepers, the thieves, even lay in the shielings of Invercomrie and Finart, and in lurking places about. Mr. Small, who told me first of this, upbraided the people for not acquainting him of it. They coolly told him, if they had known it, they durst not have revealed it, unless they had been sure that he was able to protect them against the thieves.

Last week, a soldier of my party returning home in the dusk of the evening through a wood, within a mile of this place, spied two men lurking at the foot of a tree. He called to them, upon which they both fled. He pursued them, but lost them in the wood; so he returned to see what they had been doing, and found a hatchet and a little barrel, which he brought to me. As I had heard of their manner of killing stolen cattle, salting them and burying them in the woods, I sent a party to the wood next morning early, guided by the soldier who had seen the men. They found a bullock half flea'd, salt for salting it, and a peat or turf spade to dig a hole with to bury it. I exposed the bullock to all the neighbourhood who were called in, but nobody owned it, so I gave it to the party here, first having it valued, in case it should turn out to be the property of some honest man.

By the spade, which was new, I discovered the thieves, for upon sending for the only smith in the country, he told me he had newly made it and to whom it belonged. So I went and apprehended the owner, who said that the spade had been stolen from him some days before.

Mr. Small was here and Alex. McCooleich Coole came here that forenoon, so I set them to find out the truth, which they did. The thieves were poor creatures, who were in want of bread, and took this bullock and killed it, which they had long seen straying on the hill. As it was their first offence and they were driven to it by pinching hunger, it was suggested to me that, as I could not easily find a proof, for they themselves would not confess, although their friends owned it, that I might make a better use of the accident than trying to hang them, and upon further sounding them I found them willing to save themselves by doing what I proposed. First, that they should find out as soon as possible to whom the drove of cattle which was here in May was disposed of, which will discover the resettlers of the country. Next, that they should put into my hands any of Sergeant Moore's gang, particularly Donald Baan Lean,\* his most constant companion. And lastly, find out who it was that brought the bullock they killed into the country, and from whence it was stolen. All which, or what part is possible, they and their friends have agreed to, and in the meantime have given me sufficient caution for their appearance at any time.

You see, sir, that in case you do not approve of what I have done, I can immediately apprehend the two criminals, but I am of opinion that they will merit their discharge if they perform the condition they have agreed to, more especially as in the end they must become witnesses, which is what none in this country will do, unless when forced to it to save themselves.

It will be reported from Ruthven that one M'Queen near that place has had nine head of cattle stolen from him. I have searched all the grounds of Invercomrie, &c., but to no purpose as yet.

Angus Cameron, one of the twelve men against whom I had a warrant, is just come from Perth. He was tried and acquitted at the bar, to the great surprise of everybody.

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\* This man's name is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in *Waverley*.

Report from Capt. JNO. COOKE, in the King's Regiment, dated Braes of Angus, Sept. 17, 1752.

Sir,—There has none been apprehended for wearing the Highland dress, carrying arms, or stealing cattle since my last. I am informed there are three or four officers in the French service, of the name of Ogilvy, in this neighbourhood; but don't hear they have attempted to enlist men.

Two recovered men joined the command since my last.

Report from Capt. J. BACKWITH, dated Locharkaig, 18th Sept., 1752.

Sir,—The weather has been in general so bad, since my last report, that few of the corresponding patrols have been able to march.

On the 24th of last month, one of my men brought me a man to all appearance in a philabeg, but on close examination I found it to be a woman's petticoat (which answers every end of that part of the Highland dress). I sent him to the Sheriff-Substitute, who dismissed him.

On the 30th of last month, the officer at Strontian reported to me that his serjeant had found in the house of Thomas Glass, carpenter there, two firelocks, and the barrel of a third. He had a permit from one Sir Archibald Grant, once a member of Parliament (but for some misdemeanour expelled the house), to keep in his possession one firelock. I applied to the Sheriff-Substitute at Fort-William, who would not act, giving for reason, that Strontian was in Argyllshire. I immediately wrote to the Sheriff of that county, and have not yet had his answer. The corporal at Bayorot reported that he found in a hill near that place a musket, fusil, and dirk.

On the fifteenth of this month the officer at Glenfinnan sent me two men on suspicion of their being in the French service. They told him they were deserters from the Dutch. I immediately knew their uniform, and went into Fort-William, and examined them before the Sheriff, who found sufficient grounds for committing them. Their names are Donald and Malcolm M'Pherson. With this you have copies of some letters I found upon M'Donald, their own declaration, and what I have been able to learn concerning them.

Report from Capt. A. TRAPAUD, dated Laggan-Achadrum, October 9, 1752.

On the 28th of September, having received intelligence that the famous thief, John Bree Kennedy, was in Glen Glys, 'twixt Nine-Mile Bridge and Glenroy, the party at Nine-Mile Bridge and a party at this post met in said glen, and took Kennedy. The serjeant from this post cut him through the skull in two different places before he could take him. He is now confined in the hospital at Fort-Augustus, and likely soon to recover of his wounds. As soon as he is able to be removed, shall send him to Inverness jail.

The serjeant at Garviemore sent me, the 6th instant, a silver-mounted sword wanting the guard, and a tolerable good fusil, which he reports to have found in the public-house at Garviemore. The man of the house denies his having any knowledge of them, or who they belonged to. At the time the said arms were found, a number of north-country drovers were about the house. It's supposed the arms belonged to them.

Report from Capt. WALTER JOHNSTONE, dated Invercomry, October 16, 1752.

Sir,—According to your permission, I have been temporizing with Serjeant Moore, and have received his general answer, that he is willing to come in. I have sent an-

other message to him, to know what terms he expects, and before the return to it, I hope to receive your positive answer in relation to him, and what terms, or if any, will be granted him. I should not have been so anxious to have this affair ended, if I had seen the least prospect of catching him; but Angus Cameron, Glenalnes's brother, who was actually under promise to Colonel Crawford to deliver him to my hands, seems to despair of doing it, although by it he might save himself from much mischief, which may hereafter fall upon him.

One Fletcher, a drover, tenant in Achalader, claims the bullock which was stolen. I told him that he must pursue me before the Sheriff for the value, which he says he will do. So I expect daily to be summoned, when I will suffer a decret to pass against me, and pay the value of the bullock. This I have told the thieves, who pretend to be very grateful for my screening them, and that they will soon perform their promise to me. I have heard nothing more of Timcastle since his return from Inverary, but I know that Mr. Small is doing all he can to persuade to go on in finding the proofs against the commissary.

From these three things that are to do in this district, all, or perhaps more, of which I may be able to finish during my stay here, let me do what I will, I think it is my duty to represent to you, sir, that it will be necessary to have an officer during the winter, for these among other reasons. Every serjeant is not fit to be trusted with the knowledge or management of these affairs, nor do the people here care to speak upon some subjects to any under the degree of an officer. The most obnoxious outlying thieves cannot stay in the hills in the winter, and must sometimes come to the winter towns, which is the time to catch them, and, as I said before, a person who desires to be concealed will give his intelligence to an officer only.

The only difficulty will be to find firing, about which Mr. Ramsay the factor may be consulted.

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Report from Capt. A. TRAUPAUD, dated Laggan-Achadrum, Oct. 30. 1752.

None taken up for wearing the Highland dress since last report.

In consequence of an information that there were arms in the house of Alex. Grant of Corrimony, in Glen Urquhart, I sent Lieut. Tennant, from Glenmoriston, the 9th inst., with a warrant and constable, who made a strict search in the house, and took from thence two military muskets without locks, a firelock of Lord Loudon's Highland Regiment, and a Highland pistol; and in Corrimony's gardener's house an old pistol and broadsword.

The serjeant stationed at Knockfin apprehended, on Sunday the 15th inst., one Jno. Farquharson, a Popish priest, dressed in all his sacerdotal vestments as he was preaching to above 300 persons in a great barn, at the Bridge of Cannich, in Strathglass. He was brought to me, and I sent him with a party and the witnesses, together with his vestments and all the altar furniture, to the Sheriff of Inverness-shire, who committed him to gaol. The next day he was bailed out. The serjeant ran a great hazard of his life in taking the above priest, as he was disguised, by a small sword and only two soldiers with their bayonets; the people making an attempt to rescue the priest. The serjeant cut a woman over the head, but very slightly.

Having received an information that Alex. Cameron of Glen Ives had a number of arms in his house, I sent, on the 18th instant, Ensign Douglass with a party, constable, and warrant, who took out of his summer dwelling-house a long fowling-piece, and in his winter house two firelocks, a long fowling-piece, and a French firelock, marked "Dragon de portal." The corporal at Glen Strathfurer reports to me that Mr. Grant, deputy factor on late Lovat's estate, sent him word that Andrew Fraser of Incheilar, where the party is quartered, was appointed forrester on the woods of that estate. The corporal says that said Fraser has already stolen more timber than any other person; that in a short time all these woods will be destroyed.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Grant of Corremony, acquainting me that on the 24th instant he had £60 worth of linen stolen from him as it was bleaching near his house. On inquiry who was absent from those parts at that time, find Rory Roy Gory and Nail Gillies Dow, a noted thief, both living in Glen Gory, were absent, and had not been in this glen for these ten days past. I have sent out to try, if possible, to apprehend them.

This day an officer and 20 men of Colonel Borland's regiment, from Fort Augustus, came here to remain till further orders.

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Report from Lieut. W. WRIGHT, of the King's Regiment, dated Corgarf Barracks, Nov. 3, 1752.

Sir,—I thought it my duty to acquaint you that George Forbes, an officer in the French service, returned to his seat at Skeylitter in this neighbourhood about three days since. This gentleman has returned from France to his aforesaid seat for three or four years past very frequently.

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Report from Lieut. JAMES HARTLEY, dated Ruthven, Nov. 5, 1752.

The beginning of the week rained incessantly. The snow fell so thick the latter end as to prevent any patrols marching. The river Spey is so swelled with the snow and rain as to make it impassable even in boats.

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Report from Capt. WALTER JOHNSTONE, dated Invercomry, Nov. 10, 1752.

Sir,—On 28th of last month, Ensign Munro, of Colonel Holme's regiment, arrived here with the detachment under his command. He brought me yours of the 24th of October, with your approbation of my conduct, the continuance of which I shall study to observe.

On Monday the 30th I sent out fourteen of Colonel Holme's men, two to every one of my outposts, with orders to my sergeants and corporals to take them a-patrolling and send them back with reports, and shew them the glens, passes, and country in general.

I gave an account to Mr. Munro of things he would want for his party during the winter, and he wrote to Colonel Holmes, desiring to be supplied with what was necessary, namely £20 to pay for cows to be killed and salted, about the 25th or sooner, the money to be advanced by the regiment and stopped from the men at so much a week during the winter; a butcher to buy and kill under the officers' direction, and who is to remain here as one of the party; a pair of shoes, at least, for each man to be sent up immediately, to be given to the men as they want them, an article necessary even in summer; and what was done by our regiment, but especially in winter. I also wrote to Colonel Holmes at Mr. Munro's desire, and he and I have the Colonel's answer granting everything as demanded. The remaining part of the detachment are quartered here and in Finnart, a little village just by, and are employed in cutting wood for the whole party during the winter. As they much want them and there is but one here, I have bespoke three large hatchets for that purpose.

With these precautions of buying and killing cows, keeping the men in messes, visiting them often, and preventing them going to the whisky-house—all which I have recommended to Mr. Munro, I believe the party will do very well during the winter, and be kept in good health, which ought to be the particular study of an officer, as there is no surgeon nearer than 16 miles. The men will be quartered pretty well in the houses mine were in (for I do not find that it will be necessary to have any men in

the outposts, or indeed possible to convey their meal to them if they were there), and will be kept warm enough by the additional number of blankets Mr. Munro may give them from the stores.

On the 2d of this month, fourteen of the men of my command on the outposts, and a serjeant, corporal, and six men, from this place, marched for Glasgow, according to the route sent me.

What follows is some account of this country, and such remarks and observations as I have been able to make since I came here, according to your orders on the 24th of October.

It is a truth well known, that the inhabitants of Rannoch in general, but especially upon the estate of the late Strowan, are notorious thieves. If there are a few who are not actually concerned in theft, they all know of it, and think nothing so scandalous as informing against thieves, or even acknowledging that they know any of the guilty. This they pretend is for fear of the thieves, who never fail to revenge themselves by plundering the cattle of such as do give the least intelligence; but this is all pretence, for they know they would be protected. It is no great wonder that they are thieves, since from the earliest settlement of the Camerons, M'Donalds, Kennedys, M'Grigors, Robertsons, which are the prevailing names here, thieves have always been protected by the gentlemen of estates, who kept them to join in every rebellion, as the most desperate, most hardy, and most proper to be made officers of, or give lesser commands to, as may be demonstrated by examples here. Most of the inhabitants here—I mean the lower sort—having been in the late rebellion, and also for another reason, to protect them from other thieves, not by force of arms, but by finding out which of their old companions have stolen what is wanting, and so forcing the thieves either to give back what is stolen for such a sum as is agreed upon betwixt them, or threatening them with a prosecution in case they do not. I am afraid it is a maxim amongst some to keep thieves to protect them, and composition is still a constant custom. This being the case, that the inhabitants of this country are all or mostly notorious thieves, it is next to be considered what method is best to root out thieving, and turn the minds of the people to industry. Some say, turn out all the old inhabitants of the estate, late Strowan's, together; and others say, if you do turn them out, you make desperate a set of poor wretches who are not actually offending, and force them to plunder, and so create continual work to yourselves to destroy them; therefore, turn them out by degrees; a family this year, another the next, and every person who commits an act of theft immediately.

The commissioners for putting in execution the new act of Parliament will no doubt pursue such of those methods as they judge the best; so I shall only suggest one thing, which, from what I have been told by good judges, has all the appearance of being a right measure.

The factors on the estates of the late Strowan, Lochgary, Cluny, M'Pherson, and Lochiel, ought to be men of judgment and steadiness, and ought constantly to reside upon the estates, especially upon the estate of late Strowan and Lochiel. Were there two such men upon these estates who corresponded with one another, no thief could be safe; and, indeed, thieving and resetting would soon be at an end; for they might take advantage of that implicit obedience the Highlanders yet pay to their masters or persons set over them, and order such a thief to be caught.

The tenants, when ordered in general, durst not disobey. An example or two of this kind, with a vigorous prosecution upon it the first Circuit Court after, would have a surprising effect.

The factors should be as vigilant to prosecute all resetters and harbourers of thieves. I know not whether there is any law in force against harbourers of thieves, knowing them to be such; but if there is not, I am sure there should be. In the meantime, it ought to be made a forfeiture of a lace (lease) to harbour thieves.

The next thing to be considered is, how to turn the minds of the people to industry. I have heard many proposals how to do it. Some say, make a settlement at the foot of the loch, furnish them with wheels and reels, and set them to work; but the objection

is too strong to be easily got over. Nobody will work until you create a spirit of industry; and it is well known that the people here are so lazy, that rather than repair their houses, though they have wood for the cutting, and brake to thatch with for the pulling, yet they never have them wind or water tight during the winter, and never give themselves the trouble to plant a few greens or roots to eat with what little they have; besides, there never was a factory or settlement for manufactories in Scotland where meal and firing was not plenty and easily had, which is by no means the case here. For meal must be brought from Perth, which is about thirty miles off, and firing is very far from the place proposed for the settlement. In a wet season they get none, or next to none, so starve the winter over wet roots and branches of trees. The knowledge of this, will make it a necessary instruction to the residing factor upon the estate, late Strowan's, to oblige the tenants to repair their houses, bring in their firing in due season, plant a few greens and roots, sow a little lint seed, which, notwithstanding of what is said, can be grown here; and so, if I may so say, by giving them the comfort of warmth, food, and being possessed of a little money, make them by degrees in love with industry. But this is only said upon a supposition that the old tenants are to remain upon the ground, for it is not to be doubted that, if they are turned out, the commissioners will take care that none should be favoured with beneficial leases but such as will make the best use of them, by improving the country and promoting a spirit of industry by their example. Such a period is much to be wished for. For it has given me, and I daresay gives every good subject, pain to see the King's estate in a worse condition, in every respect, than the adjacent ones, whose sheilings, or summer huts, are really better than the winter houses upon this. Upon the whole, it will be found necessary to keep troops upon the estate as well in winter as in summer, till the old race are extirpated by natural death, hanging, or banishment, and the new inhabitants firmly rooted. But it is a discouragement to the officers to find—first, that although the people know that the troops are sent into the country to protect them, and acknowledge the thefts now are but pilfering to what they were before the troops came here, do not care to apply to them, but, on the contrary, conceal thefts from them, choosing rather the old method of composition; secondly, the most notorious malefactors are acquitted and sent up to the country again. Of this sort were John M'Donald and Angus Dow Cameron, two of those I sent to Perth. I am now employed in finding proof against those infamous villains, reported in my last, by Perth. It is surprising that I have letters of thanks and speeches from all hands, yet I find it no easy matter to find a proof such as I would wish for, as Donald Bane Lean is undoubtedly the second thief in the Highlands, and has now been seven years or more in arms on the hills. The other in arms on the hills since last May, and a known thief long before; both great plunderers, taken with arms, powder, ball, &c., with stolen horses in their possession, which I have returned; so I would have the proof so glaring that the judge might examine as few witnesses as they did in the case of M'Coig Oig, lately hanged at Fort-William, which were only four. I therefore sent for Alex. Cameron, from Fort-William, who has pointed out a pretty clear proof; and I have sent expresses to Graham of Gartmore, the Sheriff of Killan, to examine several persons. The Sheriff of Inverness-shire, Douglass, to examine others—returns to all which I hope for this week, that I may finish it and send to Sheriff Richardson, at Perth; and I doubt not, sir, but you will give directions to somebody or other to attend this trial, so that those villains may not escape by any chicane whatever, as an example is most necessary here. I would also wish that they were both hanged at the village of Finnart, on an eminence opposite to the house they were taken in. As soon as I have finished the proof, I shall report and enclose a copy of it. There are now but two outlying thieves, as they are called in this district, viz., Sergeant Moore and John Dow Cameron, brother to Angus Dow Cameron, lately tried and acquitted at Perth; for the two M'Intires, Patrick and John, have retired, and I hope before winter is over Moore and John Dow may both fall into the hands of Mr. Monro.

The country is at present under great apprehensions, for they cannot tell whose turn

it may be next, as Donald Bane's confession may give ground to take up the most of them, either for theft or resetting.

I have not yet found the body of Robinson, the soldier reported lost in the hills. The country people continue in the conjecture that he has fallen into some of the brooks which run into the river Lyon, and been washed away with the floods.

P.S.—I have this moment an answer to my letters to the Sheriff of Killan and Graham of Gartmore. Mr. Graham, who is a Justice of Peace, says he will take a precognition against Donald Bain Lean, who, he says, was the head of a gang in that country took black mail, and did great mischief. He says he is to write to Perth to have him examined, in order to his discovering several persons who corresponded with him. The Sheriff of Killan says he will join me in the prosecution, and that he will send me a precognition against Bain and Dow both, on Wednesday or Thursday next.

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Report of Captain WALTER PRINGLE, of Colonel Holme's Regiment, dated Invernaid, June 27, 1753.

Sir,—According to your order, I visited all the posts within my district, and find each party accommodated and supplied with provisions and necessaries as follows :—The Bridge of Turk very well provided with necessaries, oatmeal, and firing; other provisions yet scarce; but the house where the men are is excessive bad—neither wind or water tight—so that when any rain is, the men are wet in their beds; and have not a chimney to cook their victuals.

The Braes of Glenfalloch well provided with provisions; but the house where the men are is in excessive bad repair, and one side of it quite down. In the least rain the men are wet in their beds. Stronclacher well provided with necessaries, firing, and oatmeal; other provisions yet scarce; but the house neither wind or weather tight.

Achray, Comer in Glendow, Alskly, and Ruerdennan, all well accommodated and provided with necessaries, oatmeal, and firing. The men in the barracks of Invernaid well accommodated and supplied with necessaries, firing, and oatmeal, and malt liquor; other provisions yet scarce. The officers' rooms in the barracks very dirty and damp, and needs whitewashing. The barrackmaster says they have not been washed since he has been there, which is four years.

The boat, which is of infinite service to the garrison, is in bad repair, that it is not fit to be used. I have made a ship-carpenter examine her. She wants a new keel, a plank on each side, four new oars, and a boat-hook. In short, a whole repair. The estimate he gives in for these repairs is £3 15s., but shall proceed no further till I am favoured with your Excellency's orders about it. A mason here says that he will whitewash the officers' rooms for £1 6s., but shall do nothing in it without orders.

By virtue of a warrant of the Justice of Peace for the counties of Perth and Stirling, I have apprehended, and have them now prisoners here, the following persons :—Angus Dow M'Lachlan; John M'Neill, in Knockhill; Alex. M'Grigor, *alias* Little Sandy; Janet M'Farline, his wife; John M'Grigor, son to Little Sandy; Able Colm M'Grigor, also his son; John or Duncan M'Nee, in Lithvivey; John M'Quine; John Graham, a deserter, from Scots Fusileers. The said John M'Quine, upon Friday the 15th instant, stole nine sheep, in Fumery of Kilmarenock, but are recovered since. Mr. Thomas Graham, of Duenaay, writes, that Duncan Oure M'Grigor, also son to the above-named Alex. M'Grigor, contained in one of the warrants, had delivered himself up to him, as a Justice of the Peace, and offers either to enlist as a soldier, or indent to go to any of his Majesty's plantations.

Report from Capt. JOHN BARLOW of the Buffs, dated Vala, North Uist, 30th June, 1753.

Sir,—After many difficulties I have at length settled the several parties under my command, agreeable to the disposition which I had the honour to receive from you. As this has took up much time, I think it my duty to acquaint you with every day's transaction, by which you may understand how impossible it is for me to report so often as my orders direct me to do. I arrived at Bernera with my whole party on the 1st of June, and having quartered them in the neighbourhood of that place, I went to wait on Captain Ferguson, who luckily had arrived there a few days before. After some conversation he told me he intended to sail the next day, if the wind was fair, and desired I would have my party ready to embark as soon as possible. Accordingly the next morning early, having given out the blankets and other utensils, the men were soon shipped on board the ship, brig, and wherry. About three in the afternoon we set sail with a good wind, and that evening landed the party for Egg, and next morning for Canna. On the third we arrived at South Uist, and anchored in Loch Boisdale; and having disposed of that party, Captain Ferguson and I took eight men, and went ashore in order to reconnoitre the country. We marched over bogs and mountains of rock about four miles to Kilbride, and from thence came through the most inhabited part of the island on the western coast, where the country is very flat, of a sandy soil, and affords tolerable pasturage for cattle. The people were at first under some apprehension, and wanted to know what brought us there in time of peace. We told them we wanted arms, but they said they had none, nor indeed did we find any, nor any person in the Highland dress. The whole of this island are Papists. I have got a list of the priests, and am determined to lay hold on them or make them quit the country. I am told they have already done that, upon the first coming of the troops amongst them. We made a circuit of about 15 miles, and then returned to the ship. On the 5th, wind changing about, we set sail again, and passing North Uist we landed the Harriah party at Rowdill. Continuing our course the wind veered about, and, blowing hard, we were obliged to run into Loch Eionard; the weather continuing bad, and blowing hard, we continued in that harbour two days. On the 8th we set sail again with a favourable wind, and anchored safely the same evening in the harbour of Stornoway, and put the party on shore. The next day I put my own party on shore likewise, in order to refresh them and that they might clean their arms, which were but in a bad condition. I halted there two days and waited on Mr. M'Kinzey, who is factor to my Lord Fortrose, where I observed three pieces of brass cannon, the largest carrying a ball of about four pounds, the second about a pound shot, and the smallest half a pound. I spoke to Captain Ferguson about them, and he told me they belonged to Lord Fortrose, and that General Campbell came there in the year 1745, when he was in the country, and as he took no notice of them, I had better not, till he had acquainted you and received your directions. If, therefore, you think it necessary, I shall take them away and send them to Fort-William. I now proposed to march with my party through the whole country, and gave orders to the master of the brig to go round to Rowdill, where I should embark in order to be transported to North Uist. Having, therefore, took leave of Captain Ferguson, to whom I must acknowledge myself under many obligations for his assistance and civility to me and party, I began my march on the 11th, taking Lieutenant Nicholson and 20 of his men with me. We came to Koise, where I left a corporal and four men, as people who travel that country must necessarily pass through that place. It is about six miles the nearest way from Stornoway. We came afterwards to Ballanclan, where I left a sergeant and ten men. There is a ferry, and the town stands at the mouth of Loch, which runs up to Koise. The next day (being the 12th) I marched to Bonneventre, or the Fing House, which stands upon the side of Loch Tarbat. I there found a French firelock, which had been newly oiled and cleaned, without a lock, in a hut where there were but two old women. I asked for the lock, but they told me it had been took away by one Mr. M'Leod, factor to the laird of that name. Not being satisfied with



this answer, I caused the whole house to be searched, and looked into every chest and cupboard, but could find nothing, so I brought the firelock away. This place is about twelve miles from Ballanclan, and twenty-six from Stornoway. The whole country that we marched through is one continued bog, impassable at all times for horses and cows, and the same in the winter for any human creature. On our right hand were inaccessible mountains of rocks of a stupendous height. There are about a thousand families in this part of the country, all Protestants of the Kirk of Scotland. They are all vassals of Lord Fortrose, who is the sole proprietor of this island. Mr. M'Kenzie told me he could raise three thousand men in this country. How far this may be true I know not, but I much doubt the veracity of his assertion. They say they are all well affected to his Majesty and our happy constitution. They have no arms, nor do they at any time wear the Highland dress. What I have seen of them are a poor wretched people, and mere slaves to violence and oppression. From Bonaventure I came part by land and part by water to Loskiner in the Harris. Ensign Airy, the officer commanding here, was upon his rounds. I staid here two or three days to see him, and to inform myself of the country. I was at Mr. M'Leod's house, and was treated very hospitably. He is a man extremely well affected to his present Majesty and his government, and is in all respects, if I may judge from his conversation, a downright honest man. He commanded a company of M'Leods against the rebels in the year 1745.

The day after I arrived at Laaskiner, I received a letter from Lieut. Nicholson, from Stomney, acquainting me he had sent Forkill M'Leod, a Roplah priest, over on board the brig, for being guilty of high treason. The evidence against him have signed the affidavit, and were sworn before Mr. M'Kenzie, chief magistrate of that place. The prisoner, it seems, was drinking with a serjeant and three men of Lieut. Nicholson's party, when he made use of his treasonable expressions, in saying the king was a rebel, and he would prove him so. I have two of the men with me, who, I think, are sufficient to prove the fact. I hope to have the honour of your directions about him.

The whole Harris belongs to the Laird of M'Leod, and has appointed Donald M'Donald bailie or superintendent over all his affairs in it. He was in the late rebellion, and the only one that went out of this country. The poor people live in great subjection under him; and it is said his power is as extensive as his chief's. He had a protection from his laird to carry a firelock, but having two, Mr. Airy took one away. He also found an old firelock and broadsword at Scalpa, belonging to John Campbell, who had formerly been a serjeant in Lord Lowden's regiment, and an old pistol at Bowdie, very rusty, and without a lock. As to the Highland dress, it is quite abolished, for nothing of that kind is to be seen through the Long Island. The people of this country are all of the Kirk of Scotland—not one person that I can hear of dissenting from it. There are about one hundred and fifty or sixty families; and able to carry arms (taking from sixteen to sixty), about three hundred more. There are seven islands comprehended in the country of Harris; Terrensey, Scarp, and Scalpa are for the most part rocky and barren. Bernora, Erisaig, Dabby, and Killogrog are altogether tolerably fertile, particularly Bernora, which is the place where the bailie resides. There are many other smaller isles uninhabited.

From Lochaskiner I marched to Rowdill, where I waited several days, and could hear nothing of the brig. At last the master sent me a letter overland, by his pilot, acquainting me he had done all in his power to make the harbour of Rowdill, but could not do it; and that he lay in Fin's Bay, unable to move until the wind changed. By this time my party began to suffer very much for want of provisions, meal particularly, as none could be got at that place; and as to my own part, I thought I should be eat up with rats and lice. In this miserable situation I was obliged to hire an old leaky boat to transport myself and party to the ship in Fin's Bay; and, thanks to Providence, we got all safe there, which was a seasonable relief to the poor fellows. We continued wind bound four days longer before the wind shifted, and we were able to sail; and in that time had terrible storms of rain, hail, and snow. It was very astonishing to me to see such weather in the month of June, who had never seen the like. On the 24th, after having

waited nine days for the ships and a fair wind, we sailed, and that evening anchored in Loch Maddy. On the 25th I marched to Valla, going part by water and part by land, about 14 miles; halted one day, the 26th. On the 27th I marched round by the coast of Carinish, about 12 miles; from thence to the Island of Ballishar back, and so over the moor to Valla. This country belongs to Sir James M'Donald, and, to appearance, by much the best country of the whole Long Island that I have seen. The west side of this country only is inhabited. The soil is sandy, and in a wet season it produces plenty of corn and grass. It lies very low and flat towards the sea, but higher towards the east are many bogs and mountains. The people are very civil, and hitherto I have had no complaints. They are all Presbyterians, and very well affected to his Majesty King George and his family. For they say that the late Sir Alex. M'Donald desired them with his last breath, to be faithful and obedient, to whose memory I find they pay great veneration. He took away all their arms in the year 1746, which were restored to the Government; since which they have had none amongst them.

This island is reckoned to be about twenty computed miles round, and contains between two and three hundred families. There is a linen manufactory established amongst them, which at present is but in its infancy. If it succeeds, it will be a means to turn the genius of the people from arms and licentiousness to trade and industry. They yearly make great sums of money by their kelp. I have hitherto but a superficial view of this part of the country, as I have been but a short time in it, but hope soon to give you a more satisfactory account of the whole.

As I have heard nothing about the parties at Egg and Canna, I shall go thither as soon as the wind serves, but at the present it is directly against. I should likewise visit all the islands lying in these parts; but in order to do this, I ought to have a wherry; for the "Eliza" brig, which I have now with me, is too large for those western seas, and not fit for the purpose. There are no harbours on this coast fit for a vessel of her burthen, so that, if a squall of wind should come on, which is often the case even in summer, she must be inevitably lost. Captain Ferguson can best acquaint you with the advantages that would arise from having a wherry preferably to that of having a brig—who will, I suppose, see you soon at Edinburgh.

I am now waiting for a fair wind to transport me to Egg and Canna, and as soon as possible I can return I shall do myself the honour to write to you again, and acquaint you with what I have done further. In the meantime, I sincerely wish the continuance of your health, and am with all due respect, sir, &c.

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Report from Capt. CHARLES ERSKINE, in Lieut.-General Anstruther's Regiment,  
dated Inversnaid, July 5, 1755.

There has nothing extraordinary happened since my last, of June 18. But I beg leave to observe that the troops suffer greatly by the exorbitant price of provisions all over this district—milk and butter being as dear as in London, and fowls double the price of what they are sold for at Stirling, Perth, and other such places. The price of eggs and cheese, and of all butcher meat, raised about a fourth of what was in 1752, *when the King's Road was a making from Tarbot, on Lochlomond, to Fort-William.*

All the rivers in this district are fordable through the year, except when swelled with excessive rains or the melting of snow.

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Report from Capt. Lieut. GEORGE SEMPILL, in Lord George Beauclerk's Regiment,  
dated Locharkaig, Oct. 13, 1755.

I have a report from the officer commanding in North and South Morer, that the inhabitants of those countries begin to wear instead of breeches, stuff trousers, much after the form of those that seamen use, but not longer than the kilt or philabeg. I

am at a loss whether to look upon that as part of the Highland dress, and take notice of such people as offenders against the law.

Nothing else extraordinary has happened in this district since last report.

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Report from Captain CHARLES ERSKINE, dated Inversnaid, Oct. 11, 1755.

The several patrols have gone duly according to orders; and nothing extraordinary has happened on those rounds.

Two additional masons and one carpenter came here on the 6th instant, and continue working on the barrack; and yesterday three slaters came to repair the roof.

The winds here have been so excessively violent within these ten days past, that the barrack at Comer, in Glendow, is almost demolished; for the repairing of which I have applied to Mr. Grahame, the Duke of Montrose's land-steward. And two sentry boxes, though standing below in the area of the barrack square, have been blown down, and shattered to pieces, which I will endeavour to get repaired, so as to hold out this winter, if possible.

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\*.\* [The names of many places given in the preceding reports must appear exceedingly obscure to those versant in Highland topography. An attempt was made to reconcile them with the various modern localities in the districts reported upon, but the effort was given up as impracticable. The Celtic nomenclature evidently puzzled the English officers by whom these reports were prepared, and they wrote names by the sound, irrespective of the genuine orthography. Various places are also mentioned as "towns" and "villages" which may have been mere hamlets, and have in all likelihood long since passed away. No other course was left, therefore, than that of following as closely as possible the MS. in which these ancient military reports are embodied.—EDITOR.]

## II.

Loose Memoranda on Glasgow Subjects.—The Broomielaw and its Environs, &c., of old—Robert Dreghorn, of Ruchill, ("Bob Dragon.")

By SENEX.

[The following communication from SENEX came to hand after the preceding portion of his "Reminiscences" had been printed off. It is necessarily now placed in the Appendix.]

HAVING wandered away in my last from the Broomielaw and got nearly bewildered in my digressions, I must now set out again at the place where I first commenced my rambles, viz., at the "Auld Brig o' Glasgow." At the same time, as it has been said that men frequently are best pleased when they are entertained with things of small importance, I assume that this is the opinion of your readers, and therefore intend in this article, by way of variety, to step a little aside from antiquarian notices, and to give them, *en passant*, a specimen of the small talk, or tittle-tattle of old times.

The old house which stood at the south-west corner of Stockwell Street and Great Clyde Street, was rather a remarkable building in appearance, with its antique Flemish gable facing the river. It has lately been taken down, and replaced by a modern erec-

tion. Mr. Stuart has given us a view of it in his late publication, page 55; and he says, "we have heard it stated that this was antiently known as the Custom-House." I think, however, upon reflection, that it was not the Government Custom-House, but merely the place where the burgh's dues, or the "common good of the city," as they were called, were collected. It was situated close to the West Port, and was convenient for receiving an egg out of each basket of eggs, and a bawbee for every barrel of sour milk that crossed the bridge. Its situation also was well adapted for collecting the bawbee for "ilk sax score o' herrings,"—for taking the heaped ladle, or 40th part out of every lot of apples,—and for exacting the halfpenny per stone for all home-made kibboes that might happen to arrive by water at the brig, or at St. Enoch's Burn Harbour.\*

It is evident from the MS. of Thomas Tucker, who was sent to Scotland by Oliver Cromwell, in 1656, to report upon the revenues and excise there, that the Custom-House dues of import into Clyde were collected at the lower ports of the river; for he says that no vessels of any burden could come nearer to Glasgow than fourteen miles, *where they unloaded*, and sent up all commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles of three, four, five, and none above six tons a boat. Mr. Tucker mentions nothing regarding customs being received at the Broomielaw Harbour or at the Old Bridge; I therefore conclude that none were collected there on Government account, and this the more especially seeing that our ancient burgh records take no notice of his Majesty's customs having been paid at the Old Bridge. As I mentioned in a former article, the Broomielaw Harbour was a mere pendicle to Port-Glasgow and Greenock, till the year 1780, as is shown by the following notice:—"Glasgow Mercury, 18th May, 1780.—Yesterday, sixty tierces of French brandy were discharged at the Broomielaw, out of the Triton, Thomas Martindale, master, from Dublin, for which the duties were paid at the Custom-House and Excise-Office in this city, being the first importation at this place." (The Triton was a schooner belonging to William Cunningham, Esq.)

This was the first entry which was made at our Custom-House, after the Broomielaw had become an independent port of Clyde; and it may be observed, that at this time the Custom-House and Excise-Office of Glasgow were located in the same building, and most probably under the same management.† Although, in 1780, the deepening of the river Clyde had been the means of the Broomielaw becoming an independent port for collecting Government customs, nevertheless, another circumstance, which took place shortly before this period, tended greatly to accelerate the measure, and to show the necessity for a regular Custom-House being established in Glasgow: this was the opening of the Forth and Clyde Canal, by which the trade of the east coast was brought within two miles of our city. The following notices will show the first arrivals at Glasgow by this inland navigation:—"Scots Magazine, 1775, page 54.—Edinburgh, 14th January, 1775.—It is with pleasure that we can inform the public that the Great Canal is filled with five feet of water to the Stockingfield (within two miles of Glasgow); and on Friday se'ennight a vessel arrived there from Kirkintilloch with goods." *Scots Magazine*, 1775, page 461.—"In the Edinburgh papers of June 10th, notice was given that a vessel then lay at Leith, taking in goods for Glasgow, to be discharged at the Stockingfield; that the vessel was to go constantly in trade between Leith and Glasgow. The freight of heavy goods to be 12s. per tun, lock dues included; and light goods to be reckoned at eight barrels to the tun, which is about one-half of the cost by land-carriage; and that the vessel may go and return in eight or ten days. This great work was begun on the 10th of June, 1768."

\* In the view of Glasgow drawn by Captain Slezar, of the Artillery, in the reign of King Charles II., there is seen two small vessels lying at the mouth of St. Enoch's Burn, and five persons passing along the bridge; but no carts or carriages.

† The Excise-Office was then situated in the High Street, at the mouth of the Old Vennel.

It is singular that in 1780, when Glasgow was first made an independent port, with its own collector and Custom-House officers, that Stockingfield (then the west end of the Great Canal) was a more important harbour, as regarded customs, than the Broomielaw, as the following notice (before-mentioned) abundantly shows:—"On the 17th of May, 1780, the Triton, Martindale, from Dublin, discharged her cargo at the Broomielaw, being the first foreign vessel that made an entry at our Custom-House." In the same newspaper (viz., the *Glasgow Mercury*, 18th May, 1780) which gives us this information, the following arrivals are announced at Stockingfield:—"Arrived at the west end of the canal—The Glasgow, Shaw, Bon-ness, wood, &c.; Industry, Duna, Bon-ness, pease, &c.; Jean, Fyfe, Leith, hemp and wine, wood, &c.; Lighter No. 1st, Mitchell, Carron, cast-metal; Success, Ferrier, Leith, wine and goods; and seven vessels from sea-lock, with goods, grain, flour, wood, &c."

From the 18th of May, 1780, till the 17th of August of the same year (a period of three months) there appears to have been no foreign arrival at the Broomielaw, but on the last mentioned day the following arrival is announced:—"Friday last arrived at the Broomielaw, the Peggy, Lamont, from the Isle of Man, with flax and ashes." This was the second foreign arrival at Glasgow since it had become an independent port of Clyde. The same newspaper, however, gives us a list of no less than twenty-one arrivals at Stockingfield in the course of the week, when the Peggy, Lamont, discharged her cargo at the Broomielaw. Indeed the regular arrivals at Stockingfield at the west end of the Great Canal, appear to have averaged about twenty vessels weekly during the three months which intervened between the arrival of the Triton and the Peggy, thus showing that Stockingfield was then a superior port to the Broomielaw, and that in all likelihood its prosperity in a considerable degree had been the means of inducing Government to make Glasgow an independent port of Clyde, with its regular staff of collector and custom-house officers, and no longer a mere pendicle of Port-Glasgow and Greenock.

I cannot recollect the exact date when the Custom-House was first established at the Broomielaw; but I remember of its being situated there soon after the year 1780, being the year when our harbour became an independent port. The first act of Parliament authorising the collection of river dues upon the Clyde was passed in 1770, when Golbourne's improvements commenced; but before the said year 1770 it was only the harbour or anchor dues of one penny per ton register that were collected at the Broomielaw. I remember in my early days of an old gentleman saying, that when he was a young man he was collector of the Broomielaw harbour dues shortly before the act of Parliament of 1770 was passed, and he said that his collections never exceeded, and seldom amounted to, fifty pounds annually, while he was collector. To the best of my recollection he also stated that his salary as collector was only some fifteen pounds per annum, or about six shillings per week.

Previously to the year 1768, when the Jamaica Street Bridge was erected, the river Clyde was navigable for small craft up to Rutherglen, where there was a jetty or landing quay, the remains of which still exist. The late Mr. Alexander Norris of the Greenhead informed me, that in his younger days he had frequently seen vessels sailing up the river to Rutherglen, and passing under the arches of the Old Bridge—(the Rutherglen Bridge was not then built). These vessels were mostly Highland boats loaded with herrings, ling fish, eggs, and farm produce; and sometimes there were, at that period, more vessels lying at the harbour of Rutherglen than at the Broomielaw; which, by the by, was not very wonderful, seeing that I once saw the Broomielaw harbour with only a single gabbert lying at it.

It is a most singular circumstance that the magistrates of Rutherglen never interfered, or threw any obstacles in the way of the magistrates of Glasgow, when the latter were improving the navigation of the Clyde, solely for the benefit of Glasgow, up as far as the Broomielaw; to the total neglect, or rather to the extinction of the upper navigation. As I mentioned in a former article, this supineness on the part of the magistrates of Rutherglen, had probably arisen from great discord having taken place in the council

of that burgh, at the the time in question, regarding certain rights of voting for magistrates and councillors, which had divided the Rutherglen crafts and people into two violent parties, and had excluded their attention from almost every other matter affecting the burgh.

The magistrates of Renfrew had no great interest in opposing the magistrates of Glasgow in their various schemes of improving the navigation of the river Clyde; and I am not aware that this, our neighbouring burgh, ever gave us any serious trouble in Parliament on the subject. It was very different, however, with the magistrates and Town Council of the burgh of Dumbarton. This burgh, for a long period, appears to have been governed by a succession of very clever and energetic magistrates, who looked very sharply after the proceedings of the magistrates of Glasgow, in so far as the river Clyde was concerned; and they appeared in Parliament as opponents, in some shape or another, against almost every bill which the magistrates of Glasgow introduced there for improving the river navigation. On some occasions they were eminently successful, as in the case of the Dumbarton job, as it was called, the effects of which are felt by our River Trustees to this day.

Seeing the mighty changes that have taken place at the Broomielaw in my own time, and the likelihood of extensive docks and other large shipping accommodation being now about to be provided for vessels of the largest class; it is curious to look back 250 years, at a very important law suit, which took place between the magistrates of Glasgow and the magistrates of Dumbarton, about anchorage dues. I am not aware that any of our Glasgow historians have taken notice of this law suit, although it forms a remarkable circumstance in the history of the Broomielaw harbour. From the report of Thomas Tucker, in 1656, before mentioned, it will be seen that "no vessels of any burden could come nearer to Glasgow than 14 miles, where they unladed, and sent up all commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles, &c." It appears, however, that towards the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, a stray Irish or sea-going vessel had now and then managed to come up to the Broomielaw, without discharging any part of its cargo while in the river or at Dumbarton.

Although these vessels had not dropped anchor till their arrival at the Broomielaw, nevertheless, the magistrates of Dumbarton charged anchorage dues against them, and insisted that "*every vessel coming into Clyde should make their entries at Dumbarton, and that they should pay anchorage dues for all ships anchoring in the river Clyde.*" This sweeping claim was resisted by the magistrates of Glasgow, in consequence of which a law suit took place between the two burghs, before the Court of Session, about the year 1609; which, after a keen litigation, was decided in favour of the magistrates of Glasgow, in 1616.

Notwithstanding of the decision of the Court of Session in favour of Glasgow, the magistrates of Dumbarton still continued to charge anchorage dues upon all vessels entering the Clyde. They appear to have thought that the decision of the Court of Session had reference merely to the question then in dispute, and that it did not settle the general principle as to the rights of the burgh of Dumbarton to charge anchorage dues against every sea-going vessel which entered the river Clyde. Continual bickerings appear to have taken place between the magistrates of the two burghs, regarding anchorage dues, for the next fifty years; and in some instances, anchorage dues seem inadvertently to have been paid by Glasgow merchants to the burgh of Dumbarton, although no part of the cargo of the vessel had been discharged before her arrival at the Broomielaw.

The claim of the magistrates of Dumbarton to exact anchorage dues upon all vessels entering the Clyde was again disputed by the magistrates of Glasgow about the year 1637, and the question a second time came to be decided by the Court of Session. In the course of this action a very curious circumstance is mentioned, which is worthy of being recorded in the history of the Broomielaw harbour, viz., that from the year 1616 till the year 1657 the average number of sea-going vessels, which came directly up the Clyde to the Broomielaw without unlading, was only *one* in each year.

In support of the claim of Dumbarton to levy anchorage dues upon all sea-going vessels which entered the Clyde, the magistrates of that burgh produced in court their original charter, showing that Dumbarton was a more ancient burgh than Glasgow, and had from time immemorial levied anchorage dues upon all Glasgow vessels coming into Clyde. They denied that the former action of 1609 took away their general right to levy anchorage dues upon all vessels entering the Clyde, and they pleaded that the Glasgow merchants had repeatedly paid anchorage dues to Dumbarton subsequently to the decree of Court in favour of Glasgow in 1616. On the other hand the magistrates of Glasgow produced a charter in favour of their city from King William the Lion, by which, *inter alia*, it is declared that "they shall hold a burgh at Glasgow (with a weekly market upon Thursday) fully and freely, with all freedoms, liberties, and customs which any of my burghs throughout the whole of my kingdom enjoy." The magistrates of Glasgow further pleaded "prescription," and that no regular or acknowledged anchor dues had been paid by Glasgow merchants to Dumbarton for vessels coming directly to the Broomielaw without unloading since the year 1616. Lastly, they pleaded that Glasgow was an independent burgh, as much so as Dumbarton, and that the latter had no right to exact anchor dues from Glasgow as being an inferior or dependent burgh. The Court of Session in the year 1666 gave decree in favour of the city of Glasgow, thereby establishing its right, as an independent burgh—(See *Dictionary of Decisions*, 6th Feb., 1666; *Dict.* 10,909 and 10,911; *Sup.* i. 491; also "Prescription" to levy anchorage dues, *Glasgow v. Dumbarton*—1628).

It appears from *Dr. Cleland's Annals*, vol. i., p. 18, that the citizens of Glasgow, towards the middle of the 17th century, being sensible of the want of a sufficient depth of water at the Broomielaw, resolved to have a port nearer the mouth of the Clyde; and accordingly they proposed to make an extensive harbour at Dumbarton, but were opposed by the magistrates of that burgh on the ground that the great influx of mariners and others would raise the price of provisions to the inhabitants. The magistrates of Glasgow being disappointed in this project, turned their attention to the other side of the river, and in the year 1662 purchased 13 acres of ground from Sir Robt. Maxwell, and there formed the present harbour of Port-Glasgow. All our Glasgow historians have endeavoured to throw ridicule upon the magistrates of Dumbarton on account of the absurd reason which they gave for refusing the proposal of the magistrates of Glasgow, and even down to this day it is currently believed by our citizens that the answer of the magistrates of Dumbarton on this occasion embodied the true and efficient cause of their refusal; but if we examine dates we shall find that at this time the magistrates of the two burghs were at angry conflict before the Court of Session about anchor dues, and it appears plain enough that if the magistrates of Glasgow had succeeded in their plan of making a Glasgow harbour at Dumbarton, there would have been an end of the monopoly claimed by Dumbarton of levying anchor dues upon all vessels entering the Clyde. The reason given by the magistrates of Dumbarton for refusing to entertain the proposals of the magistrates of Glasgow, must therefore be considered as having been merely a blind, or polite manner of denial to the proposal of the latter, and that the real reason was a fear lest the proposed harbour would injure the rights of their burgh regarding anchor dues, and might ultimately swamp the port of Dumbarton altogether.

After our harbour became an independent port, in 1780, the Custom-House then appears to have been removed from the Excise-Office, and taken to a building on the lands of Smithfield, nearly opposite to Oswald Street; and many of your elderly readers may probably recollect of a small house standing upon the Broomielaw Quay, opposite the Custom-House, with a ponderous set of triangles before it, and a large lot of rusty iron weights lying along side of the same, to ensure justice being done to his Majesty. In examining Barrie's map of Glasgow, of 1775; and Fleming's map of our city, in 1779, we do not find any notice taken of the above-mentioned small house standing on the Broomielaw Quay; but on referring to the map of Glasgow, of 1783, as published in *Stuart's Views*, we see it there laid down; I, therefore, conclude that it was erected

soon after the year 1780, in connection with the Custom-House of Smithfield; the Broomielaw then, as before stated, having become an independent port of Clyde. The Custom-House was removed from the above mentioned locality to the west side of St. Enoch Square; and, latterly, to its present site in Great Clyde Street, formerly the site of the bottle work; but these changes having taken place in times so recent, that most of your readers must remember them. I shall, therefore, say nothing further at present on that subject.

It appears from the following advertisement, that the antique house at the corner of Stockwell, which Mr. Staurt thought had been, in former times, the Glasgow Custom-House, belonged, of old, to one Matthew Brown; and that, in the year 1758, the whole space between the Stockwell and the Town's Hospital was then vacant ground, and formed part of the old Green or Great Western Common. *Glasgow Journal*, 30th Oct., 1758.—“There is to be exposed to public sale, &c., all and hail that tenement of land, high and laigh, back and fore, with the pertinents, lying on the west side of the Stockwell Street of Glasgow; bounded betwixt the lands formerly of Matthew Brown on the south, the lands of the deceased Francis Stevenson, wright, on the north, the old Green on the west, and the High Street on the east parts.” In my younger days, the property next to this old building on the west, belonged to Bailie William Craig, of the Water Port; on which stood a very handsome mansion house, with Doric pillars in front. Mr. James Morrison, of the firm of King and Morrison, purchased Mr. Craig's property, and erected upon it the present four-storey tenement. Mr. Craig's house was built in the year 1736, and was the first private dwelling erected in Great Clyde Street; the only other buildings then in the street being the Town's Hospital, built, by subscription, in 1732 (the magistrates making a present of the ground); and the bottle-work, established in the year 1730. Mr. John Craig, Bailie Craig's son, was considered one of our leading connoisseurs in the fine arts; played upon the fiddle at the subscription concerts; had made a visit to Italy; and what was then a rare accomplishment in Glasgow, he could speak a little Italian. He was the architect who designed the Surgeons' Hall and Public Grammar School. As I have taken notice of Bailie William Craig in a former article, I shall now pass him over.

The house on the west, immediately adjoining Mr. Craig's property, belonged to Robert Dreghorn, Esquire, of Ruchill, and is now occupied by Mr. William Smith, as a cabinet warehouse. It was built very shortly after Mr. Craig's house was erected.

The Dreghorns are not a very ancient Glasgow family: none of that name appearing in the annals of our city, earlier than the time of Robert Dreghorn, the elder, who was Deacon of the Incorporation of Wrights, in 1724, 25, 28, 31, 35, and 1740. He is said to have been concerned in working the Govan coal, in 1714. His death is thus announced in the *Scots' Magazine* of 1760—9th December—“died at Glasgow, Mr. Robert Dreghorn, merchant in that city.” Mr. Robert Dreghorn, the elder, was succeeded by his son, Allan Dreghorn, bailie of Glasgow in 1741, who built the mansion house in question; and was the first person in our city who kept a private four-wheeled carriage. This machine was built, in 1752, by his own journeymen carpenters, and was probably a very rough affair. Mr. Allan Dreghorn's death is noticed as follows, in the *Glasgow Journal* of 25th October, 1764, “on Friday last, died at his seat in the country (Ruchill), Allan Dreghorn, Esquire, an eminent merchant of this city.” He thus survived his father, Robert Dreghorn, only about four years.

Mr. Allan Dreghorn was a partner in the Smithfield Iron Works, in conjunction with Bailie John Craig, and Robert Luke, goldsmith. The present Oswald Street occupies part of the grounds which belonged to the Smithfield Company. In addition to his timber trade, Mr. Dreghorn joined that of lead merchant and plumber. *Glasgow Journal*, 24th July, 1766.—“The copartnery betwixt Dreghorn and Bogle being dissolved by the death of Mr. Dreghorn, all parties owing them are desired to pay James Hill in Glasgow. The timber trade is continued by Michael Bogle and Scott, who hope to serve their employers as well as ever. They also deal in lead and lead work, and furnish wrights and plumbers for town and country.” After the death of Mr. Bogle, the busi-



ness was continued by Scott and Lawrie; and upon the death of Mr. Lawrie, Mr. Allan Scott carried on the concern in his own name, and was succeeded by his son, James Scott, who sold the whole property (where the timber-yard was situated) about 40 years ago; and on the front part of which the Roman Catholic Chapel, Great Clyde Street, was erected in the year 1816.

Mr. Allan Dreghorn was succeeded by his son, the eccentric Robert Dreghorn, Esquire of Ruchill. This last named gentleman was said to have been the ugliest man in Glasgow, and also the most profligate debauchee of his time. I must confess, however, that, in my opinion, both his personal defects and his libertine character have been considerably misrepresented and grossly exaggerated. It is true that the small-pox had made sad havoc on Mr. Dreghorn's countenance, for they had deprived him of an eye, and had made his nose to lie flat upon his face; some of the *pock-pits* upon his cheeks were as large as threepenny pieces; his figure, however, was good, he was rather above the middle height, erect, and with a gentle inward bend in the small of his back, which gave him a fashionable appearance. He dressed generally in a single breasted coat, which reached below his knees; his hair was powdered, and his queue, or pig-tail, was ornamented with a bow of black ribbon. He always walked the streets with a cane in his hand, which he sometimes used very unceremoniously against vagrant boys. With regard to this gentleman's profligacy, I believe that there are many individuals at present in Glasgow more profligate than Robert Dreghorn ever was, but they conceal what they call their peccadillos as much as possible; whereas Mr. Dreghorn, by his undisguised behaviour, seemed to take delight in acquiring the character of an open rake. He had no resources of amusement within himself, possessed no literary taste, and paid little attention to the manly sports of the times. I never saw him at our public or amateur concerts, or at any of our dancing assemblies. I cannot say that I ever remember of his having been known to take up a newspaper to read in the Tontine Coffee Room, during any part of the sixty-two years that I subscribed to that institution. I believe that he was not even a subscriber to the room for many years prior to his death. Mr. Dreghorn, however, kept horses, and very early in life was a member of the Glasgow Hunt; but in my juvenile days he had given up following the hounds, and the whole of his equestrian exercise seemed then to have been a sober ride from his house in Great Clyde Street, to his country mansion of Ruchill, with a man-servant riding behind him. His horses were kept at grass on the lands of Ruchill, and were occasionally used in farm work. A Glasgow merchant, who married a knight's daughter, and purchased a tobacco lord's landed estate, is said to have been in Mr. Dreghorn's service in early life. Mr. Dreghorn appeared to me to have had only one source of amusement, and this he pursued unremittingly, in the open face of day, and in the presence of hundreds of people who were looking on and laughing at him. He possessed a great share of curiosity; and it was his daily practice, and almost his sole delight, to perambulate our streets; but more particularly the Trongate and Argyll Street; and if he saw a good looking maid-servant or factory girl passing along with a basket or bundle in her hand, he instantly wheeled about and followed her closely, to see where she was going; but if, in the course of this female chase, he happened to meet another damsel whom he thought handsomer, he again wheeled about and went in pursuit of this new flame, to see where her domicile was; and so he went on in succession, from hour to hour, upon our public streets. In fact, his daily amusement was to follow every handsome working female that took his fancy in the course of his strolls, in order to find out where she lived, and what was her business out of doors. Mr. Dreghorn saw quite well that the passengers on the streets were looking after his motions and laughing at him, but this gave him no concern; on the contrary, he appeared to court this sort of notoriety. Mr. Dreghorn occasionally spoke to the females whom he was following; nevertheless, if they remained silent, he never in any respect behaved rudely or unpolitely to them, but always in a good humoured manner. In truth, the generality of girls whom he followed, seemed to take it rather as a compliment to have attracted Mr. Dreghorn's attention; and much joking and fun took place among themselves, in telling how Bob Dragon had followed them

home. Mr. Dreghorn's female hunting propensity, however, was quite general, for I never heard of his having selected any girl in particular for his *chère amie*; but, on the contrary, changed the object of his pursuit every day. In fact, his conduct appeared to me to have arisen from a vacancy of mind, and from the want of something to amuse and interest him. Although he had numerous speaking acquaintances (as we call them) among the gay young men of our city; nevertheless, he had no intimate companions; in short, he perambulated our streets, day by day, a solitary man. Notwithstanding of all that has been reported of Mr. Dreghorn's profligacy, I never heard of his having seduced any virtuous girl, or of his having annoyed any respectable female by importunity. And I hold that his strange conduct in following, indiscriminately good-looking females on our streets, arose from a sort of eccentric mania, which he found difficult to resist: and this morbid state of his mind appears to have been fully confirmed by the melancholy circumstances which attended his death, about the year 1806. It is well known that he perished by his own hand; a striking instance that wealth, and the possession of worldly comforts, do not alone confer happiness.

Mr. Dreghorn looked very sharply after money matters, was what we call a close-fisted man, and rather a severe landlord, as the following case will show. In the year 1770, when a young man he had let a farm of fifty-two acres to a person of the name of William Kerr at the annual rent of fifty pounds. Previously to becoming farmer Kerr had been merely a servant, in which capacity he had saved about £100; but he had a wife and eight children to maintain when he entered upon the lease of the said farm. Mr. Dreghorn soon saw that the profits of this small farm would not be sufficient to maintain Kerr and his large family; he therefore took early steps to secure his rent, and before the first year's rent was paid he threw Kerr into prison, where he was kept for some time; but Kerr having borrowed a sum of £28 from one King, a baker in Paisley, he then satisfied Mr. Dreghorn's demand, and in 1773 he got out of prison. Soon afterwards five acres of Kerr's best grounds were taken possession of and occupied by the Forth and Clyde Canal, which ran through the middle of Kerr's farm and separated it into two parts, thereby obliging him to keep extra servants and instruments of husbandry, otherwise he could not have received any benefit from the ground so cut off. Kerr, after struggling for a few years, found himself still going back in the world, and then twice offered to give up his lease, which offers, however, were refused by Mr. Dreghorn. Kerr's rent having again become in arrear, Mr. Dreghorn in 1778 pointed the whole of Kerr's farm, effects, and household furniture, and for the second time cast the poor man into prison, not leaving a rag or bit of coal behind in the house. Kerr now sought relief by a process of *cessio bonorum*, in the course of which it appeared that Mr. Dreghorn was the sole creditor for about £150, and that Kerr did not owe a sixpence to any other person. Mr. Dreghorn, however, opposed the process of *cessio bonorum*, and carried his opposition to the Court of Session, no doubt thinking that the expenses of the process would be beyond the means of Kerr. In this, however, Mr. Dreghorn was mistaken, for Kerr obtained his discharge in 1779. Mr. Dreghorn was thought to have acted very harshly on this occasion, but he believed that Kerr, in order to disappoint him of his debt, had given unjust preferences to other creditors, in particular by paying Hugh King, baker in Paisley, the sum of £28. Mr. Dreghorn further charged Kerr with having killed and sold to a fletcher the best cow in the byre, after the whole cattle and stocking on the farm had been sequestered. To these charges Kerr answered that the payment to H. King of the sum of £28 was on account of borrowed money, lent by King to relieve him (Kerr) from prison in 1773, and that Mr. Dreghorn himself had received the money that was so borrowed; and as to the cow, that it belonged to his son, who had bought it in the public market for fifty shillings two months before the sequestration in question. Kerr also stated that the price received for the carcase of the cow had been all applied in preventing his family from starving.

Mr. Dreghorn towards the close of his life was generally reported among the working classes to be one of the richest men in Glasgow, his property being then estimated

by them at £70,000. At this time 10s. per week were considered fair wages for a workman, and I have heard operatives exclaiming in terms of wonder and astonishment, "Goodness preserve us! only think of Bob Dragon having an income of £10 a-day!" The comparison between 10s. per week earned by a hard-working operative with a family, and £10 per day coming in to an idle single man could not have failed to have been exceedingly striking in the eyes of the lower classes.

Although Mr. Dreghorn, at the close of his life, must have been possessed of considerable wealth, inherited by him through his father, and greatly increased by accumulation, and the general rise on the value of heritable property, nevertheless, the amount of his riches appears to have been greatly exaggerated, and at present he would have ranked only in the third or fourth class of our Glasgow millionaires.

In the year 1773, the citizens of Glasgow, for the first time, were assessed for the maintenance of the poor. The assessment was upon means and substance. Previously to this period, the poor of the city had been supported from the collections made at the church doors, from contributions, from public bodies, and from private benevolence. The original assessment for the maintenance of the poor of Glasgow was very moderate, the total amount levied for the first year being only £336 5s. 1d.; but it soon came to be increased year after year.\*

In general, the early assessments in question were cheerfully paid by our citizens; and even Mr. Dreghorn himself appears to have borne the burden very patiently for some time; but finding the demands for the maintenance of the poor rapidly increasing in amount every year, and looking back to the blessed days when he got cheaply off by chucking his bawbee into the plate at the church (viz., when he went there, which, by the by, was *preciously seldom*), Mr. Dreghorn could no longer stand the screw; and so, in the year 1793, he refused to pay the amount of the assessment charged against him, alleging that he was most unjustly and most grossly over-rated. Mr. Laurie, the collector of poor's rates, had assessed the value of Mr. Dreghorn's heritable property within the city, and of his personal property, wherever situated, at £24,000, and had made Mr. Dreghorn's share of the general assessment £19.

Mr. Dreghorn, however, refused to pay this sum, contending—1st, That his whole estates, heritable and moveable, amounted only to £20,000; and, 2d, That poor's rates could only be levied on *stock in trade* and heritable property within the city; which last, he admitted, he was possessed of to the amount of £300 sterling per annum, and for which alone he was willing to pay. In consequence, therefore, of Mr. Dreghorn's refusal to pay the said assessment, an action was brought against him before the magistrates of Glasgow,† by Laurie, the collector of poor's rates, when the said magistrates, after hearing parties, repelled the defences, and decreed for the full sum libelled. Mr. Dreghorn then advocated the case. After a protracted litigation of nearly four years before the Lord Ordinary, his lordship, on the 2d of December, 1797, found the defender liable to be assessed for his heritable property within the town, and for his personal property wherever situated, and remitted the case to the magistrates, finding the defender liable in expenses.

This was the first case decided in the Court of Session regarding Glasgow poor's rates.‡

\* The difference between the first assessment for the poor, levied upon me, and the last one for the current year, [1855-6] is (only) *two thousand per cent.*

† Provost Gilbert Hamilton; Bailies John Hamilton, junior, John Buchanan, and John Tennent. John Orr, town-clerk.

‡ Having taken notice that, in the year 1773, the citizens of Glasgow for the first time were assessed for the maintenance of the poor, I now beg leave to give an advertisement of the magistrates of Glasgow, showing the date (1760) when the first assessment for statute labour purposes was levied in our city—a tax which seems to be running a race with the poor's rates:—*Glasgow Journal*, 4th April, 1765.—"By order of

Agreeably to my promise at the commencement of this article, I now proceed to give a specimen of the tittle-tattle of my younger days regarding Mr. Dreghorn's oddities and movements, which little stories were bandied about from mouth to mouth, to the great amusement of all the gossipers of olden time.

The following anecdote will show that the Laird of Ruchill attended very carefully to his domestic economy.

One day Mr. Dreghorn had invited a party of gentlemen to dinner, and on this occasion he was anxious to get a turkey for his head dish—turkeys being rather rare birds in Glasgow in these days.\* It so happened, however, that the Rev. Mr. Robert Lothian, teacher of mathematics, had also, for the same day, invited a dinner party to his house; and he came first to the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, where there was just one turkey for sale, which bird Mr. Lothian forthwith purchased. Mr. Lothian had scarcely taken his departure when Mr. Dreghorn made his appearance among the poultry shops, and was sadly disappointed at learning that the solitary turkey had just been sold to Mr. Lothian; and that he had lost his chance only by a few minutes. Mr. Dreghorn, now finding that there was no other turkey at that time for sale in Glasgow, as a *pis aller*, was obliged to buy a goose, which, however, did not please him at all for a substitute. Mr. Dreghorn, on leaving the poultry shops in Gibson's Wynd, came into the Trongate by way of King Street; and who did he see standing at the foot of Candle-riggs, in conversation with Mr. David Allison, the grammar school teacher, but Mr. Lothian himself. Away then, and up to them, instantly went Mr. Dreghorn, and abruptly addressing Mr. Lothian, said, "Mr. Lothian, you have been buying a turkey?" "Yes, Mr. Dreghorn," said Mr. Lothian. "Well then," replied Bob, "I have been buying a goose: will you give me your turkey for my goose?" "Ah," said Mr. Lothian, "that's a serious affair, and must be taken to *avis-andum*" (*avis* is the Latin for a bird). "No, no, Mr. Lothian," interruptingly, exclaimed Mr. Allison, "I think that Mr. Dreghorn's proposal is worthy of a present *anser*" (*anser* is the Latin for a goose). "Be it so," replied Mr. Lothian. "Then, Mr. Dreghorn, what will you give me to boot, if I make the exchange?" "Give you to boot!" hastily retorted Bob, "I will give you nothing to boot; for my goose is heavier than your turkey; and you should rather give me something to boot." "Ah, ah," said Mr. Lothian, "but even supposing that to be the case, Mr. Dreghorn, your answer (*anser*) is not of sufficient *weight* to induce me to make the exchange." Upon which refusal, Bob, with his usual whistle,

the magistrates of the city of Glasgow.—The magistrates, considering that the trustees of the several turnpike roads leading into Glasgow, having claimed the statute work of the city of Glasgow, the magistrates obtained a *reasonable composition*"—"Was it a *reasonable composition* that the tobacco lords and the 26s. householders should pay the same sum of composition?"—"in favour of the inhabitants, in place of the statute work; and agreed that every householder within the city, who possesses a house exceeding twenty-six shillings sterling of real rent, should pay 3s. of annual composition, but to be restricted to 1s. 6d. in case of punctual payment, commencing at Whitsunday, 1760; and the magistrates named Patrick Montgomerie, collector of the cess, to uplift the composition money so agreed for. And though many of the householders paid their composition at the rate of 1s. 6d. per year, the collector informs, that a great many arrears are still outstanding; for enforcing the speedy payment whereof, the magistrates hereby order and require all persons who are in arrears for said composition, with all speed to pay the same to Patrick Montgomerie, collector of the stent, at the Stent Office; certifying which persons who shall fail to pay up on or before the 15th of April current, they will be prosecuted so far as the law will admit."

\* At the time in question it was usual to serve up a turkey at table, with its head (including the feathers thereon) ostentatiously displayed, so that the company might be satisfied that they were really getting a turkey, and not a dunghill cock.

turned about upon his heel and unceremoniously marched, off without understanding a word of the scholastic gentlemen's learned puns.\*

Mr. Dreghorn was very fond of little children, and delighted to chat and joke with them. He frequently amused himself in this manner, by addressing children who happened to be playing upon our streets: stranger children, however, were rather frightened at first with his odd appearance, but his easy manner of speaking to them soon gained their confidence, and dispelled their fears. The following little anecdote used to be told of Mr. Dreghorn:—He was invited to a family dinner party at Mr. Denniston's (Mrs. Denniston was his sister), and after dinner little Miss Denniston, then a lively child about four years of age, was introduced to table. Mr. Dreghorn took little Miss upon his knee, and amused her so much that she appeared quite delighted with his attentions, and became so familiar with him that she rattled back his jokes and gibes with great life and spirit. It happened that there was a short pause in the conversation of the company at the table, while this frolicsome chatting was going on between Bob and little miss; and just at this critical juncture, Miss Denniston looked up in Bob's face, and with great *naïveté* exclaimed, "Eh, ye cunning; cunning hing; open youl tiller e'e." This attack upon Bob's "tither ee," set the whole company in a roar of laughter; which, however, Bob took in very good humour, and did not stop his badinerie with little miss.

Mr. Stuart, in his *Views of Glasgow*, page 58, when taking notice of Mr. Dreghorn's house, says:—"After the death of the last owner of the name, his abode in Clyde Street long remained unoccupied, and acquired in vulgar belief the reputation of being haunted. This was enough to invest it with every sort of suspicion of a diabolical nature, and it long had the pre-eminence of being looked upon with dread." Dr. Strang, in his *Clubs*, page 284, thus writes:—"The house in which Mr. Dreghorn so long lived, and died, was ere long considered to be haunted, and from this circumstance the individual who had the courage to occupy it was looked upon with some suspicion as then being engaged in some occult and improper business. The consequence was that under a popular delusion some thirty years ago, a desperate riot connected therewith took place on a Sunday forenoon, which ended in the house being completely gutted and several persons severely injured." Both the above-named gentlemen have mistaken the facts. It was not on account of any report about the house being haunted that it remained long unoccupied and finally mobbed. It is true that the house for a considerable time after Mr. Dreghorn's death remained without a tenant; but this arose from the situation having become unfashionable, and from a repugnance on the part of ladies to be the successors of so noted a character as the last possessor. It was not till a tenant had occupied Mr. Dreghorn's house as a place of business, that various strange rumours came to be circulated among the working classes, of certain dark doings and very scandalous proceedings taking place within the walls of Mr. Dreghorn's house. The populace, from obscure hints and mysterious shrugs, suddenly came to execrations loud and violent against the tenant; and (as noticed by Dr. Strang) they attacked the house upon a Sunday forenoon, and gutted it, under the impression that the tenant was then engaged in celebrating the orgies of the place. The mob, however, were so far mistaken, that when they broke into the house the tenant was not even found there. Nevertheless, they proceeded to destroy the furniture and other articles of the house; and this they accomplished before the arrival of the police officers.

There can be no doubt that the tenant was entitled to have demanded compensation from the magistrates of Glasgow, for the loss he had sustained by the riotous proceed-

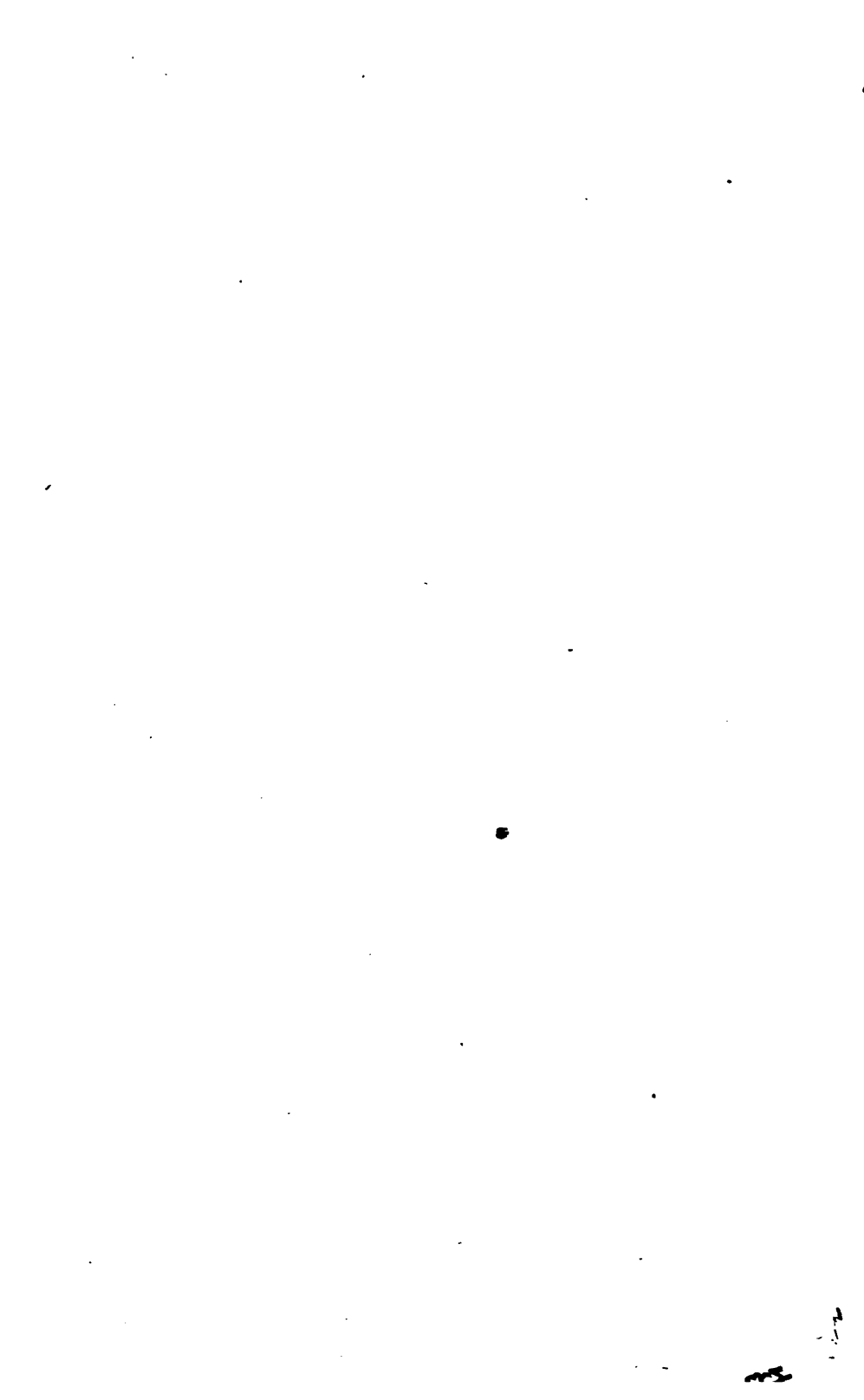
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\* Mr. Dreghorn, when conversing with his acquaintances upon our streets, had a peculiar manner of abruptly leaving them, by giving a droll sort of whistle, turning round upon his heel, and then quickly moving off, without bidding them adieu. His departure was generally followed by a hearty laugh among the party, so unceremoniously left behind.

ings of the mob; in place, however, of making any such claim, he suddenly left the country, and I never heard where he went, or what became of him. His representatives never took any steps to probe the matter; the magistrates of Glasgow thought it best to "let sleeping dogs lie;" and as for the rioters, the fear of the prison kept them quiet. It was now, for the first time, that the rumour was set afloat, that the house had been mobbed under the belief of its being haunted, and this rumour being then credited, the matter soon got hushed up. No investigation of the circumstances ever took place.

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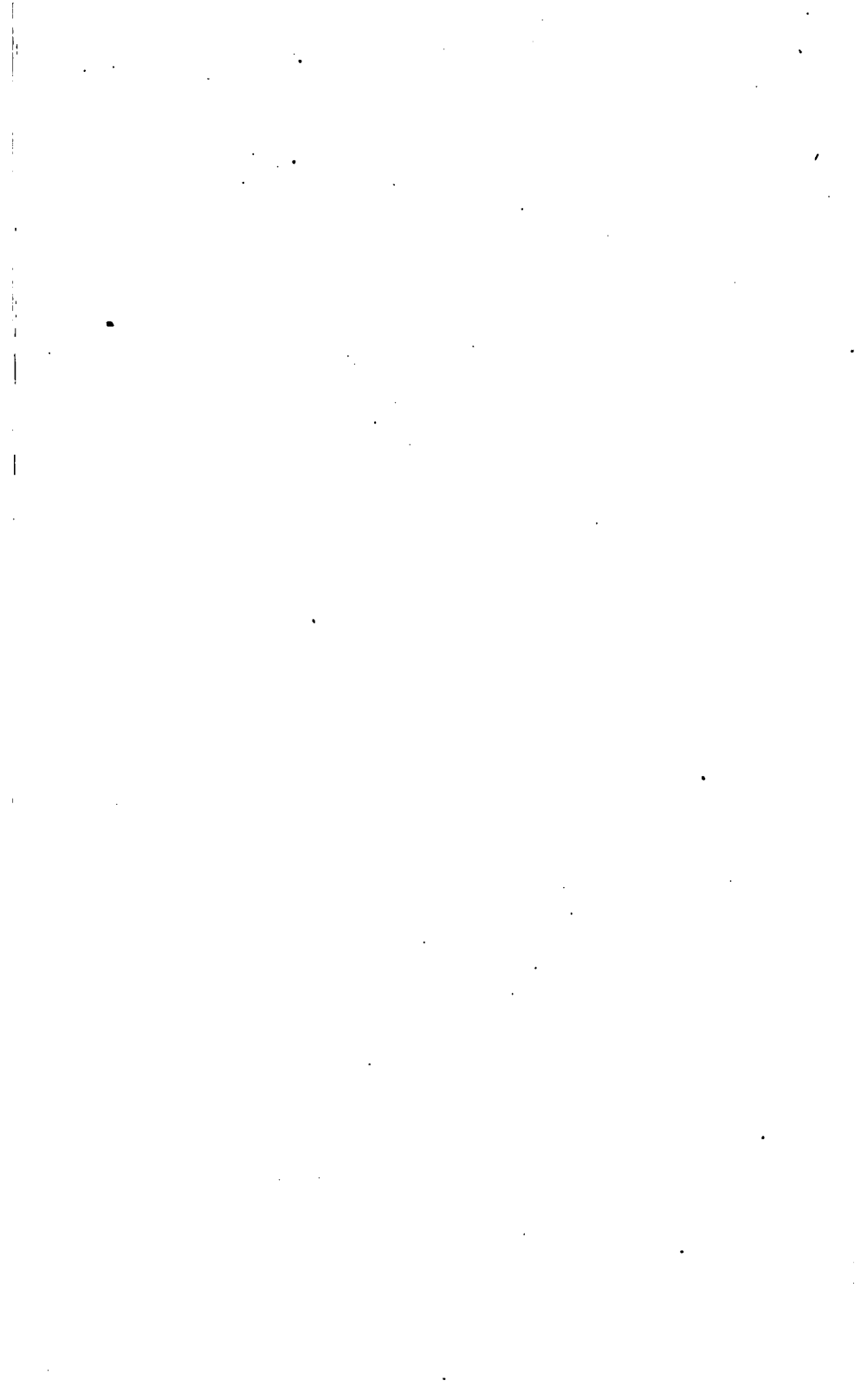
NOTE.—At page 195 of vol. i. of *Glasgow: Past and Present*, I have stated, on the authority of the Rev. Dr. Thom, of Liverpool, that the first wife of Mr. John Campbell—who lived, about 120 years ago, in the fine old urban manor house, still standing, on the east side of Main Street, Gorbals; of which he subsequently became the proprietor—was a "Miss Maxwell, of Williamwood." I am requested by the present highly respectable representative of the Williamwood Maxwells, to state that this is a mistake; as the family papers, for many generations, are quite full and explicit, and there is no trace in them of any such connection as that referred to. Dr. Thom, on the other hand, to whom I wrote on the subject, states, that in his early days, the first wife of his great-grandfather, Mr. Campbell, was invariably spoken of as a "Miss Maxwell, of Williamwood." There I leave the matter.—EDITOR.













APR 28 1948

